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SKETCHES

OF

PORTUGUESE LIFE.

SKETCHES

OF

PORTUGUESE LIFE,

MANNERS,

COSTUME, AND CHARACTER.

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ILLUSTRATED BY TWENTY COLOURED PLATES.

BY A. P. D. G.

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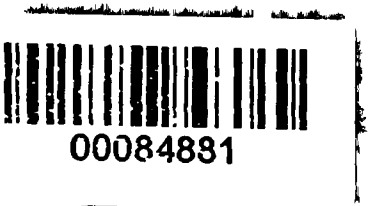

RUA DA
C.O.TOVIA

EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS PLATE. 2ND

INTRODUCTION.

THE following sketches were all drawn from life. They lay claim to no merit in composition, beyond that of offering—so far as they go—a faithful delineation of Portuguese manners, customs, and character. The author has been careful only in observing a rigid adherence to FACTS; and to the respectable and unprejudiced British residents in Portugal who are acquainted, however superficially, with the habits of the people, he appeals with confidence to corroborate the truth of his pictures.

In apology for the literary defects of the present volume, the author has not a syllable to say:—except that no one can be more sensible of those defects than himself. But he has ventured to believe, that an intimate knowledge of a subject

might be considered to redeem numerous imperfections of method and style; and he will be forgiven for having felt, that he at least possessed some superior qualifications for his task, over writers who, after a mere residence of a few months, weeks, or even days at Lisbon, have without hesitation undertaken to describe all the peculiarities of the people and country. To enable the reader to judge of the opportunities thus enjoyed by the author, of long and intimate communication with Portuguese society, he shall take leave to state in a few words the position in which he stood with that nation.

At the age of twenty, and in the year 1793, the author entered the Portuguese civil service, and continued in it up to 1804: when, unable any longer to resist the torrent of intrigue to which every foreigner in that service is subjected, he quitted for a time both his adopted country and profession. But, in 1809, an advantageous situation being offered to him in the victualling department of the British army then in Portugal, he returned to that kingdom, with advantages

possessed by few of his nation:—a good knowledge of the language and the people. It is principally from the later experience of this second residence of many years—which terminated only at a recent period,—that he has attempted to describe the state of society in Portugal. The disgust once provoked in his mind by unjust treatment has long subsided; and he is conscious rather of partiality for, than prejudice against, the Portuguese and their country.

To most of the scenes mentioned, the author was himself an eye witness:—but all of them are either in themselves so well known in the country, or must at least be so familiarly recognized there as characteristic, that the author feels, however extraordinary some of his descriptions may appear, no apprehension that their authenticity can be questioned. But if the reader be sceptical, let him refer to any one who has resided in Portugal.

As the author had at first no other intention than that of illustrating his few drawings by short MS. notices, the volume, into which these have

gradually swelled, can boast, he fears, of little connection or order; and, as he has had no disposition to inflict a longer work on the world, much, he is aware, has been left unsaid on the customs of the Portuguese in private life. But he regrets this omission the less that the subject has been noticed by others; and he has preferred rather to confine himself to topics, which have been altogether neglected by former writers.

Regarding two subjects into which he has entered, the author desires, however, to be permitted to offer a few words of explanation in the outset. The fair authoress of some late Letters from Portugal* has in her preface declared her principle, that "the *whole* truth should not always be told:"—a principle fully justified, in her case, by the sensitive and delicate feelings which are the sweetest charm of her sex. But upon the male observer in that country, a similar obligation of silence cannot in an equal degree be imposed.

* Lisbon in the years 1821, 1822, and 1823. By Marianne Baillie.

He *must* witness many scenes which the delicacy of an Englishwoman will be spared; he *may* mark many things, from which she would shrink with aversion and shame; and he can without impropriety enter into details of habits and circumstances, to which modesty will not even permit her to allude. Of the customs of a country like Portugal, no delicate Englishwoman can be a full and exact reporter;—and the author trusts that the most fastidious reader will not be offended at delineations of manners, which are more gross than the sketches of a female hand, only because they are verily in the same degree more faithful.

The author's second point of explanation relates to a more serious theme. When the Protestant Christian visits Portugal, he is hourly shocked by witnessing the conversion of all the holiest associations of his faith, into objects of gross and debasing superstition, senseless mummery, and atrocious fraud. Our reverence for sacred things revolts from their exhibition in ludicrous colours—still more in blasphemous distortion; and, unless justified by the object, even the

relation of the fact repeats the offence. It is probably from some feeling of this kind, that the fair writer above alluded to has formally interdicted herself from entering into any particulars of the state of religion in Portugal. But the author of the following pages has judged otherwise of the duties of *his* office. At a period like the present, when the militia of the Papal Church have dangerously renovated their activity, they must be encountered by exposure. The Roman Catholic citizens of these islands merit, perhaps, no reproach for the attempt to remove their civil disabilities; but when the champions of their cause endeavour to make light of the distinctions of the reformed faith, as an argument for the purity of their own, it is right that the Protestant should be empowered to judge for himself of these differences. Nor can this be done more effectually than by exposing the abominations of the Romish creed, and the conduct of its ministers, in a country where both have unbounded sway. With this view, and satisfied of the sufficiency of his object, the author has entered boldly, broadly, and fully into the subject. He holds himself accountable

neither for the gross absurdity nor the blasphemous impiety of the ceremonies which he is called upon to describe: but, sincerely attached to the pure and reformed faith of this happy land, he is anxious utterly to disclaim any design of indecent levity, and earnestly to deprecate the probability of his motives being mistaken.

It only remains for the author to add, that the drawings in the present volume are all by himself:—with the exception of the three which treat of military and civil executions. Those were given to the author by a gentleman who had received them as a present from a British officer, an eye witness to the facts of which they are descriptive. The author felt the more happy at this valuable acquisition, from the circumstance of his being able to vouch for their accuracy, he also having been present in the very same scenes; and he trusts that their insertion in this little work will only be viewed by that officer (if it should ever meet his eye) as a testimony of the author's esteem for his talents.

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CHAPTER I.

COSTUMES OF LISBON.

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CHAPTER I.

COSTUMES OF LISBON.

As the nature of the following sketches does not restrict me to the observance of any particular arrangement, I shall indulge my caprice by at once setting my reader down in the streets of Lisbon, and introducing him to the group in the accompanying plate. In describing these goodly personages, I shall take them in the order in which they stand, from left to right, with the exception of the monk, whom I shall speak of lastly, having more than one word to say about him and his fraternity.

The woman, who is sitting cross-legged holding a distaff and spindle in her left hand, and fanning her earthen stove *(fogareiro)* with her right, is a chesnut-roasting damsel, in the vicinity of whose post are generally to be seen some lounging gallegos waiting there for employment, owing to the facility offered them of lighting their segars at her coal fire. There is nothing very particular to be said respecting these females, further than that no people in the world roast chesnuts half so well.

The soldier, who is seen igniting his paper-wrapped segar, belongs to the corps of marines. They are the most unsoldier-like troops in the country, the privates being composed chiefly of the scum of Lisbon: undersized, puny, awkward-looking fellows, who have been rejected in the enlistments made for the fine corps of the line. Neither their uniform nor tactics underwent any change during the late war, owing to their never having been under that influence which worked such wonders of amelioration in the army. They can nevertheless boast of having amongst them several officers of no small merit: particularly colonel the Chev. F····, a man of excellent abilities and of highly cultivated mind, to whom Portugal, and I may say the whole of civilized Europe, is indebted for the best surveys of the coast of that country. I have also learned from an officer, who formerly was personally acquainted with the chevalier, that he has very properly been entrusted with the direction of the studies of the college of nobles, and with the charge of the military archives of the country.

Next in scenic order to the marine, comes the gallego (water-carrier): a class of people so much extolled by many of our countrymen who have visited Lisbon, for their great honesty and general

good character. Had this eulogy been attempted in any other manner than by drawing comparisons betwixt them and the lower orders of Portuguese, I should have said nothing to the contrary; but as it has been done to the great injury and depreciation of the latter, I shall endeavour to shew, that if the Portuguese rabble have their vices, they are not likely to improve by the importation of their Gallician neighbours, who are perhaps less squeamish in the commission of enormous crimes than the natives themselves. Lest I should be suspected of saying this, merely for the sake of contradicting those who have lauded them to the skies, I shall proceed to cite a few instances in support of what I have advanced, and shall moreover shew that the humility which they all exhibit in public, even when insulted and maltreated, is nothing more than the effect of their servile occupations, and that they are in reality as vindictive and as choleric in their temperament as most inhabitants of warm climates.

They have been described as executing with unequalled fidelity and exactness, whatever business they may be employed in: I agree perfectly with their eulogists, and will add that they are very devout catholics.

A gallego was sent for by a fidalgo, who aware

of his fidelity, unburthened his mind to him by saying that a certain individual was obnoxious to him. The good-natured gallego understood the hint; the price agreed upon was a moidore; and Senhor Mendez declared that his excellency's enemy should not witness the setting of the sun. The fidalgo rose from his seat, embraced his Gallician friend with rapture, and insisted on his partaking of some "vacca com arros" on which he was just dining. Mendez recoiled with horror at the proposition, and exclaimed, "Your excellency little knows my principles if he conceives me capable of eating beef on a Friday."

I was walking one day through the Largo do Corpo Santo, and observed a multitude of people stopping their noses with their handkerchiefs, and looking towards a corner house, under the windows of which the police had placed a line of burning pitch barrels, with a view of purifying the air, which was strongly impregnated with the miasma arising from the carcase of an unfortunate foreign charlatan, the soi-disant Baron de R. It appeared that his *faithful gallego*, together with a soldier of the —— regiment, had been employed to murder him for the moderate price of about a pound sterling each. They were soon detected, and as soon liberated, by the interest of a female

relation of the latter, who was a kept mistress of the confessor to the ——— family.

A few years previous to the organization of the police cavalry and infantry by the Count de Novion, (an officer of great merit, and who is at this moment living in a corner of Brittany, neglected by those of whom he deserves a better recompense) the number of atrocities committed at all hours of the day elicited an order of government, prohibiting the carrying about any species of arms, and empowering the civil patrols to stop and consider as murderers any who should be found to infringe this law.

An unfortunate man of good family, returning home from playing a rubber of caçino, had, owing to the loneliness of his road, provided himself with a rapier, which he took care to hide under his capote. He had proceeded about half way, when he was attacked by one of those pests of the Lisbon streets, a large dog. He naturally drew his sword in self-defence, and sheathed it in his enemy's entrails. At that unlucky moment, the patrol appeared at the corner of the street; and the gentleman, apprehending the consequences of being found with arms upon him, hastened to conceal himself. The guardians of the night, observing one who had the appearance of wishing to

avoid them, followed him quickly; upon which he slunk into a corridor, groped about in the dark, and ascended the staircase to the first floor, where he found a door upon the jar which gave way at his touch. Extreme fear prompted him to enter the room and conceal himself in a corner of it. In the meanwhile the patrol had provided themselves with a lanthorn and followed his footsteps to his hiding place, where to their mutual horror, and to his utter consternation, a murdered woman was discovered in bed in a corner of the room.

Presumptive evidence was so strong against him, being found there with a bloody sword under his cloak, that notwithstanding every effort was made by his friends to save him, he (having no female relation on footings of intimacy with any confessor) was executed. A few years afterwards a gallego, on the point of death in the hospital of S. Jose, acknowledged being the real murderer, and that he had been hired for the purpose at the usual price.

One more instance may not perhaps be thought too much (out of a thousand I could cite) to shew the zeal and usefulness of gallegos, whatever be their allotted task. An individual, who had amassed a good fortune in the Goa and Mozambique trade, was living in the capital with a mu-

latto woman; but her charms ceasing to have their wonted influence over his heart, he paid his addresses to a young lady in that quarter of Lisbon called the Magdalena. Every arrangement was made for his marriage with the new object of his affections, and the day was even appointed; but on the eve of it, the mulatto, actuated by the strongest jealousy, hired a gallego, who, for a reward of five moidores, agreed to set fire to the young bride's house, which he effected very cleverly. But the circumstance which most astonished the neighbours was, that the families occupying the first and second floors had full time to save themselves and even made every effort to awaken their fellow lodgers above stairs, but without effect: whence it was naturally inferred that the good gallego, from motives of pure humanity, and to spare the mother, daughter, and maid-servant the pains of burning, had begun his work by cutting all their throats. This man died also in an hospital; but obtained absolution, having proved that he had applied one moidore of the money thus earned, in causing masses to be said for the souls of his victims. I have one word more to say on the subject of the *forbearance* of the gallegos; and then I hope to have done with that class for the present.

On a winter's night in 1818, at the moment when the amusements at the theatre of Boa Hora were just ended, and the spectators were returning home, a man addressed a gallego, who was coming towards him with a segar in his mouth, and requested permission to light *his* with it. The water-merchant obstinately refused him the favor, which so incensed the Portuguese that he gave him a slap in the face; upon which the forbearing gallego drew his knife and thrust it into his unarmed antagonist's belly. I saw him lying dead in the Belem-square guard-room on the following morning. An old veteran serjeant commanding the guard, piquing himself upon his experience in matters of sword wounds, had attempted to console the poor creature with assurances of "Naô he nada" (it is nothing); then poking in the protruded intestines with his finger, he stitched up the hole with a needle and thread; but without effect, the principal intestine having been divided. After this I trust that gallegos will be allowed to find their own level in society, and cease to be extolled at the expense of those, in whose country they find employment and support.

Our group in the balcony will require very little to be said about it. The occupation which

we there observe is a favorite one with both sexes (of the lower and middling orders) but particularly with the fair, who regard it as one of the greatest possible luxuries; and young children are often seen practising it on dogs and cats, by way of apprenticeship. The woman at the door of the tenda, or grocer's shop, is of the lower order, and is called a tendeira. Her stock in trade consists chiefly of bacalhaô (salt fish) oil, wine, cheese, strings of garlic, &c.: of late years some of her class sell tea, but mustard is still only to be found in the apothecaries' shops.

The man who, in a stooping posture, displays to the tendeira the fish in his baskets, is a soldier of the regular infantry, who having paid one of his comrades to mount guard in his stead, is permitted to follow the avocation, by which he earned his living previous to his enlistment. This custom, truly Portuguese in its origin, has not been found at all prejudicial to discipline, and has this advantage, that the common soldiers are always in good circumstances even when the treasury is unable to pay regularly; whereas the officers, most of whom are said to have very little fortune besides their military appointments, are often reduced to great straits. I have even been assured by

individuals who have served in the late Portuguese army that, on some occasions, they have been as much as a twelvemonth in arrears. Notwithstanding this, both officers and men are invariably exceedingly well-dressed, and have the most martial and soldier-like appearance. However great the distress occasioned by the retardment of pay, no officer was ever known to descend from his dignity to the commission of a dishonorable action. Indeed I never heard or knew of an instance of swindling in that army:—save one, when the chaplain of a corps absconded with a mule belonging to a friend of mine. This, however, I must confess did not much surprise me; he being a monk, and having moreover been some years ago suspended for a time from saying mass, for having murdered a cadet of infantry, whom he had overheard extolling his mistress.

The man who, next to the soldier, is walking off with a discontented look and gesture, is an Ilhavo fisherman, or retailer of fish; but as an amiable authoress has lately described the Ilhavos as interesting in their appearance and classic in their dress, I shall content myself with referring the reader to the representation both of their costume and figure, which I trust (having been

drawn from nature) will enable every one to form his own opinion of them: they certainly are, generally speaking, very fine men.

I fear I shall create disgust, if I enter into a description of the class to which the hero on the right belongs. It is a numerous class indeed in Lisbon; but less numerous and far less insolent than the thousands who infest our high roads. In this case I am inclined to take the part of the poor Lisbon beggar: he lives entirely by the charity of casual passengers; he has no parish to look to for relief; no workhouse, no poorhouse, no poor-rates, no Lady Bountiful in his neighbourhood to raise subscriptions for him at the expense of her unwilling friends, and for the building of her own reputation for charity.

The shop door with a green baize curtain is that of a barber, who both shaves, cuts hair, bleeds, applies leeches, and draws teeth. On his shop-door you read "bixas boas" (good leeches); and on each side of this inscription is seen the representation of a jar full of those useful insects. I chose this shop as an excellent specimen of every one which you meet with; not only in the capital but all over the country. They are more easily discovered than others, owing to the long projecting pole much like a flag-staff, and which is

spirally painted red and white. It was long before I could make out the meaning of this ensign, but found it at last to represent the white tape bandage used in phlebotomy and the pole usually given to the patient to hold during the operation.

The above distinguishing mark of *barberism* is not confined to Portugal, but is in general use throughout the Peninsula and the continent; and I have been told that it is still to be seen in some remote places in England:—a fact which I suppose leaves us at liberty to infer, either that all barbers were originally bleeders, or that all surgeons originally united the depilatory and tonsorial arts to their other chirurgical operations.

But to return to Portuguese barbers. I recollect one near Alcantara renowned for his dexterity; and lest what I am about to relate should appear to any one incredible, I beg leave to appeal to those of my countrymen who may have resided in Lisbon in or about the year 1809 or 1810, in whose memory it must be fresh. It happened invariably that when a well dressed man ("homem de gravata lavada*") came into his

* Anglicè. A man with a clean neckcloth, alias a gentleman.

shop to be shaved, he would take off his *head* as well as his beard, let him down through the trap door on which his chair had been purposely placed, and be ready in a trice to repeat the operation on the next customer, whilst his wife was occupied in disposing of the patient's clothes. The barber (his wife being old and ugly) was in the sequel executed; but she escaped capital punishment by virtue of a decree made by the late queen-mother, forbidding its infliction upon females.

Portuguese barbers are like those of every country, great retailers of scandal and full of small talk. Having few customers during the first days of the week, they are generally observed sitting at or lounging about their shop doors, playing or rather strumming upon a wire-strung guitar, and scrutinizing the actions of every soul in their neighbourhood. People addicted to chewing tobacco will find it economical to get shaved by them instead of shaving themselves; for, as they smoke myriads of segars, their thumbs are always strongly impregnated with tobacco, and these they never fail to introduce into the patient's mouth, to produce a protuberance in the cheek, and facilitate the operations of the razor. I have

also on many occasions admired the dexterity with which (when hair-cutting), they clip in two, myriads of light horse, whom they discover galloping through the woody top-knots of their customers.

Now for the ruby-nosed celibatory who is standing immediately under the ensign of "bom vinho:" he could not have chosen a more appropriate spot to be sketched in, for he and his like are dotingly fond of generous potations. Prince Waldeck, about the year 1800, assumed the command in chief of the Portuguese troops at the request of the late queen, with a view of restoring them to the discipline, in which they are said to have been under marshal the count de Schomberg Lippe. The first exclamation which the Prince uttered on arriving at the spot where the troops were paraded, was (addressing himself to the prince regent), "Your royal highness's soldiers have the mien of friars, and the latter have that which the soldiers ought to have." So indiscreet an observation, made in the presence of some monks, the inseparable attendants on Portuguese royalty, produced the effect which might have been expected: Prince Waldeck died a few weeks afterwards *of the cholic*, and was interred in the

English factory burying ground; where a superb pyramidal monument has been erected to his memory. . . .

The monk now before us is a "Trino" or one of the Holy Trinity. A nest of friars of this order may be seen near the square of Alcantara on the right hand side coming from Lisbon, unless they have since been hunted out, as all such vermin ought to be. For I have seen them almost in open day in full pursuit after dissolute females: no doubt with a view of confessing them. I was assured by a friend of mine that, on one occasion, some foreign merchants, who were walking on the quay of Sodré, disgusted (as well they might be) at such conduct in a minister of religion, could not refrain from expostulating with one of them; upon which the shameless profligate turned round, and replied by a torrent of such language and gestures as I shall be careful not to attempt the description of.

Affairs connected with the aggrandizement of monks and monasteries so completely absorbed the attention of the sovereign to the exclusion of more useful and more urgent considerations, that, even at the moment of the arrival of the French army on the frontiers of Portugal, he was occupied with a horde of filthy friars in applying every disposable

fund to the building of a set of magnificent organs for the convent at Mafra; while he abandoned to foreigners the office of repelling the invaders.

The tyrannical influence, which these men exercised to most unlimited lengths over the private concerns and interior economy of every family, was at one period of Portuguese history (not a very remote one) so great, that the father of a family had scarcely a vote in domestic matters. The spiritual director in fact united also in his person the quality of temporal adviser, or rather dictator.

This evil was not confined to private families alone: it existed also at court. The late queen never undertook any thing without the advice of her confessor, who ruled her even to the deterioration of her reason *. The present king when regent was likewise under ecclesiastical sway, previous to the invasion of his dominions by the French. A priest or padré called João, of sufficient notoriety, was the only medium through which any thing could be achieved that de-

* On the 10th March 1792, the prince of Brazil, as presumptive heir to the crown, published an edict declaring that, as his mother from her unhappy situation was incapable of managing the affairs of government, he would place his signature to public papers, till the return of her health.

pended on the royal sanction. Unless he chose that it should be noticed, a petition might lie upon the table until it rotted; and great were of course the abuses arising from the investment of such power in the hands of ignorance, fanaticism, and cupidity. Opposition to such men was vain; and the only way of carrying a point was, that of greasing the palms of these holy usurers, whose only real god is Plutus.

I have been assured by Portuguese themselves that it is an invariable principle with friars, when young people are placed under their spiritual guidance, to begin by demoralizing them in every way, for this alleged reason (the real one is their own gratification), that there is no salvation without repentance, that to repent one must have sinned, and that therefore it is necessary to begin by sinning.

I am happy, however, in thinking that the great awe in which the people stood of these holy tyrants, is in a measure diminishing. A proof of this is, that in 1819 an edict of the cardinal-patriarch forbidding the eating-house keepers to sell any viands on fast days unless their customers could produce certificates of illness countersigned by a priest, was followed by caricatures at the corners of the streets representing an ox kneeling

before the patriarch and thanking him for his protection.

It is the duty of every man to unmask imposture and villainy, wherever he meets with it. I shall therefore take the opportunity, whilst speaking of monks, to relate a circumstance which happened a few years previous to the war, in the episcopal city of Evora, and which two thirds of the present inhabitants must still remember perfectly, *for they witnessed it:* however incredible it may appear to those who have not resided in catholic countries. A nun of S^ta^ Clara, whose conduct made every one regard her as a saint, (for, instead of one confessor from the adjoining monastery, she had three or four) died to all appearances; or rather it was given out she had died. She was laid out, as is the custom, in the middle of the church; and the people were more than ever convinced of her sanctity as her body shewed no symptoms of seeing corruption. No marks of decomposition manifested themselves; and thousands of course crowded from all parts of the country to witness the miracle. Hundreds of cripples and invalids came to touch her garments and fancied themselves cured; while others, paid by the priests, pretended to be stone blind and to recover their sight on merely touching her habit.

In short, the concourse of pilgrims was so great, that the infantry in garrison at Evora were obliged to furnish a guard to the church door to preserve order. But for this precaution it is probable that the new saint would soon have been stripped of her cloathes, owing to the anxiety of every one to get a scrap of something belonging to her, by way of a relic to guard against witchcraft, agues, fevers, &c.

On the night of the third day, the sentry on hearing some whispering in the church, the door of which was locked and bolted, had the curiosity to look through the keyhole, and to his utter surprise saw the saint sitting up supported by a friar, whilst two or three others were bringing and administering to her both eatables and drink. On recovering from the surprise occasioned by the unusual spectacle of a dead saint cramming with all the avidity of a living one, the soldier whispered the discovery to his ensign, who also convinced himself by ocular demonstration of that which he otherwise would have disbelieved. These two men moreover heard her exclaim in a doleful whisper "Do for pity's sake terminate this farce, or I shall die of fatigue, for I feel I can no longer stand it." The fact of the matter was, that the unhappy nun had been confessing too much to the

purpose with these holy miscreants, who in order to avoid the inconvenience and danger which were attendant on their rendezvous with her when in different establishments, had agreed to make a dead saint of her and bury her to all appearances in their vaults; whereas in reality she would have lived in some remote corner or hidden part of their monastery to satiate their lust. By this arrangement two great objects would be gained: the gratification (without restraint) of their appetites, and the great honor which would accrue to both the monastery and convent by the production of a saint.

The scheme was well laid; and, thanks to the stupid ignorance and superstition of the rabble, had so far been attended with success. But a young officer was an unsafe person to get into the secret; and the natural propensity of soldiers to disbelieve miracles led those who were on guard to talk loudly of what they had seen. The publication of the story was near being fatal to the young officer; and a less determined character would have been tempted to repent of interfering in the fabrication of a saint: for he was immediately placed in confinement for daring to calumniate such godly persons. — The sentry was so terrified with menaces of Autos da fé, sanbenitos

covered with devils and flames, slow fires of brimstone preceded by racks, tortures, boiling pitch and lead, and all the matériel in the inquisitorial arsenal, that he absolutely recanted, and moreover swore that the devil, having taken umbrage at the great piety of those holy men, had tempted him to tell such blasphemous falsehoods.

Their attempt to carry the same point with the young ensign was not so successful. He agreed to appear in public and seemed ready to subscribe to all their wishes; but how great was their astonishment and dismay when, instead of an apology, he insisted with vehemence on exposing to the public how much they had been gulled. Instead of tearing to pieces this obstinate blasphemer, the public pitied what they considered his hallucination: besides people in Portugal are apt to look twice before they proceed to commit violence on the younger son of a fidalgo; so that it only remained with the friars to repent heartily of their want of policy, in not having wrested from him by violence in private the recantation which it was so necessary that he should make for their justification. But it was now too late; and one of the monks, perceiving an appearance of momentary indecision upon the countenances of the spectators, and feeling that it was a desperate concern, was

observed to slink away towards the door, and disappear. This created an universal murmur, upon which the intrepid youth, whom neither the menaced artillery of the Holy Office, nor the teeth and nails of a congregation of fanatics, had been able to intimidate, roared out more lustily than ever for a red-hot brick-bat, which being brought, he applied it to the poor girl's feet and resuscitated her, thus unmasking the whole villainy of the plot.

The guilty friars were sent to the Aljuba, a place of confinement for ecclesiastics; but one of their objects having appeared to be the aggrandizement of the church, their imprisonment was little more than a nominal one. It was not so with the poor nun: she was immersed in a dungeon of the Inquisition, where, but for a personal inspection of those dens by the grand inquisitor, she might have passed the remainder of her life. She had on this occasion the good fortune to be thought pretty by this august personage, and was by his order immediately removed to one of the better species of cells on the first floor, most of which were occupied by those females who had the honour of composing his seraglio. Of the latter number, many were lovely and virtuous ladies, whose only crime was their beauty. But having provoked the appetite of an inquisitor who might

have chanced to see them at their window, they were falsely accused of Judaism, torn from the arms of their husbands, and thrust into unwholesome dungeons, until disposed to submit to indignities, too revolting for mention.

There was only one instance ever known, of one of these females having recovered her liberty. I shall from motives of delicacy abstain from mentioning her name. Suffice it to say that, although she adored her husband, she never could be prevailed upon to return under his roof, but took refuge under that of a female relation, and if ever questioned on the subject of the *Holy* Office, would burst into a flood of tears and give no other answer.

It must not be inferred from the rule observed by the Romish clergy of upholding one another in cases which become public, that this good understanding prevails in their private concerns, within the precincts of their monasteries. In the former cases, the great end of throwing dust into the eyes of the people unites them all, whatever may be their private hates; but the latter presenting no such immediate object, a scene of holy tyranny is often presented, which would with difficulty be credited had not the late war, by converting many of those retreats into hospitals for the sick and

wounded, unveiled the mysteries of their interior to so many witnesses.

The convent of Batalha (so well described by Murphy) offered during the war a spectacle of the kind which I have just alluded to. The French troops whilst (according to custom) searching for coin and hidden valuables in the subterranean labyrinths of this stupendous fabric, discovered in a dungeon an unfortunate old monk, whose incarceration had lasted twenty-one years. It appeared that by some means or other he had incurred the displeasure of his superior; who made the christian-like resolution of revenging himself on the first favourable occasion. The wished for opportunity soon presented itself; and the monk was sent at a late hour of the night to the village to (ajudar a bem morrer) assist at the last moments of a dying sinner. A man had but a few moments before been murdered on the bridge over which he had to pass; he imprudently mentioned in his convent the circumstance of having seen the body; and the superior taking advantage of the law by which the first person found near a murdered body is held responsible for his death, immured him for life in the noisome hole in which he was found. Habit had operated so forcibly with this old man that, although restored to light and liberty,

he invariably returned every night to his former prison, declaring that he could sleep no where so soundly. A most intimate and particular friend of mine related this anecdote to me. He belonged to the troops who discovered the monk; and he used to take much pleasure in conversing with this victim of monastic tyranny.

CHAPTER II.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

QUAYS AND LANDING PLACES — BOAT-MEN OF THE TAGU ATIVES OF THE ALGARVES, THE MOST EXPERT — DESCRIPTION OF BOATS USED ON THE RIVER — MOLETTAS — FALUAS—THEIR GROTESQUE DECORATIONS — STRAW-BOATS—WATER-SIDE PEOPLE—THEIR INFAMOUS CHARACTER — FAMILY OF CUT-THROATS — ADVENTURE WITH ONE OF THEM—FINE QUAY OF THE TERREIRO DO PAÇO—CUSTOM HOUSE—AND OTHER PUBLIC BUILDINGS — ROYAL MARINE ARSENAL — STATE OF THE PORTUGUESE NAVY—A FIRST RATE SHIP OF THE LINE—HER CURIOUS OUTFIT — STORY OF HER VOYAGE TO THE BRAZILS.

LANDING PLACE AT BELEM.

CHAPTER II.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

HAVING thus made the reader slightly acquainted with the characteristic qualities of a few of the lower classes of the Lisbon population, I shall prepare to lead him a long ramble through the quays and streets of the capital. And I shall hope to conduct his attention successively to all objects in the city which are best deserving of notice. Commencing our peregrinations from the Tagus, along its banks, we shall land at one of the numerous quays of Lisbon. As several of these places of disembarkation have their peculiarities, I shall enumerate them in succession. Their number and nomenclature are as follow:

1. Belem, Rua do Peixe stairs, a small landing place.

2. Belem Square steps, an excellent and spacious one.

3. The beach at Junqueira, opposite the patriarch's house.

4. Another at Pampulha, called lime kiln stairs, a very bad one.

5. The packet stairs, so called from its proximity to the moorings of the Falmouth packets, though its proper name is the rock of the Condé d'Obidos, from the palace of that nobleman which overhangs it.

6. The Caes de José Antonio Pereira, called by our sailors the yellow house.

7. The fish market quay, or Caes da Ribeira Nova, a remarkably fine landing place.

8. The Caes do Sodré, where young Mascareuhas was executed for adhering to the French party in 1809, and where all the Lisbon merchants meet in the afternoon, or rather evening, for the purpose of communicating with each other.

9. The Caes do Terreiro do Paço, or black-horse square quay.

10. The Caes da Ribeira Velha, a very insignificant one, to avoid landing on which no one would grudge going a great way round, so completely is it clogged at all times with straw-boats, &c.

11. Lastly comes the Caes dos Soldados or Caes da Forca, quay of the soldiers or quay of the gallows. The former name is given to it from its being adjacent to the artillery barracks, and the latter from its being the place of execution, and

having in its centre a permanent tripod gallows. It is also very often denominated Caes do Tojo, from constantly having on it great piles of wood for heating the ovens. This fuel is brought over from the forests on the opposite side of the Tagus. Close to this quay is a manufactory of common glass, the only one in Lisbon; the whole of that commerce being engrossed by an English gentleman, the founder of the establishment at Marinhagrande, to whom the late queen granted some great privileges, in consequence of the splendid hospitality with which he received her majesty at the above place.

The Ribeira velha is the landing place of all the craft that are constantly crossing and recrossing the Tagus with passengers, cattle, and merchandize. Nothing can exceed the uncouthness and intolerable insolence of the description of men you have here to deal with, who unite with these qualities the characters of thief and assassin. It is here also that the boats from Villa Franca &c. come; and that sole circumstance, (even were these men a tolerable set before,) would suffice to make devils of them; for the Portuguese themselves regard as such all the people called "da borda d'agua," water-side folk: meaning those who navigate the Tagus and inhabit the villages on its

banks. They all carry large clasp knives in their girdles, in the use of which they are surprisingly dexterous; and they are respected amongst one another in proportion to the number of times they have stabbed people. They are in general fine muscular looking fellows, strongly built, with an expression of savage brutality in their faces, and with stentorian lungs, from the constant habit which they have of abusing people on the water. Their life is an exceedingly laborious one, particularly when, plying against the rapid tide, they are obliged to use the pole at their shoulders for six hours together without resting.

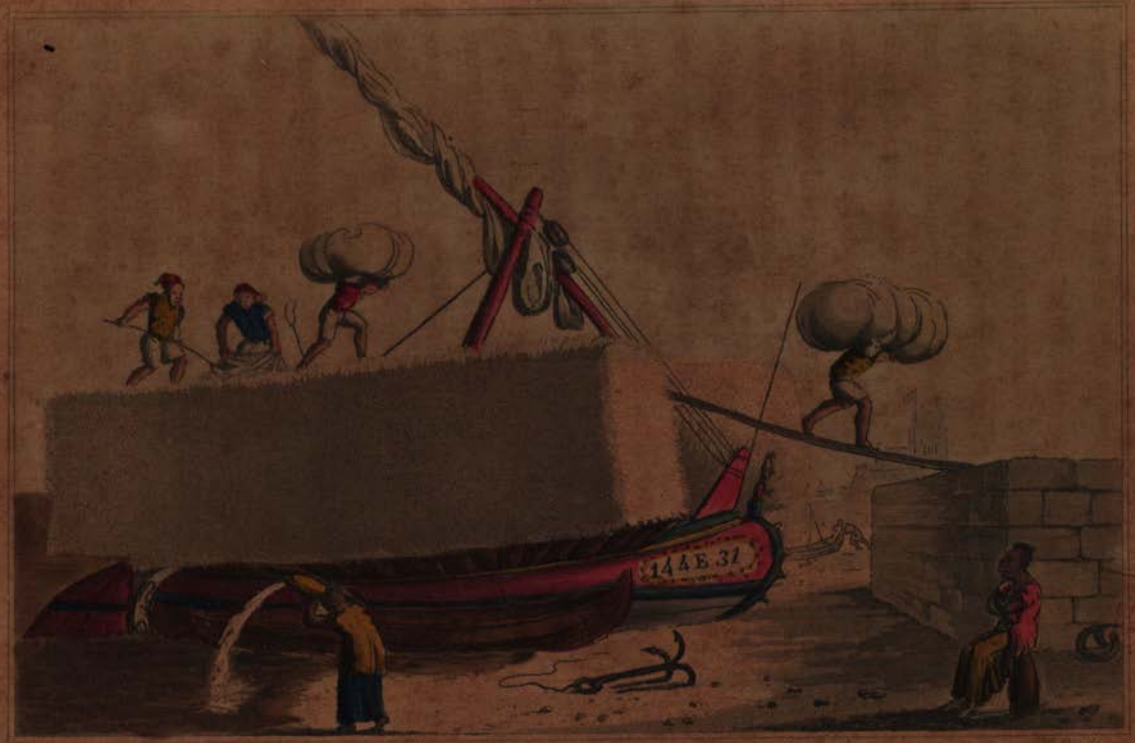
As boatmen, the natives of Algarve have so decided an advantage over the Portuguese in general, that they are always preferred as rowers to the government boats, such as the port admiral's, the pratique, the custom house, and many others. On board men-of-war, the commander's boat's crew are always composed of Algarvians; and the royal launch which transports his majesty in his river excursions is manned by natives of the same province. Their fame is not confined only to their native country, for, in the ports of the Mediterranean, they are invariably preferred; and it is a well known fact that all the public boats belonging to our garrison of Gibraltar are manned with

these people. Their indefatigable qualities at the exercise of rowing cannot be better illustrated than by the following fact. In 1818 a Portuguese frigate was sent round to Leghorn, to take on board the princess Leopoldina of Austria, and convey her to Rio de Janeiro to her betrothed husband, the present Emperor Don Pedro. Whilst lying in the harbour at Leghorn, the boat's crew (all Algarves) became dissatisfied at some breach of promise on the part of their superiors, and determined on going no farther with the frigate, but on the contrary, returning to their native shores. With a view to this they clubbed together their means, and purchased a good long *escaler*, with room for as many oars as there were men: then providing a small stock of provisions, they absolutely rowed all the way (coasting it) from Leghorn to Faro in the Algarves.

The largest description of boats or barques that are seen mooring near this landing place, are called molettas and faluas: both carry lateen sails, either one or two according to their size; and the difference between them consists in the latter being of a more slim and elegant shape than the former. The outline of their keel, from poop to prow, is very similar to that of a crescent rather flattened. These vessels are painted in

stripes of the most glaring colours; the parts nearest the stern have in general the representation of a pair of enormous eyes, or a dolphin, dragon, serpent, &c. according to the taste of the owner; and the stern, sides, and rudder, are usually ornamented with daubed attempts at painting Nossas Senhoras of all kinds. The extremities of the stem and stern commonly terminate in wooden or iron images of the above ladies, of a rudeness of execution that would disgrace the Otaheitans. These figures are moreover constantly adorned with bunches of ribbons of all colours, as are also the tops of the masts and the extremities of the yards; and at the latter is hoisted a pendant, bearing in large letters the name of the boat's patron saint. Previous to unmooring, every individual of the crew makes on his face and breast the sign of the cross, in order to procure a prosperous voyage; but if the weather be exceedingly adverse, it is not unusual to hear the boatmen vent their spleen upon their patron saints in language too bad to mention.

The expert manner in which the straw is packed on the boats employed in bringing it from Alhandra and other places, has always attracted the attention of strangers. I have given a sketch made from nature, of one of the above in the act



STRAW BOAT UNLOADING. BLACK WOMEN EMPTYING THEIR POTS.

of unloading, as being a better way of conveying a just idea of the thing than by a written description.

The families of most of the crews of the molettas and faluas that navigate across the Tagus, inhabit the little villages on those shores called Seixal, Amora, Coina, Moita, &c. where some of the inhabitants of Lisbon have cottages for the convenience of cock-shooting at the proper season. These places are exceedingly unwholesome; and the inhabitants are so subject to the ague, that in summer time and in autumn a whole village is often seen shut up, as if the plague were amongst its inhabitants. The boys and even the girls of a young age are here found running about stark naked; and during the summer months they pass nearly the whole of the day in the water, in consequence of which, and their exposure to the sun, they acquire the copper colour of the Brazilian native tribes. Although stripped in this manner, they invariably are seen wearing round their necks, rosaries, figas and relics of saints: and they never omit crossing themselves previous to diving into the water. By this constant immersion in the river, they are, as may well be conceived, excellent swimmers and expert divers, even when very young.

The inhabitants of these places come under the denomination of borda d'agua already spoken of, and are any thing but pleasant people to have to deal with. In the village called Coina there resided a celebrated cut-throat, who, for his great dexterity at that work, had acquired the surname of Ferragudo or sharp iron: his wife not a whit inferior to him in similar exploits and courage was known by the name of Fragona, a corruption of Fredegonde so notorious in French history. After the death of Ferragudo, his widow used to range through the forests of pines with no other habiliment than a petticoat; and in this trim she would present herself to lonely travellers and excite their jokes on the strangeness of her appearance. Then, under the pretence of revenging the affront, she would follow them full as fast as their mules could go, and drawing from her waist a large knife, would sacrifice them to her offended modesty, not forgetting to ease their pockets of what could no longer be of use to them. When this useful member of society died, the waist-band of her petticoat was found to contain a great number of gold pieces.

This worthy pair left three sons to perpetuate their race. I went once on a shooting party with a couple of friends, one of whom was perfectly

acquainted with the whole of the country on the southern banks of the Tagus. We penetrated into the woods in pursuit of game, and went so far, that to do otherwise than pass the night there, was out of the question. When looking out for a spot for our bivouac, we heard some goats' bells near us, and saw at a little distance a shepherd and his cabin. We naturally made towards it, but very soon repented of so doing; for one of my companions recognized in the person of this gentle shepherd none other than the eldest son of Senhora Donna Fragona, who was then concealing himself in the forest, having only a fortnight before murdered his own uncle. It was too late to retreat, so we craved his hospitality, which was granted with the best possible grace, accompanied with many regrets that our lodging was not more worthy of us, &c.

This fellow was six feet at least high, with a sallow pock-marked face, piercing eyes, long black hair and beard of the same colour, and very broad shoulders:—in short his dress and tout ensemble might have afforded a fine assassin subject for a painter. He insisted upon killing a young kid for our supper; but all his own being either too old or too young, he said he would run over to the place where his brothers' flocks were, and get

one from them. This communicating with his brothers at that hour of the night was in our estimation worse than no kid at all; so we objected in the strongest terms to his leaving us. It did not escape his penetrating eye, that distrust of his motives induced us to do so, and he repeatedly observed "You have nothing to fear, I and my brothers are *gente de bem*, you are in honorable company, &c." But on observing me step outside the cabin, he very soon followed to see what I was about. He caught me in the act of loading with bullets both my barrels, and asked me why I did so? Did I fear any thing?

"Yes, I fear the wolves."

"There are none here."

"The barrels are now both loaded, and I shall not unload them."

He left us at about midnight notwithstanding our remonstrances; and when gone we began to conjecture whether he had escaped, from a fear of our endeavouring to deliver him up to justice; or whether he had gone to get his brothers' assistance and that of their friends, to make sure game of us. In the midst of these reflections, fatigue got the better of our senses and we slept nearly until dawn. Domingos (that was the fellow's name) soon after returned, saying that his brothers

had apparently changed their pasturage, for that he had searched for them in vain.

On our taking leave of him, he asked me if I should return there to shoot; I answered in the affirmative. "Then," said he, (he had an old French musket in the cabin) "will you do me the favor to bring me a pound of English powder; you may possibly not find me, but you can deposit it in the trunk of yonder cork tree, and by so doing you will render me an essential service:" I promised that I would, upon which he put his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and taking out a dollar, added "This is I believe the price of a pound, which I beg you to allow me to pay before hand, as I don't think it likely that you will see me when you come." This I positively refused to take, being well determined in my own mind never to return to Braba whilst there was a probability of its being so inhabited.

The quay of the Terreiro do paço is the finest in Lisbon: it projects about twenty yards beyond the rows of seats, which extend along the water side of this superb square; and terminates in a handsome flight of marble steps of semicircular form. On each side of the projection are also flights of marble steps, descending to low water mark. This quay is built upon the prolongation

of a line passing through the centre of Don Jose's magnificent equestrian statue, which stands in the middle of the square. On the pedestal of this statue, there originally was a bronze medal of the head of the marquis of Pombal, under whose ministry it was erected: but on his disgrace, his portrait was removed from the pedestal, and a ship in full sail (the Lisbon arms) substituted in its place. On being informed of this, he is said to have answered "It is no wonder; the whole country is driving before the wind."

The Alfandega (custom house) occupies the whole range of buildings on the eastern side of the square, with the exception of the extremity nearest the water, that being the military treasury. On the western side are the offices of public works and the royal library.

Running parallel to, and nearly on the prolongation of these sides, are Gold, and Silver Streets, communicating with the Roçio or Inquisition Square. These streets, with others running parallel to them and intersecting them at right angles, are all constructed upon the handsomest possible plan; and are in fact what constitute new Lisbon, having been built since the earthquake. On either side of them are flag-stone walks for foot passengers, guarded by rows of stone pillars

four and half feet high and at about eighteen feet from each other. These are called by the Portuguese *frades de pedra,* (stone friars); but the knowing ones denominate them *reverentes petrificados.*

From the above quay, descending the river, the first object of notice is the royal marine arsenal and dock-yard; where ships of the line of the largest size are built. The Portuguese ships of war have always been, for the elegance of their construction, the admiration of our naval officers. In 1818 the D. John VIth was launched: she is a very handsome ship, rated at 120 guns, but capable of carrying many more. She was put into commission in 1819, and ordered to sail for Rio de Janeiro; but such an order was much more easy to give than to execute. To get under sail a vessel of that tonnage, an adequate crew was necessary; and the Portuguese navy had been so much neglected and so miserably paid, or rather not paid at all, that no seamen would voluntarily serve in it. Press-gangs were accordingly set on foot in all parts of the city; and upon the same principle that in France at certain seasons of the year all dogs are killed who are found unmuzzled, so all young men, seamen or landsmen, servants or journeymen, nightmen or coachmen, who were found

without a certificate of exemption in their pockets, were themselves pocketed, and sent in irons to serve as volunteers on board the Joaô Sexto.

With such a crew it is not surprising that the ship was seven months in moving down from her moorings opposite the city to those of Belem Castle. She would perhaps have gone a mile farther, but that a small insurgent privateer appeared off the Tagus; landed her casks for water near Cascaes; and did not leave the river's mouth without sending menaces to this huge leviathan. The captain of this insolent little corsair had even the audacity to land, come up to Lisbon unknown, and go to the theatre one night. Before he returned to the vicinity of Cascaes, he sent his compliments to several ship owners, adding that he hoped to have the pleasure of soon meeting on their way to India some of their fine vessels, which he observed were nearly ready to put to sea.

From the Belem moorings another grand attempt was made to get the D. John a little nearer to the mouth of the Tagus. The *volunteers* then imagining that no other hopes of escape remained for them, and that when so far down the river they must needs go farther, no sooner saw themselves opposite S. Jose de Ribamar (about a mile from Belem) than they to the number of seventy

leaped into the water and swam on shore. The same night, in spite of the sentries, the remainder of the crew almost to a man followed their example, so that it was found necessary to get her moored again off Paço d'Arcos where she remained until 1820.

I have already spoken of the swarms of polite mendicants who eternally infest the court of the Portuguese sovereign. The immense expanse of ocean that intervenes between Portugal and Rio, was no barrier against these beggars. Every vessel, great or small, went loaded with them from Portugal; and no sooner did they succeed in imposing upon his most faithful majesty's easy generosity, than they sought the earliest means of quitting him. It is no wonder then, that the equipment of a 120-gun ship should have occasioned the pouring in of petitions from all quarters, praying for gratuitous passages to the capital of Brazil. The commanding officer and all his subalterns had each their protegés, as had likewise almost every petty officer in the ship. The fact is, that by one means or other, no less a number than twelve hundred passengers contrived to smuggle themselves into this floating ark. A new set of *volunteers* having, with much difficulty, been collected together in the marine arsenal, were sent

on board closely guarded, and on the same day (wonderful to relate) the Joaô Sexto got fairly past S. Julian's, and over the bar: not however without strong symptoms of a mutinous disposition amongst some of the volunteers, and weeping and wailing amongst others.

A ship of 120 guns, thus despicably manned and overcrowded with passengers, was as might be expected, so prodigious a time on her passage, that she had been long given up as lost; and much credit is indeed due to the officers who were on board of her, that she ever reached her destination. If ever men deserved reward for a marine exploit, they certainly had a fair claim to one. Many of the passengers above mentioned, relying upon Nossa Senhora and the commanding officer, had embarked without a morsel of provisions; others, pleading ignorance of the nature of the passage, had provided themselves with a mere basket full; and in short the greatest number of them, having limited means, had only for object the getting on board, trusting that amongst Christians they should not be suffered to starve.

The consequence was that provisions very soon became short, as did likewise the water; so that the whole of this multitude were soon put on half rations of both. Add to this the manner in which

they were of necessity obliged to be stowed away at night, men, women, and children, all huddled together, in a tropical climate; and without its being possible on their account to scrub the decks. With all this accumulation of misery, in so circumscribed a space, and under a vertical sun, it is surprising that a plague was not the consequence. Had they however remained a month longer at sea, they would infallibly have fallen victims to the vermin with which they were all, without distinction, covered. The inhabitants of Rio declared that they had never witnessed the arrival of such a ship-load of vermin and beggars.

CHAPTER III.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

LARGO DO PELOURINHO—CAES DO SODRE—EMBARKATION OF THE FRENCH TROOPS AFTER THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA—ATROCITIES COMMITTED AGAINST THEM BY THE POPULACE OF LISBON—HORRIBLE BARBARITY OF A WOMAN—FANATICISM OF THE LISBON RABBLE—NARROW ESCAPE OF A BARBARY JEW FROM THEIR FURY—RIBEIRA NOVA—FISH MARKET—FISHERMEN OF THE TAGUS—MODE OF HARPOONING FISH BY TORCH-LIGHT—CATRAIOS OR PASSAGE-BOATS—FOWLING PARTIES ON THE TAGUS—BATHING, A FAVORITE AMUSEMENT OF ALL ORDERS IN PORTUGAL—BATHING PARTIES OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—DESCRIPTION OF THEM—A FORTUNATE RESOURCE—WANT OF CLEANLINESS OF ALL CLASSES IN OTHER RESPECTS.

CHAPTER III.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

IMMEDIATELY in front of the gate of the royal arsenal, is the Largo do Pelourinho, or pillory square, a name given to it from having in its centre a column crowned with iron pikes and hooks, on which fidalgos enjoy the privilege of having their heads exhibited, after decapitation, when convicted of the crime of high treason. This column is in open work; being composed of four spiral pieces, constructed and put together with such ingenuity and skill, as to excite the admiration of connoisseurs and the cupidity of Junot; who would have had it carried to France but for the arrival of the British. On the east side of the square, stood the beautiful church of S. Julian, which was burnt to the ground in 1818 by (it is said) a principal person connected with its accompts who, as they were rather in confusion, found this the best way of settling them.

The quay of Sodré is, as I have said, the evening rendezvous of merchants of all nations and

costumes. Jews, Turks, and Christians, are here seen crowding together to talk over their affairs. The ground floors of all the houses have by degrees been converted into coffee rooms of the handsomest kind, and little inferior to those in Paris.

This place was the scene of embarkation of the French troops after the convention of Cintra. A considerable body of them had been, for many weeks previous to this event, encamped in the adjacent square of S. Paul, where the infection proceeding from their uncleanliness was so great, as to cause many of the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses to dislodge. The fact was that the irritation of the lower orders of Portuguese against them had become so violent, that they hardly ever dared move out of the camp in any direction; and those who from curiosity, duty, or the desire of providing something for their voyage, straggled either singly or in small parties from the main body, were almost invariably murdered.

Nothing can plead as an excuse for the brutal cruelty of the common people of Lisbon, as *they* in particular had neither lost property nor experienced the least ill treatment from the French. They would nevertheless fall upon the unarmed soldiers unawares; and dragging them into the

corridors each satiated his or *her* vengeance by covering their unresisting victims with stabs. I observed on one occasion a French dragoon walking by himself in the Roçio: the storm was already beginning to gather round him; men in capotes were seen winking at one another, and forming by degrees a cordon about him; and a gallego was then deputed to draw him into conversation. His attention being thus diverted, the valentoēs *(valiant men)* were enabled to close in upon their victim unperceived. One, from behind, struck him almost to the ground with a cudgel, whilst another, on his turning round to defend himself, stabbed him with a ferro de gaiola (bird cage awl) in the back. In short, in the space of a few minutes, this good looking young soldier was reduced to a shapeless mass, and dragged with a rope tied to his leg through the streets until literally devoured by the dogs.

I must cite another instance of brutality, which is still more revolting from its being perpetrated by a female. Many British officers will recollect the circumstance: for many witnessed it on the quay of Sodré; and, but for their manly and humane interference, the number of atrocities committed would have been considerably greater. The French embarked the main body of their troops,

leaving the sick and wounded to follow them with a very feeble escort. At the moment of which I speak, some of these poor wretches were lying upon the quay, waiting for their turn to be transported into the boats. One particularly amongst them was in a situation calculated to excite pity, having been wounded in the abdomen. He however seems to have provoked quite a different feeling in the mind of the inhuman monster above alluded to; for she no sooner perceived his helpless condition, than she stamped her foot upon him with such brutal violence that his intestines gushed out, exclaiming at the same time "morra, cão de Francez," die, you French dog. There is some satisfaction in adding that, agonized as he was, the victim seized a cutlass that lay near him, and inflicted a wound across her legs of which she was likely to feel the effects all her life.

The catraieiros (shore-boat-men) were not behind hand on their part in turning to advantage the confusion which accompanied the embarkation of the French troops. Whenever they were employed to convey on board the transports two or three individual officers, whose baggage looked as if it contained some enviable spoils or bags of money, they, under pretence of being forced by the violence of the current or upon any other

subterfuge, would take their passengers into the middle of the Tagus at its widest part, where calls for mercy or help would be alike unheard, and there butcher them. Then, consigning their bodies to the all concealing deep, they would avoid the chance of detection, by landing with their booty on the opposite shores and hiding themselves for a season in the pine forests.

The picture of the cowardly barbarities of many individuals towards isolated soldiers of the French army would be incomplete, if I omitted to mention that, on stopping one day at Poço do Bispo, a place contiguous to Lisbon on the Saccavem side, to take some wine in a quinta, the owner exultingly directed my attention to seventeen French muskets that were ranged in order against the wall, and exclaimed, pointing to a spot in the garden, "There lie their owners."—The fact was that this courageous patriot used to entice these confiding wretches into his cellar with offers of gratuitous swilling, and when intoxicated and asleep, had dispatched them to awaken in eternity.

The sight of the Caes do Sodré always created in me an association of ideas highly disadvantageous to the character of the common people of Lisbon; and this was not surprising, considering the different scenes of cruel oppression that I had there witnessed.

Fanaticism is, with the common people, one of the most exalted of virtues; and the greater the atrocity committed against those who dissent from them in religion, the surer in their imagination is their acceptance with the Deity; who, they think, regards such acts as an exuberance of zeal entitling the author to the highest rewards in paradise. Woe be to any son of Israel who dare show his face in the Lisbon streets on Good-Friday; for on that day the churches are all thrown open, and the pulpits are continually occupied by fanatical and ignorant monks, who relieve one another throughout the day, pouring forth the most frantic rhapsodies, comparing all Jews and heretical protestants to the impious murderers of our Saviour, and thus exciting the passions of the ferocious rabble against them, as the enemies of God.

In the course of their ravings, these impostors display all their stores of relics;—a little phial which they affirm to contain some real identical drops of the blessed virgin's milk, a lock of hair from our Saviour's head, the parings of Mary Magdalen's nails, a real fragment of S. John's goat skin jacket, and, lastly, a bloody rag pretended to have been dipped in the real blood of our Lord. This they exhibit accompanied with the most phrenzied language, calling upon all good Chris-

tians to avenge the blood which was shed for their salvation. Worked up to such a pitch of fanatical enthusiasm, it is not astonishing that the congregation issue forth in a state of mind resembling that of king Clovis of France, who, after hearing a similar rant from the mouth of St. Remi, exclaimed, "Que n'étois-je là avec mes Francs pour le défendre!"

I was once walking on the Caes do Sodré, on the anniversary of our Lord's Passion, just as the congregation were issuing from the church of St. Paul. A Barbary Jew, in his oriental costume, and apparently unaware of his danger, was at the moment walking upon the quay. He was no sooner perceived by the rabble, than they addressed to him the epithets of Pilate, Judas, Jew, dog, &c.; next, from words, they proceeded to blows; and their fanatical brutality carried them so far, that some of them held him, whilst others cut off his beard and filled his mouth with handsful of filth which they picked up in the street. Their fury augmented with their excesses, and the poor Israelite would have ended his days in the Tagus, but for a British officer in Portuguese uniform who, with the flat of his sabre, dispersed the devout cut-throats in the twinkling of an eye.

At a couple of hundred yards from the Caes do

Sodré is the Ribeira nova. Here is held the fish market under rows of sheds, built at right angles in the most symmetrical manner, with wide flat pavement for foot passengers. The row nearest the city is occupied by fruiterers, most of whom, moreover, sell gold and silver fish in glass receptacles, parrots, parroquets, and not unfrequently, monkeys. These people, from the circumstance of their dealing with all the seafaring persons who land there for provisions, in general speak tolerable English. The whole of the other sheds in the square are occupied by fishmongers; and the stock which they exhibit surpasses in quality, variety, and freshness, that of any fish market in Europe. They procure their fish from the Ilhavo fishermen, also from the fishermen who inhabit the crawl called à Costa, and lastly from the Catraeiro harpooners.

These last are the common shore-boat-men, who towards evening start from the quays to which they belong, and crossing the Tagus to take on board a cargo of dry pine-apples, await the moment of the tide being most favourable to begin their operations. Over the stem of the boat, they place an iron basket large enough to contain a dozen fir apples, to which they set fire; a board three feet and a half high is then fixed upright

across the bows; and concealed in a measure behind this wooden parapet, stands the harpooner, waiting the appearance of his prey, which is not long before it approaches, so great is the attraction of the light, particularly if the night be dark. When these boats are in great numbers on the river, the effect produced by such a multitude of vivid torches is really beautiful.

All the fish taken on the outside of the river, or within the bar, is very heavily taxed. When landed at the Ribeira nova, a set of fellows, employed in this kind of excise, proceed to count it; and every tenth fish they hook up and cast in a heap apart for the payment of the tax. As these fish go ultimately to the tables of some persons interested in the taxation, it may well be imagined that their satellites take care not to stick their hooks into the smallest.

Before I proceed any further on my way down the river, I shall say a word on the Catraios or shore-boats, which I have had occasion to mention at different times. The length of these boats is generally about fourteen or fifteen feet; but their shape is not of that elegant kind that might be expected from the characteristic beauty of the larger Portuguese vessels. They are also of a prodigious thickness of timber, very strongly built,

and consequently very heavy. The mast, yard, and sail, are also very clumsy; so that the meanest little English merchantman's boat, will out-sail or out-row them invariably. The general colour of a catraio is scarlet, relieved with stripes of blue, white, yellow, or green. A part of the bows near the cut water is white; and on this is usually painted a pair of eyes of a large size, which gives the boat a singularly animated appearance as it approaches you.

The number of passengers which the after part of the boat is capable of accommodating is fifteen or sixteen, well stowed, close together; and to screen these from the sun or rain the boat is provided with an awning, such as is represented in the plate of the quay of Belem (*vide* p. 31). A number of catraios are constantly plying between the fish-market (Ribeira nova) and Belem; and the noise which they make to get passengers is truly deafening, each endeavouring to obtain the preference over his fellows. For this purpose all the avenues to the place of embarkation are clogged with watermen, looking out for arrivals; and no sooner does any one appear than they begin a regular scramble to get his custom: carrying their eagerness sometimes even to seizing persons in their arms, and by dint of superior strength con-

veying them, whether they will or not, into their boats.

In this manner it happens not unfrequently that persons, whose object was not that of embarking, have been compelled to do so in spite of themselves; for as to remonstrating with these heroes it is quite out of the question, neither can they hear you, so great is the noise made by all of them bawling together. The catraios are all marked with numbers on the bows, upon the principle of our hackney coaches. In so lovely a climate as that of Lisbon and in so brilliant an atmosphere, the effect produced by a multitude of these boats, highly coloured, moving in all directions, is very picturesque and beautiful.

The Falmouth packets are, on their arrival, surrounded with them, and the dexterity which they display in eluding the vigilance of the custom house officers is really surprising; so that many forbidden objects are often through their medium conveyed ashore for the crews, without the knowledge of the officers of the packets or those of the customs.

The price usually paid for the hire of a catraio for the whole of a day is eight or nine shillings, provided you make your bargain previous to embarking. This is an indispensable precaution, for

the boatmen will otherwise be shameless enough to ask a moidore, or sometimes even a six mil four (36*s.*) piece. It is very pleasant to embark in one of these boats with a companion or two for the purpose of shooting gulls and divers at the mouth of the river, where the latter abound; as do also, in the Sardinia season, very large albatrosses. But these are difficult to bring down, without a very long barrel, as they generally keep at a respectable distance.

Those who are fond of these water excursions usually betake themselves to returning from the mouth of the river, when they perceive that the tide begins to ebb. They are then compelled to keep near the shore, by which they reap two advantages, that of a counter current, and the amusement of shooting massaricos (a large species of sand lark) numerous flocks of which are seen all along the sandy beach giving it a speckled appearance. For individuals whose time is limited, and who are consequently unable to go to such distances from the city as to find the larger species of game, a pleasant day's sport may be had at a place called Juncal, immediately round Trefaria point on the opposite banks of the river's mouth. This place is a species of brake, interspersed with little marshy spots, and abounding in most seasons with snipes

and quail; partridges also are not unfrequently found there.

Before I terminate my account of the catraios, I must not overlook one of the most interesting purposes to which they are applied. I mean that, in the summer months, of conveying parties to different spots in the river for the purpose of bathing. At an early hour in the morning, whole families are seen moving down to the different quays, followed by servants carrying bundles of linen and other bathing apparatus. At this hour no confusion or noise is perceptible, as it is usual to hire these boats for the whole bathing season. The place most generally resorted to is the beach of Junqueira, opposite to the patriarch's palace; and hither hundreds of boats from different parts of the city repair at all hours of the morning up to as late as ten or eleven o'clock.

Here they are moored in four or five feet water, and the awning is lowered and carefully tied down on all sides, so that the females of the family can undress as privately as in their own bed rooms. They thus equip themselves in their bathing gowns, which are made of very thick woollen, to prevent the possibility of the outline of the body being discernible. This is a precaution however

not observed by all, nor even by the greatest number, who for the most part wear a flowing robe of printed calico which is no sooner wet, than sticking close to the skin, it exhibits even the movements of the muscles as clearly as if no garments were on them.

The males of the bathing party undress in the fore part of the boat, and putting on a woollen jacket and breeches leap into the water and swim about, until the ladies announce that they are ready. The gentlemen then receive them, holding their hands whilst they descend two or three moveable stairs on the boat's side, and assist them in jumping off into the water. Here, great sputtering, spattering, squeaking, screeching, sneezing, and snorting, is heard on all sides. High jokes and low jokes then prevail; the latter are chiefly observable, when a short thick lady of prodigious bulk (a common sight) is descried scrambling up the ladder in her wet cotton garment, resembling a porpoise, and nearly capsizing the boat with her weight.

At the moment when the bathing boats were most numerous along the beach, I have not unfrequently seen the Alcantara regiment of cavalry receive orders to bathe and ride into the water in

BATHING IN THE TAGUS.

total nudity, swimming about on their horses through the intervals of the boats to the no small discomfiture of the bathers.

People who dislike this mode of bathing need only repair to the quay of the Black Horse square or to that of the fish market; off which, at a convenient distance, there are floating baths upon the very best principle and on very moderate terms. But for good swimmers, the best place is the middle of the river, or else the beach on the opposite side near Sarmento's wine cellars, where the water is much clearer, and unsullied with the filth of the city and shipping. Between this spot and the village of Trefaria, is a bed of the finest possible description of oysters, totally different from those in general which are found in this climate, having been originally sown there by an English epicure many years ago.

Persons who dislike bathing from the boats, and whose means are too limited to allow of their frequenting the floating baths for a whole season, generally repair in the morning early or else in the evening, to any of the beaches that are known to have a good sandy bottom. The best of these are a part of the beach at the packet stairs, the beach of Pedroiços, or if they live at the upper extremity of the city, that of the Cruz da Pedra.

In these places there is generally some old man or woman with a tent erected, in which females undress and equip themselves in their bathing gowns.

I have frequently walked into the water with a dozen of ladies, and have held their hands whilst they ducked their heads under water. Ladies, whose garden doors open immediately upon the beach, undress in their summer houses, and walk into the water holding by a rope, one end of which is fastened inside their door. This kind of bathing cannot of course be productive of so much good as the sudden immersion by plunging in headlong; but as there is no case in which ladies can indulge in the latter way, the walking in cannot be more unwholesome than the manner of entering the water in a floating bath.

The Portuguese faculty recommend bathing for all kinds of disorders or complaints; and it is well perhaps that they do so. For were this not the case, nine tenths of the females of Portugal would never have experienced an ablution since their baptismal one:—not even a single washing of their faces in the morning with a towel; which latter operation they usually perform with no greater rigour than merely by moistening the tip of a handkerchief or towel in their mouths and rubbing it

over their forehead, eyebrows, and nose. I heard a gentleman of rank, who had been in England and imbibed in some measure our habits of cleanliness, observe to his daughter, "My dear, have you washed your face to-day?" "Naô meo Pai, my face is not dirty I believe, therefore what need is there that I should wash it?"

The males have their own peculiar species of uncleanliness, which consists, amongst other things, in seldom shaving oftener than once per week. So that you often see them in company with beards nearly an inch in length, black, bristly, and like clothes brushes.

CHAPTER IV.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

ABSENCE OF PICTORIAL AND POETICAL TASTE IN PORTUGAL—CONVENT OF ALCANTARA—DISASTER OF A NUN—CHURCH OF S. AMARO, THE PATRON OF THE GALLEGOS—VOTIVE OFFERINGS TO HIS SHRINE—ROPE HOUSE—SQUARE OF BELEM—ROYAL RIDING HOUSE—QUEEN'S GARDENS—MENAGERIE—QUEEN'S PALACE—CRUEL FATE OF THE MARQUIS OF TAVORA AND HIS FAMILY—INIQUITY OF THE JESUITS—MONASTERY OF BELEM OF THE ORDER OF S. JERONIMO—BELEM CASTLE—HEALTH OFFICE—GEOGRAPHICAL LEARNING OF ITS OFFICERS—CHURCH OF THE MEMORIA—ITS BEAUTIFUL SITUATION—MUSEUM—ROYAL PALACE OF THE AJUDA—ITS GIGANTIC PROPORTIONS—IMPOSSIBILITY OF COMPLETING IT.

CHAPTER IV.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

About half a mile below the fish market, on that part of the river side called by the English Bull-bay, stands the mint, of all the Portuguese public edifices the most unworthy of notice; I mean from the meanness of its structure. It is easily recognized on the street side, from the circumstance of its guard and sentries, furnished by the infantry in garrison, and occasionally by the marines. The court-yard wall of this building is the place of exhibition for the Portuguese taste for caricaturing; and nothing under heaven can be more pitiful than their attempts at this or any other branch of drawing.

No country in Europe has produced so limited a number of poets and painters as Portugal. Of the former, Camoens is yclept the prince; but he might as justly be termed a plural unit, comprising in himself prince and subjects, none other of

note having appeared before or after him. For we cannot number among the children of pure inspiration, Manoel Maria Bocage, the Piron of Portugal, whose writings, although full of all the fire and genius of a truly poetical mind, are from their nature deserving of being totally excluded from general perusal. Of painters to whom Portugal has given birth, I shall speak on some other occasion.

In coasting down towards Alcantara, nothing remarkable farther meets the eye, but numberless corn granaries at the water's edge. The packet stairs, before alluded to, when enumerating the different places of disembarkation, are the worst of all of them, owing to the high rock of almost perpendicular steepness which it is necessary to descend by a narrow zigzag foot path, unprotected on the side nearest the water, and therefore of course a very dangerous passage at night.

I recollect the circumstance of a tape selling contrabandista (smuggler) falling over this rock and being killed; and as he naturally had not time to confess himself before he expired, his body was given over for dissection to the hospital of S. José. After which, he being a prodigiously corpulent man, a quantity of human oil was extracted from him beyond any thing before heard of. This

is reckoned by the Portuguese faculty an excellent specific for making ladies' hair grow again, who have lost it in consequence of malignant fevers (febres malinas). It is also recommended to be used by friction on dislocated joints in order to reduce inflammation. In the last instance the Portuguese are not singular, for the French executioners in all the principal towns make a commerce of pig's grease in little pots, which they pretend is real human lard, extracted from the carcases of guillotined men.

Near the mouth of the river of Alcantara, is a convent of nuns, one of whom not long ago was accused of holding commerce with the devil, for which purpose she is said to have frequently passed a good part of the night in a place where the other nuns only remained a few moments at a time. But upon close investigation, when the convent was about to be exorcised, it was discovered that the evil one used, by means of a silk ladder let down from above, to climb up to the little window overhanging the river, having previously assumed the semblance of the girl's confessor: a truly diabolical and scandalous expedient, hardly excusable even on the score of love.

The river, or rather rivulet, or stream, of Alcantara, after passing under the grand arch of the

superb aqueduct, built by Don Emanuel, to the northward of the city, meanders through a beautiful valley enriched with orange groves, until it arrives at the bridge called Alcantara and then contributes its mite to the aggrandisement of the majestic Tagus. There is nothing remarkable in it here, or rather nothing that ever attracted my notice, beyond the immense quantities of fine chesnuts, which are brought in boats from Algarve as to a depot, and here purchased by retailers and chesnut roasters.

With the exception of the ground occupied by the garden of the Conde d'Alva, the whole of the river's side between Alcantara and the beach of Junqueira is occupied by dockyards belonging to Englishmen; some of whom have amassed good property, thanks to the number of *lame ducks* as they term them, which the rough weather in winter obliges to have recourse to them for repair. The most considerable of these dockyards is that of which a Mr. Shealey is proprietor; a man as remarkable for his hospitality, as for intelligence in his profession.

Immediately behind this establishment is situated, on the top of a small but steep hill, the church of S. Amaro, the ascent to which is by a spacious flight of steps where a fair is held on that saint's

day. S. Amaro is the patron saint of the gallegos, and other beasts of burden particularly; and his department being a branch of the Esculapian one, that of curing sore legs, bruised legs, and broken legs, it is no wonder that in this class of men should be found the greatest number of his votaries. No sooner does one of these poor deluded wretches recover the use of a fractured limb, after perhaps three months' confinement, than he repairs to S. Amaro's altar, depositing on the steps of the same a bottle of oil to feed the ever-burning lamp of the shrine; and after attaching to some part of the church a little waxen leg, emblematical of that which has been cured, he prostrates himself for a considerable time before the image of S. Amaro with the most earnest thanksgivings for performing so miraculous a cure. I need not say what becomes of the bottle of oil, as any one will be sufficiently acquainted by this time with Portuguese priests not to require being told that it is employed in frying their fish and savouring their sallad; the ever-burning lamp being only lighted a little before the opening of the doors.

The beach of Junqueira although a catraio station is an exceedingly inconvenient landing place

at all times, but particularly at low water owing to its extreme shallowness. The boatmen are in the latter case obliged to take the passengers on their shoulders, and carry them sometimes two hundred yards to place them on terra firma. I once saw a very fat friar borne along in this manner: he either sat not properly astride, owing to his cumbersome dress, or else the man was not of an adequate strength to carry such a heap of blubber. I know not which, nor does it signify; but when at a few paces only from the boat, both priest and porter went down together with a prodigious splutter, to the no small amusement of every one who witnessed the scene. Some soldiers passing in a boat at the time kept calling to his reverence "Abra a boca e tenha fé"—"open your muzzle and be of good faith."

On the lower side of this beach begins the famous rope house, built under the ministry of the marquis of Pombal. It contains besides the rope walk many government work-shops of different kinds. This place is also a species of house of correction, or of hard labour for women of the town, who may have been guilty of some remarkable excesses; but chiefly for those who by witchcraft have undermined the health of some holy

men and are therefore sent here to expiate their offences, it no longer being practicable to consign them to the dungeons of the Inquisition.

On that side of Belem square, which is parallel to the quay, is seen the royal riding house, a neat and tasteful edifice; but where the nature of the instruction is so absurd that it is difficult to consider with any degree of patience the buckram lessons which the pupils receive. Contiguous to the riding house, are the terrace and court-yard of the queen's gardens, at the entrance of which there is a serjeant's guard. In this court are dens for different wild beasts, once maintained there for curiosity; and above the court, to the right, to which you ascend by a flight of marble stairs, is a beautiful terrace having on one side of it very extensive aviaries, where there were formerly kept some very fine and rare birds of prey. I say formerly, because after the king's departure for Brazil, all these poor prisoners were starved to death; the keepers, thinking it more expedient that Christians should eat the meat allowed for them plentifully, than that it should be applied to the use of brute beasts. The poor animals thus dragged on for some short time a miserable existence, living solely upon the cakes or other little trifles which the curious, who came there to see

them, usually brought in their pockets, for them, until they ended their career by absolute inanition. Amongst these famished victims, was a very fine lion, a hippopotamus, an elephant, and some smaller beasts, a pair of very fine eagles, a king of the vultures and other birds.

On the left hand side, at the top of the court, is the door communicating with the gardens, which upon application is opened by a porter who receives a trifling fee for his trouble. This garden is like all others of the kind in Portugal, laid out in a stiff symmetrical manner, which effect is still heightened by the sides of the walks (formed in very high box or laurel) being clipt so as to resemble walls. At the extremity of each walk is a single statue of some appropriate heathen deity; and at the intersections of several walks there are groupes of the same, all in white marble, and very well executed. But although these statues bear the attributes of those whom they are meant to represent, the general ignorance is so great that they are not unfrequently taken for Nossa Senhoras and respected as such. I even recollect a fact at Cintra of a certain old catholic lady having been found on her knees before a Venus de' Medici in the marquis of Marialva's garden.

The high trees in the queen's garden at Belem consist chiefly of a species called by the Portuguese *alfarobeiras* from the fruit *(alfarobas)* which they bear. This fruit, when ripe, resembles in some measure a dried up bean-pod of a deep mahogany colour; the pod is the only part which is eaten and it has a very luscious flavour. The bean is exceedingly hard and of a flattened round shape. At the upper extremity of this garden is the palace; which in point of structure hardly deserves the name. During the absence of the royal family, it was converted into government offices; and at a certain time of the year the secretary of state held his levees there, after hearing mass: an invariable rule with D. Miguel Forjaz, and which together with his general character for devotion procured him, in a certain periodical work, the appellation of the Militar-Theologo.

A little below Belem square, is a small fruit market. I should not take notice of this place, but for the circumstance of its having in the midst of it a column, marking the spot on which stood the palace of the marquis of Tavora who, with the whole of his family including even the children, was under circumstances of the most horrid cruelty put to death for high treason against king Joseph. His palace was rased, its site ploughed

up, salt strewed on the spot, and the present column erected to perpetuate his ignominy. When it was afterwards clearly proved that the Jesuits had been the authors of the whole plot (for the destruction of the king), that body with their usual cunning inculpated some innocent and loyal noblemen, whose families were in consequence exterminated from the face of the earth.

At about three hundred yards from the above memento of jesuitical villainy, stands the convent of Belèm * belonging to the order of S. Jero-

* "The real name of this magnificent edifice is *Bethlem* which the Portuguese write and pronounce *Belèm*; it is situated in a village of the same name, and there is, on the banks of the Tagus, a fort called Belem. The church seen from a distance has the appearance of a prodigious building, but on a near inspection is a beautiful and regular edifice, worthy of the king D. Manuel, not however so much for its beauty and magnificence as for the extraordinary nature of the design and execution of it.

"Here are the beautiful tombs of king Manuel, and queen Maria, which are of a piece with other noble monuments here found in great numbers, it being the burial place of many kings and queens, princes and princesses, whose tombs are distinguished by resting on elephants and are adorned with crowns and escutcheons.

"The convent is of the fathers of S. Jeronimo, and has room for two hundred friars; the cells are spacious and well aired, with a view of the Tagus in front, and looking in rear upon orange groves, at once enchanting to the eye, and delicious for their fragrance. The revenues of this monastery amount to nearly eight thousand ducats; and besides the gar-

nimo, the outside of which offers nothing remarkable, being an unseemly wall strengthened by many projecting buttresses, and crowned with some remaining fragments of a battlement composed of ornamental croix patées. A few miserable little windows, here and there between the buttresses, are rendered still more miserable and ragged in their appearance by a parcel of dirty flower pots heterogeneously fixed about them. The ground floor between the buttresses is let out to owners of grog shops. The entrance, which is at the eastern extremity, is said to be a very fine specimen of gothic architecture: it may be considered as such by those who have not seen our own gothic cathedrals. This was formerly the burial place of the kings of Portugal; but of late they have been interred in the monastery of S. Vicente de Fora. Contiguous to the convent is a beautiful orangery, belonging to the monks, the fruit of which is always bought up at an early season when yet unripe, for exportation.

In one of the galleries, you are shewn the full

dens destined for pleasure and recreation, the convent has an extensive park appertaining to it, which provides the monks with corn, wine, and every species of fruits. This park is walled round; and the convent, church, and dependencies are all built of stone."—*Farin e Souza e Goez*, c. 53. p. 1.

length portraits of all the kings of Portugal from the time of D. Alfonso Henriquez. The body of the church is very worthy of attention, particularly the seats of the principal dignitaries, which are made of a finely polished dark coloured wood exquisitely wrought. In another part of the building you are shewn a very curious old manuscript bible. The organ is also very fine; but there are no paintings in this cathedral worthy of notice.

Belém Castle * now stands high and dry; but I remember the time when at high water even large boats could sail round it. The change is owing to the accumulation of sand occasioned by the situation on which the edifice is built. I shall not enter into a description of this tower, it being already so well known; but I shall confine myself to accounting for a certain gun-shot wound observable on the front which immediately faces the river. During our late misunderstanding with America, a British frigate and an American sloop

* "In the middle of the river is seen a square tower, which may be considered as the citadel of the metropolis, and which all vessels that enter the port must salute, presenting to the commandant their bills of health and passports. It has a well fortified place of arms provided with cannon: conveniences below to serve as granaries when required and others above, where state prisoners are confined."—*Farin e Souza e Goez*, c. 53. p. i.

of war were lying in the Tagus. The latter, being desirous of sailing, desired that the British frigate should be apprised of the Lisbon port-laws; which, in cases like the present, enact that no vessel shall leave the Tagus in pursuit of another until eight and forty hours from the time of her sailing. The British commander however followed the American almost immediately after she had dropped down the river; but on arriving abreast of Belém Tower, he was hailed and then fired at. This was no sooner done than (his guns being in readiness for the American) he returned the compliment three-fold; two of the shot missed the tower and went into the fields behind, but one of them better aimed inflicted the wound above mentioned.

On the western side of the tower, on the beach, is the health office, with which all vessels are obliged to communicate on their arrival, previous to being allowed pratique. Here many inconveniences often occur owing to the consummate ignorance and want of education in some of its official people. It once happened that an individual wished to land a box, which had come in a vessel from Marseilles. A contagious fever was known to rage at that time in Malaga. The of-

ficer to whom the application was made observed, that he could not sanction the landing of the box, as it came from an infected port; it was in vain represented to him that Marseilles and Malaga were two very distinct places; and even when a map of the Mediterranean was set before him and the points in question clearly shewn, he contented himself with placing his thumb on Malaga and his little finger on Marseilles, adding, "No, no, it cannot land, 'tis all the same thing, there is only the distance of a span."

Having arrived thus far down the river's side, I shall retrace my steps and speak of objects and persons just as they may happen to occur to me.

Behind the convent of S. Jeronimo is a street leading up along the wall of the queen's garden to the church called the Memoria; erected in commemoration of the king (Joseph)'s escape when attacked by the monkish regicides. The spot on which the edifice is built, is precisely that where the royal carriage was fired at. It is almost solely composed of a circular dome, very similar to that of the new convent, and is built of the same materials, a fine white species of marble brought at considerable expense from the quarries near Mafra. This building commands the finest

view imaginable both of the city, the river above and below it, and a great extent of country on the other side of the water.

Not far from the Memoria is the museum. Here may be seen, as in all museums, a number of curious things, and also the stuffed skins of the poor beasts and birds that were starved by their keeper in the court-yard and aviaries of the queen's gardens at Belém. Adjoining the museum is a small botanical garden for exotic plants; but in this, as in every other department, the king's absence at Rio has been productive of no amelioration, and pilfering of every kind has been carried on with impunity.

The king's palace of the Ajuda is a most ponderous edifice; that is, the wing which was nearly finished in 1819. This, like most Portuguese undertakings, was begun on a colossal scale, and like them also, will probably never be finished. In size, shape, and extent, it resembles Solomon's temple (that is, the drawings which we see of it) more than any thing I ever saw. Over the grand entrance are some colossal statues, of a taste as clumsy as the brazen gentleman in Hyde-Park. It is impossible to calculate the expense of the building of this palace; and I am convinced that no estimate of the probable charge was ever made

previous to beginning it, or it never would have been undertaken. It is, like all other great edifices in Portugal, constructed with immense masses of marble brought from Mafra; and when we consider the charge of extracting each of these gigantic rocks from the quarries, that of cutting, polishing, and placing them, and lastly the thousands of bullocks and carts employed in the transport from Mafra at the average hire of from forty to fifty shillings per diem each yoke, we shall be lost in calculation of the expense.

There is nothing particular about the internal decorations of the palace, excepting the paintings with which the walls of the apartments are bedaubed, and which are remarkable for bad taste and pitiful execution. The situation of this palace is much superior to that of the Necessidades; and it commands as fine a view almost as does the Memoria already mentioned, being pretty nearly of an equal height above the river.

CHAPTER V.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

BUENOS AYRES—LIMITS OF THIS QUARTER OF LISBON—BEAUTY OF THE PROSPECT FROM THENCE—GRANDEUR OF THE TAGUS—SIGNAL STATION—SEBASTIANISTAS—ERROR OF A FAIR TRAVELLER RESPECTING THAT ABSURD SECT—STORY OF KING SEBASTIAN—HIS EARLY REIGN—HIS RASH LOVE OF ENTERPRISE—HIS EXPEDITION TO AFRICA—VAIN ATTEMPTS TO DISSUADE HIM FROM UNDERTAKING IT—AMOUNT OF HIS FORCES—HIS FIRST OPERATIONS IN AFRICA—BATTLE OF THE LUCO—DEFEAT, CAPTURE, AND PROBABLE DEATH OF SEBASTIAN—VARIOUS OPINIONS ON HIS FATE—BELIEF OF THE SEBASTIANISTAS THAT HE WILL YET APPEAR ON EARTH.

CHAPTER V.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

Of Buenos Ayres a great deal has been said; it being the place of residence of most English families, and particularly of those of our countrymen and countrywomen who, suffering from pulmonary complaints, are usually advised by their professional attendants to remove to this climate, when they see no chance of being able to make them drag out their existence many weeks longer. It is difficult to define the boundaries of what people please to call Buenos Ayres; there being but one street of that name, and which is less than any other, considered as such. There is a second street running up out of the main street, and at right angles with it and the river, called Rua de S. F. de Paula; the houses at the top and on the left hand of which I consider to be the western boundary of Buenos Ayres.

The backs of these frontier houses command a beautiful uninterrupted view of the mouth of the

river, of Alcantara, Junqueira, the palaces of Ajuda and the Necessidades; while in the distant scenery is included the fishermen's village of Trafaria, the isolated fort Bugio in the middle of the entrance, fort S. Julian, Cascaes &c. These houses are, as may be imagined, exceedingly dear, and are chiefly occupied by English. The Rua do Prior running off from them at right angles, and of course parallel with the Tagus, is just sufficiently on the brow of the hill to be screened in rear from the north wind. Almost all the houses in this street are hotels, kept either by Englishmen, or by people who speak English. The accommodations are very good, in so far as they harbour perhaps a few less bugs than elsewhere; and the view from the houses is for the present unobstructed by any buildings in front, the ground being occupied as a fruit and kitchen garden.

It appears to me extraordinary how any one could contemplate the majesty of the Tagus, as seen from Reeves' Hotel, and not be struck with the grandeur of the scene. Can any one who has only seen our rivulets, consider with indifference a river whose breadth opposite the city measures at least ten miles? That person must be strangely influenced by national prejudice who could do otherwise than confess that our Thames, with all

its grandeur, is in comparison with this but a mere ditch.

The streets above mentioned, together with that of the Sacrament, constitute what is generally understood by Buenos Ayres. It is in this place, in a lane at the extremity of Ruo do Prior, that the signals are made on the appearance of any vessels off the bar; and numbers of persons, interested in the arrival of the Falmouth packets or other ships, are continually seen, straining their eyes with intense anxiety through spy-glasses directed on the horizon, and hoping that any speck that becomes visible may prove to be the wished for object.

Here also a fair traveller declares that she saw what, during a residence of many years, I could never perceive, crowds of Sebastianistas looking out for the arrival of their patron. That there are persons weak enough to believe in the continued existence of king Sebastian is undoubted; indeed I have been intimately acquainted with several: but that they push the mania so far as to crowd about Buenos Ayres hill to watch for his arrival, or that they ever make anything concerning him a topic of conversation, I never was able to observe. I therefore believe that some persons must have misled that amiable and in many points very accurate authoress, into a per-

suasion that every old fashioned Lisbon merchant, with a three pointed hat and bob wig holding a glass in his hand, was an expectant Sebastianist, since that is the dress which is supposed to distinguish that sect, if such it may be called. As it may not be improper here to say something about the Sebastianistas, and to give a clear idea of the origin of so absurd a sect, I shall for the information of those who may not have taken the trouble to inform themselves on this point of Portuguese history, give a brief account of Don Sebastian's reign and disappearance.

This prince, at the age of three years, succeeded to the throne on the death of his uncle John III., on the 6th of June, 1557. During the king's minority, the reins of government were confided to his grandmother, queen Catherine, who acted with such vigour and prudence, that she compelled the Moors, who had laid siege to Mazagão with an army of 80,000 men, to abandon that enterprise, as well as the attempted reduction of all the other strong places held by the Portuguese on the African coast. Notwithstanding the illustrious qualities of this queen, the natural aversion which the Portuguese could not help manifesting to the government of a woman, and above all a Spanish woman, became at last

so evident, that she voluntarily resigned the regency into the hands of her brother in law, the cardinal D. Henriquez, great uncle to the king.

At the age of fourteen, the young monarch took upon himself the government of his kingdom, and began from the earliest period to give proofs of the injudicious manner in which he had been educated. So false were the ideas which had been instilled into his mind, that he regarded Christianity as consisting chiefly of a mortal hatred towards Musselmans. I shall pass over in silence the numberless difficulties which accompanied the beginning of his reign, by reason of the bad advice of his counsellors, and the intrigues of that detestable body of men the Jesuits.

In 1574, the king began to shew his love of enterprise; for having invited some of his nobles to a hunt, he suddenly embarked and set sail with them, unprovided with necessaries of any kind, for the coast of Africa, whither he had previously despatched the Prior of Crato with a few hundred men. On his arrival there, he sent back orders to the duke d'Aveiro to join him with his people, and to bring with him as many volunteers as he might be able to assemble. This was no sooner done, than he betook himself to a number of small inroads, exposing his person in the most imminent

degree, without, however, undertaking any thing of moment. He returned shortly after to Lisbon, after experiencing on his passage the most tempestuous weather; and his arrival was celebrated with such demonstrations of joy, as must have caused him the most lively satisfaction.

The fruitlessness of this wild expedition, far from curing the king of his mania, seemed only to augment his desire of conquering all Africa. Such was his infatuation that, to be in favour with him, it was necessary to applaud his projects; and a circumstance soon occurred which favored his ardent wishes. Muley Mahomet, king of Fez and of Morocco, had been dethroned by his uncle Muley Moluco; and in the beginning of the war between these two princes the regent of Portugal had sent offers of succour to Mahomet, who refused them with contempt. But seeing himself beaten, and having solicited in vain the assistance of the king of Spain, he had at last recourse to Sebastian; and to render him propitious he gave up to him Arzila, which his father had wrested from the Portuguese. Nothing could be more agreeable to the king's desires. He therefore set off into Spain to solicit the support of his uncle, Philip II.; who being unable to dissuade his nephew from so ill advised an undertaking, concluded

the interview by promising to assist him with fifty galleys and five thousand men. He moreover sent the captain Aldava, an officer of consummate experience, to Africa, in order to ascertain exactly how matters stood there; but notwithstanding the unfavorable report of this envoy, the king of Portugal's resolution remained unshaken.

The old queen and the cardinal Henriquez, forgetting their mutual hatred to each other, united their efforts to persuade the king to desist from his purpose. But failing in their attempts, the former died shortly after of grief; and the latter retired to Evora, refusing to see his nephew or to accept of the regency during his absence. The king moreover received a letter from Muley Moluco, stating that he had dethroned, in the person of his nephew Muley Mahomet, the most unprincipled of tyrants and assassins, and one altogether unworthy of Sebastian's assistance: adding that if the king of Portugal would desist from his threatened invasion, he would add to the Portuguese possessions in Africa a portion of cultivated land of ten miles breadth round each town. Those held by the Portuguese at that time were Ceuta, Tangier, Arzila and Mazagâo. To these proposals D. Sebastian gave no answer, but betook himself to laying contributions and taxes of every kind upon

his people, receiving donations from his nobles, and exacting from the clergy, by virtue of the bull regarding crusades, a sum amounting to fifty thousand crusados. He also extorted from the New Christians, two hundred and twenty thousand crusados, in return for which he granted them several privileges.

By means of these funds he levied troops at home and abroad; and on the 17th June went in procession to the cathedral, where the royal standard received the solemn benediction of the archbishop and was immediately presented by the king to D. Luiz de Menezes, with orders to embark the troops forthwith. These consisted of 9000 Portuguese infantry; 3000 Germans under colonel Amberg, sent by the prinee of Orange; 700 Italians commanded by Sir —— Stukely, an English knight; 2000 Spaniards; and 500 volunteers commanded by Christovão de Tavora, an intimate friend of the king, a man of courage, but destitute of experience in matters of war.

The squadron was composed of fifty men of war and five galleys, besides the transports &c. amounting altogether to nearly 1000 sail. The artillery of the expedition consisted of twelve pieces. The king embarked on the 24th June 1578, leaving the government of the kingdom

during his absence to the archbishop of Lisbon, D. Jorge de Almeida, D. Pero de Alcaçova, Francisco de Sa and D. Jose Mascarenhas. I shall not speak of the numberless prayers sent in from all parts of the kingdom to dissuade the king from his purpose, for they would fill volumes: but such was the attachment of the whole country to this romantic sovereign, that hundreds sent their sons to accompany him, who would not sanction his enterprise by appearing in it themselves.

The flotilla sailed from the Tagus with a favorable wind, and arrived in a few days at Cadiz, where the duke of Medina Sidonia entertained the king magnificently for the space of a week, using all his endeavours (as instructed by the king of Spain) to engage his guest at least not to hazard his royal person in Africa. But Sebastian, having here been joined by the expected succours, set sail and anchored off Tangier, where he disembarked with a few troops; having ordered D. Diego de Souza to proceed to Arzila and there to land the rest of the expedition and wait his arrival. This was executed; and the army remained at Arzila three weeks, before they were joined by the king.

Sebastian found Muley Mahomet waiting for him at Tangier, where a council of war was held,

in which it was determined unanimously to begin by taking Larache; and it being his majesty's wish, it was agreed to march thither by land and to ford the Luco river. The Moorish prince was exceedingly averse to this arrangement; but the army advanced on the 29th July, and encamped at two leagues from Arzila. Here they were met by captain Aldava, who was sent by the duke of Alva to present the king with a helmet, which had belonged to the emperor Charles V., and a letter advising him not to penetrate into the interior, but to confine his operations to the reduction of Larache. Muley Moluco, notwithstanding a serious illness under which he was suffering, was now approaching the invaders at the head of an innumerable force; and he fixed his camp close to the ford of the Luco, in sight of the Christian army.

Don Sebastian again held a council, wherein some were for retreating, owing to the apparent impossibility of forcing the passage of the river; but many gave their vote for the fight, which being most consonant with the king's taste was adopted. Notwithstanding the objections of Mahomet, who clearly saw that by this he certainly could gain nothing and might lose every thing, dispositions were therefore made for giving

battle on the following morning, the 4th of August.

The Christian army was, by the direction of Aldava, drawn up in three lines. The first consisted of the volunteers, having on their right the Germans and Italians, and on their left the Spaniards: the Portuguese regiments composed the second and third lines. The cavalry, to the number of fifteen hundred, were divided into two corps: that of the right was commanded by the duke of Aveiro, having with him Mahomet and his people; while the left corps, in which was the royal standard, was under the order of the duke of Barcellos, with whom were the Prior of Crato and many other first rate noblemen. The king was in the van.

Muley Moluco likewise disposed his troops in three lines. In his first were the expatriated Moors of Andaluzia; the second was composed of the Elches, or renegados; and the third of the Africans of Fez, Morocco, and Frudante. The whole were drawn up in the form of a crescent, having on each flank 10,000 horse, and in the rear the rest of the cavalry.

Muley Moluco, although fainting with debility, got upon his horse to witness in person the execution of his orders, and at eleven o'clock opened

a fire with the whole of his artillery. The Christians returned the compliment, and immediately engaged the enemy with the heat and valour which might be expected from a young and gallant nobility, inspired by the presence of their king. Don Sebastian, on the first onset, received a wound in the shoulder blade, but took no notice of it; and charging through the first line of the enemy, he put the second in disorder. Here Muley Moluco made a desperate attempt to charge in person, and drew his scimitar for the purpose; but nature being at length exhausted, he fell from his saddle, and but that his attendants caught him, he would have reached the ground. Being carried to his litter, he almost immediately expired, placing his finger on his lips to signify that it was expedient to keep his death a secret.

The Christian army were now surrounded on all sides. The king had two horses killed under him; and fighting by his side were slain Don Alfonso de Aguilar, Don Gonsalvo Chacon and captain Aldava, all three Castillians. His majesty was now soon made prisoner, and stripped of all his arms; and as those who took him began to dispute to whom they should deliver him, one of their captains observing it cried aloud, "What! after God's granting us such a victory, are you

quarrelling like dogs about a prisoner?" and immediately gave the king so violent a sabre cut over the right eye, that he felled him from his horse. The other Moors, then despairing of a ransom for his person, put an end to his life.

Such, according to some, was the end of Don Sebastian. Others affirm that he was seen alive, after the time that event is supposed to have taken place, by Luis de Brito who was made prisoner with the royal standard and carried to Fez *: and Don Luiz de Lima declared that he afterwards saw the king walking towards the river, as did also Manoel de Souza †.

On the following day, Muley Hamet, who had been proclaimed king of Morocco as soon as the battle was over, ordered all the prisoners into his presence. Amongst these was Don Nuno Mascarenhas the king's servant, who affirmed that his master was dead and in the manner above described. Some of the captives were then sent to gain information on the subject on the field of battle; and Sebastiaô de Resende, a servant of the king's chamber, returned with a dead body, which was acknowledged by almost all the prisoners as that of their late king. It was then

* Mendonça. De Meza, Journada d'Africa.

† Faria e Souza.

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conveyed by order of Hamet to Alcaçeaquivir, and deposited in the house of a Jew *.

Philip II. of Spain forming an alliance soon after with Muley Hamet, this supposed body of Don Sebastian was given up to him and conveyed to Ceuta. From thence it was taken to Portugal, and deposited amongst the remains of his forefathers in the convent of Belem; where, as well as at Madrid, his funeral obsequies were performed. Thus ended Don Sebastian, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and twenty-third of his reign, a victim to the inordinate love of glory.

Some say that Sebastiaô de Resende declared that the body above mentioned was the king's, in order to facilitate his majesty's escape. The fact is, that the Prior of Crato, who was taken prisoner, always affected to speak of the death of his master in very ambiguous terms; and we are assured that, during the reign of the cardinal-king Don Henriquez, his successor, Don Sebastian came to Algarve, and sent a well known person to announce his arrival to his uncle. But this prince's ambition stifled in him any latent affection for his nephew, so far as to induce him to suppress most carefully the promulgation of this news.

* Mendonça.

Every thing connected with the reign of Don Sebastian is extraordinary: but it is much more so that there should still be many persons, in other respects very sensible, who believe that he will yet appear again to ascend the throne of Portugal; and many there are who, in defence of this belief, would undergo martyrdom. This sect or party, whichever you please, are called Sebastianistas; and although they have not printed any thing on the subject, they have nevertheless written numberless papers, in which the most incredible efforts are made to give a colouring of plausibility to their absurd opinions. Lord Tyrawley is said to have exclaimed respecting the Portuguese, "What can be expected of a nation, one half of which is looking out for the Messiah, and the other half, for Don Sebastian who has been dead for two centuries?"

CHAPTER VI.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

CHURCH AND MONASTERY OF ST. JOAÔ DE DEOS—EXHIBITION OF SAINTS ON THE DAY OF ALL SOULS—PALACE OF JANELLAS VERDES—CONVENT AND CHURCH OF O CORACAÔ DE JESUS—GRANDEUR AND MAGNIFICENCE OF THESE EDIFICES—DESCRIPTION OF THEM—HOSPITAL OF THE BRITISH FACTORY—ENGLISH BURYING-GROUND AND CHAPEL—MONASTERY OF ST. DOMINGOS AT BEMFICA—ITS SPLENDID ENDOWMENTS—SEPULCHRE OF THE HERO, DON JOHN DE CASTRO—HIS EPITAPH—SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPLOITS AND CHARACTER—HIS EARLY LIFE—HIS VICEROYALTY IN INDIA—HEROIC DEFENCE OF DIO—DON JOHN PAWNS HIS WHISKERS—HIS LETTER TO THE PEOPLE OF GOA—HIS NOTABLE PIETY—DISCOVERY OF THE MIRACULOUS CROSS OF MELIAPOR—DRAWING OF IT SENT TO DON SEBASTIAN—CLOSE OF DON JOHN DE CASTRO'S CAREER—DYING SPEECH OF THE HERO.

CHAPTER VI.

RAMBLE THROUGH LISBON.

RETURNING from the digression in the last chapter, I shall now resume my remarks upon the public edifices of Lisbon. Immediately under Buenos Ayres hill, and in the main street, is the church and monastery of S. Joaô de Deos. I never should have noticed this building, but for the extraordinary exhibition here held on the days of All Saints and All Souls. Nothing can be more dismal than the city of Lisbon on those days: the bells of all the churches resound with the most lugubrious knells, which seem to diffuse melancholy through every bosom. One of these days, being the anniversary of the awful visitation of 1755, does not in a small measure associate ideas of the most painful nature, bringing to the imagination the dreadful scene of havock and general wreck, which worked the desolation of this great city.

In honour of all our fellow-creatures who have

passed before us "that bourn from whence no traveller returns," and for the repose of their souls, a day in the year is set apart, which in Portugal is spent in saying and hearing masses. In England we call it All Souls' day; in Portugal "os defunctos" or day of the defunct. But by a strange contradiction, whilst praying for their repose, the friars of S. Joaô de Deos disturb the remains of a great number, and ranging them along the walls of a vault with branches of laurel betwixt them, exhibit their mouldering carcases as incorruptible saints to the gaze of all the curious. Such a sight is not calculated to render the sensations of the day more cheerful. Amongst these mortal remains, are seen those of one of the Condes d'Obidos, who has been an inmate of this dreary abode upwards of one hundred and fifty years. His body, which is stuck upright against the wall, is distinguished from the others by his high stature. He must certainly have been a very tall man, for when I last saw his remains in this place, he out topped his fellow lodgers, although his feet and tibiæ were gone. When the two days are past, these holy, and, as it is pretended, incorruptible relics, are gathered together, and thrown into the charnel house until the following year.

It does not belong to me to pass sentence upon

DAY OF ALL SOULS, IN THE CONVENT OF ST JOÃO DE DEOS.

such a custom; but I leave every one to judge for himself how far an exhibition of the kind is consistent with decency. How the descendants of the count d'Obidos can suffer the trunk from which they sprung to be thus annually exhumed, to gratify the gaze of grave hunters and the cupidity of monks, is an enigma only to be accounted for by the supposition, that the latter have persuaded them that he is a saint in heaven and that they know from himself that he approves of it.

Close to this convent, is the palace of Janellas Verdes or green windows, which for some years was occupied by our ambassador, Sir Charles Stuart. Opposite to it is a very handsome fountain, with a great number of spouts coming through sculptured dolphins and surmounted with a fine statue of Venus, holding a pair of cooing doves, and having by her side the god of love. This group is not unfrequently mistaken by the lower orders of Portuguese for the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus amusing himself with a bow and arrow; and the doves they take for a couple of spiritus sancti.

In a country so eminently Catholic as Portugal, the objects which principally arrest attention are the immense number of churches and monasteries; but to go over them all and attempt a separate

and detailed description of each would be an endless, and after all, in a great measure, an uninteresting office. I shall therefore, whilst on this topic, only mention those peculiarities for which a few of them are distinguished.

The new convent, built by the late queen, is the most noble piece of architecture which has been undertaken since the earthquake. No paltry bricks enter into the composition of this superb fabric; the whole being built of Mafra marble. It has an area in front, of great width, made of large flat marble, which is ascended by two flights of six or eight steps each. The lower steps are protected from the injuries which might result from the wheels of carriages, by marble posts of a very handsome shape.

The front entrance of the church is by five curiously wrought ponderous iron doors, which lead into a vestibule extending the whole length of the building, on one side; and on the other, as well as in the inside of the vestibule, are beautiful marble colossal statues of saints. Those on the outside measure at least twelve feet in height. The whole of the front elevation is in good taste, although it has an appearance of intricacy, the number of statues which every where decorate it being very great. The centre ornament represents

the heart of our Saviour (crowned with thorns) from which emanates a glory, with the rays falling upon numberless adoring angels. The upper part of the edifice terminates in two fine square steeples and a very majestic dome, much of the same description as that of St. Paul's in London, which it might be thought had served as a model for it. Near the top of this dome, are two superb and spacious balconies; one in the interior which looks down into the church, and the other outside, which commands a view beyond description majestic.

Such is the height of this building in itself, and that of its site above the level of the sea, that it is seen from an immense distance, and served as one of the principal stations in the trigonometrical survey of the province of Estremadura by colonels Franzini, Siara and Falque. The shape of the aisles is that of a cross. In the high parts of the interior are the gratings three deep, provided with projecting pikes, the whole deeply gilt, behind which the nuns place themselves (invisible to the congregation) during the service to chaunt the responses. The intervals of these golden barriers which separate from society many who might be useful members of it, are filled up with richly framed paintings. The number of altars are two

principal and about twelve (at least) smaller ones: of the former the one represents the last supper, and the other the day of general account. Both these are the work of Pedro Alexandrini, an artist of very great merit.

The convent of nuns adjoins the church on the north side. It is a very extensive building and has a large piece of ground belonging to it for the use of the nuns, which is surrounded by a wall between thirty and forty feet high porcupined at the top with broken glass bottles, to scare off the amorously disposed; an unnecessary precaution, since all the nuns of this order are very antiquated virgins. The belfry of this establishment has the best assortment of bells perhaps in the kingdom; their numbers and notes being such as enable the ringers to execute any tune. The favourite airs that are invariably played on great festivals are the "Minuete Afandangado" a *fandangonized* minuet, or else the vulgar ditty of Piriquito baylar naô sei. I leave the reader to judge how far these tunes are in accordance with the awful name of the building, and that to which it was solemnly dedicated "o coracaô de Jesus," the heart of Jesus.

Near this place stands the hospital of the British factory, easily recognized even at a distance

from the neatness of its structure, from the English cleanliness seen in every thing about it, and from the high and mournful row of cypress trees in the protestant burying ground which adjoins it. To the latter place a piece of land has lately been annexed, the old burying ground being already completely full.

In the centre of the new acquisition, has been built a protestant chapel: a place of pure worship so long needed by our countrymen in Lisbon, who until this point was carried were obliged to attend divine service in the house of the British ambassador, wherever that might chance to be. Permission was granted by the king for the erection of this little temple (called by the natives "o *synagogo* dos Inglezes") but not without certain restrictions, among which there were, that it should have nothing like a steeple or tower that could distinguish it essentially from private buildings, and that the service should not be performed with music, to avoid giving cause of scandal to the neighbourhood.

The factory hospital was built at the expence of Gerard de Visme Esq., as was likewise the building in which the dead are deposited previous to interment. Nothing can be more calculated to inspire serious thoughts than the perfect tranquil-

lity and mournful silence, which seem to reign amidst these mansions of the dead. Many of the tombs, with which the old burying ground is filled, are of beautiful architecture and very appropriately ornamented. Amongst the most remarkable are those of prince Waldeck, who died of a cholick as a judgment on him for disliking monks; and young Mr. Guildermestre, who is said to have bartered his life at Tangier for a kiss.

During the time that Junot was master of Lisbon, the factory hospital was the place of confinement for the principal British residents who had not left the country.

The street in which the above building is situated leads to Bem Fica, where there is a monastery of Dominican friars, celebrated as containing the remains of the famous Don John de Castro, fourth viceroy of India *; who, to raise money for carrying on the war against his Mussulman enemies, was obliged to pawn his whiskers. This nobleman having been justly esteemed one of the most renowned heroes that Portugal ever produced, a description of the place where his bones repose may not be altogether uninteresting. I say *repose,* for I never heard that the custom observed at S. Joaô de Deos of exposing the bones

* In the reign of John III. of Portugal.

of saints once a year, ever existed in this monastery.

The convent of S. Domingos of Bem Fica is about a mile's distance from the city of Lisbon, and takes its name from a neighbouring village. The ground about it was formerly the property of the kings of Portugal, who frequented it much, owing to its coolness, and used to retire to the country house which they here had, in order to enjoy the amusements of the chace. King Don John I., "in gratitude to God for the many victories granted to his arms, did amongst other actions of grace make donation of this property with all its appurtenances, consisting of arable land, vineyards, orangeries &c. to the order of S. Domingos on the 2d May 1399, for the founding of this convent," which not only owed its origin but also its augmentation to royalty. Don John II. endowed it with another estate known by the name of Quinta das Ilhas, without imposing any conditions on the gift calculated in the least degree to diminish its liberality. It would be an endless affair to enumerate the different endowments and benefits of many kings to this establishment. But I cannot omit mentioning one, which was presented by queen Catherine; this was no less than a good sized fragment of the true cross.

Here then repose the ashes of Don John de Castro of immortal memory, in a sepulchre of religious grandeur, situated in a chapel built expressly for him and his family, and communicating with the principal cloister of the convent by a door, over which is seen the escutcheon of the forefathers of Castro. The chapel is of the Doric order, built of polished marble; and the pavement is also composed of a similar material of various colours. There are six arched recesses separated by clusters of shafts. The sacrario in gilded sculpture containing the Holy Sacrament, is continually illuminated with two silver lamps, and above it is a painting of the Lord's Supper. The ceiling of the chapel is variously ornamented with work in the taste of those times.

In the first arched recess on the right were deposited the bones of this hero with the following epitaph which still remains.

D. JOANNES DE CASTRO XX. PRO RELIGIONE IN UTRAQ. MAURITANIA STIPENDIIS FACTIS, NAVATA STRENVE OPERA THUNETANO BELLO; MARI RUBRO FELICIBUS ARMIS PENETRATO; DEBELLATIS INTER EUPHRATEM, ET INDUM NATIONIBUS: GEDROSICO REGE, PERSIS, TURCIS UNO PRÆLIO FUSIS; SERVATO DIO, IMO REIPUB. REDDITO, DORMIT IN MAGNUM DIEM, NON SIBI, SED DEO TRIUMPHATOR; PUBLICIS LACRYMIS COMPOSITUS, PUBLICO SVMPTU PRÆ PAUPERTATE FUNERATUS. OBIIT OCTAVO ID. JVNII. ANNO 1548. ÆTATIS 48.

In the opposite recess lies his son Don Alvaro de Castro, and next to him Donna Anna de At-

tayde his wife. In each of the remaining recesses is an elephant of polished black marble, supporting on his back an urn of the same material, also highly polished but variegated. As many persons may be unacquainted with the history of Don John de Castro, and as there are some curious circumstances connected with his life, I hope that a few words on the subject will not be found altogether devoid of interest. I am, moreover, induced to give the following brief account of the hero, as affording a characteristic specimen of the qualities of the Portuguese men of the olden time, and enabling the reader to form some comparison between them and their descendants of our days.

He was of most noble ancestry, being descended in the direct line from the Conde de Arrayolos, first constable of Portugal, and brother to the interesting and unfortunate Donna Inès de Castro, the murdered wife of Don Pedro o cruèl. Don John began his military career at Tangier, where he gave no mean proofs of superior courage and skill. Recalled from thence, he went to India with Don Garcia de Noronha. He made a voyage to the Red Sea, an account of which, with a very interesting description of the coasts &c., was written by him and proved of the greatest service to navigators. He returned to Portugal, from whence, after a short interval of repose, he set off

to follow the standard of the Emperor Charles V. to Tunis, where his name acquired additional lustre. He was shortly after this sent out as governor and viceroy to India. Here he distinguished himself as a great warrior, a most devout Christian, a geographer, historian, and legislator.

As a warrior it would take volumes to enumerate his feats, and I shall confine myself therefore to instancing one only, which by itself would suffice to establish any man's reputation: I mean the well known and gallant defence of Dio against the Mahometans, during which his son Don Fernando was slain; and after which, seeing that the government funds were so low that it would soon be a difficult thing to carry on the war with desirable vigour, he betook himself to borrow money of the merchants and other inhabitants of Goa. For this purpose he addressed to them a letter, of which the following is a faithful translation. Enclosed in it were his whiskers, which he cut off and sent as gages for the re-imbursement of the sums solicited.

"Senhores, magistrates, judges, and people of the very noble and ever loyal city of Goa! Some days past I wrote to you by Simaô Alvarez citizen of your city, the news of our victory granted me by our Lord against the captains of the king of Cambaya; and I was silent in the letter, about

the great troubles and difficulties in which we remain, in order that your joy and pleasure at the victory might be altogether unalloyed. But now it becomes me to dissimulate no longer, and to give you an account of my difficulties and solicit your assistance, in order to remedy the important cares which I have on my hands. For I have the walls of Dio in the most dilapidated state, not a span of which can I apply to any use; so that not only it will be necessary this summer, to rebuild them entirely, but with such art and dispositions as shall make the king of Cambaya lose all hope of ever reducing this place. Besides this, I have another subject of trouble, equal or superior to the first, which is the want of means to pay my Lascars, who begin to be importunate; and I find myself continually obliged to repeat promises of immediate payment, without which they would all to a man abandon me and leave the garrison, to the great danger of our Indian possessions. For the king of Cambaya, with the remains of his army, is at Suna at two leagues from this, receiving daily reinforcements of cavalry and infantry and shewing every disposition to renew the attack. For these reasons I am obliged to solicit of you certain sums of money for the king's service, as becoming your honors and loyalty, and according to your ancient custom and great virtue of always

assisting his majesty in urgent necessity like good and loyal vassals; and for the great love with which my very entrails yearn towards you, I ask the loan of 20,000 pardaos; which I promise as a knight, and make oath to you by the Holy Evangelists, to repay to you before the expiration of a twelvemonth, even though I should be surrounded by greater difficulties than the present. I gave orders to exhume the body of my son Don Fernando, killed by the Moors whilst fighting for God and for the king our lord, in order to send you his bones as a surety. But his body was deemed in an unfit state to be for the present removed; and thus having nothing left in this world, neither gold, silver, nor any property, excepting the beard on my face, I send it you by Diego Rodriguez de Azevedo to remain with you as a gage, &c. * * * * * *

"*Dio* 23*d November*, 1546."

The remaining part of the letter being without much interest, I have omitted. It is unnecessary to add, that the money was not only granted but given. The whiskers were returned with the handsomest compliments imaginable: may be, by reason of their not being an article of commerce. These precious relics are still preserved in Goa by the inquisitor general: having

been originally delivered over to the person who filled that situation at the time.

Don John de Castro having invariably in all the battles he fought, invoked the name of S. Thomas, the apostle of India; his historian attributes his victories to the especial auspices of that powerful patron *; who also to gratify the singular veneration of Don John for the sign of the cross, inspired him to discover that marvellous cross at Meliapor on the Coromandel coast, which was buried almost in the same place as the holy body of the saint. Such indeed was Don John's excessive veneration for crosses, that wherever he happened to espy one in his way, were it made only of sticks or stones, he always descended from his carriage, palanquin, horse or donkey, and prostrated himself before it. Therefore, as his historian thinks, it is not wonderful that this revelation should have been made to him, since the gifts of heaven are not a matter of mere accident.

From the time of its being ascertained that within the city or ruins of Meliapor, then called Calamina, were contained the remains of the holy apostle S. Thomas, the kings, Don Manuel and Don John burned with pious zeal to renew the work of conversion in the east, which the saint had formerly begun; and to do this more effectually,

* Liv. 2. No. 56.

the erection of a church was commenced on the spot supposed to be that of the saint's interment. In digging for the foundation of the building, a cross was found sculptured on a marble slab, four spans in height by three in breadth, spotted all over with drops of apparently recent blood. This cross was in shape similar to that worn by the knights of Aviz; and on the bottom part of the stone were some smaller crosses of the same figure, also sprinkled over with blood. Over the top of the larger cross was a dove; and the whole was encircled with some ancient characters, which no one could decypher. Many wise men were sent for who were unable to determine the meaning of the letters; but some time afterwards a learned Bramin, happening to come from Narzinga, gave them the following signification.

"Thirty years after the appearance of the Christian law in the world, on the 21st December died the apostle S. Thomas at Meliapor, where there was knowledge of God, change of law, and destruction of the devil. This God taught twelve apostles, and one of them came to Meliapor, where he constructed a temple; and the king of Malabar, Coromandel, and Pandi, and others of various nations and sects, subjected themselves voluntarily to the law of S. Thomas. The time came when the saint died by the hands of a Bramin, and with

his blood made this cross." The annexed is a copy of the drawing of this miraculous cross, brought from India to Don Sebastian in 1562. Having been wrought on the marble slab by S. Thomas the apostle himself, it may afford a specimen of the saint's talent for drawing.

The discovery of this cross encouraged the workmen to such a degree, that the church was soon finished; and the wonderful slab formed the principal altar piece. But what new marvels were in store for the inhabitants of this city! On the 18th December, the day of the "expectacaô da Senhora" whilst the priest was officiating in the celebration of mass, the cross covered itself with a copious perspiration, distilling upon the altar many and large drops. The priest stopped short in the midst of the ceremony; but he had no sooner wiped off these drops with the altar linen, than their place was instantly supplied by a plentiful distillation of blood in the presence of a very numerous congregation. This was followed by a changing of colour in the cross from its original one of alabaster to a paler tint; it next became alternately jet black, and blue; and it was then surrounded by a resplendent glory that lasted during the whole service, at the termination of which it resumed its natural colour!!

After a life resplendent with glorious achievements, too numerous to find a place in this limited work,

"Don John de Castro, less worn out with years than with the toils of continual warfare, fell seriously ill, and his malady soon shewing indications

of great danger, he hastened to unburthen himself of the cares of the Indian government, the management of which he entrusted to the Bishop of Goa, Don Joaô de Albuquerque, Don Diego de Almeyda Freire, Doctor Francisco Toscano chancellor of state; Sebastiaô Lopez Lobatto his auditor general, &c. Besides these he called together all the other king's officers, and made the following speech to them. 'I am not ashamed, Senhores, to tell you that to the viceroy of India are wanting the common necessaries and conveniences indispensable to one labouring under so severe an illness:—those, in short, which the poorest soldier finds in the hospital. I came to the east to serve and not to trade; to yourselves you know that I desired to pawn the bones of my son, and that I did pawn the hairs of my beard, because, as security, I had no tapestries or service of plate to give. This very day this house has been destitute of wherewith to buy a fowl to make me some broth; and for this reason, that in all my expeditions the soldiers were sooner provided from the purse of the governor than from that of their king. It is therefore not surprising that a father of so many sons should now be poor. I beg of you, that as long as this illness may last, you will assign to me from the royal treasury a

mere sufficiency for my household expences and bare subsistence.' This said, he asked for a prayer-book, and on it swore by the Holy Evangelists that he did not owe the royal property one single crusade, neither had he ever received the smallest trifle from Christian, Jew, Moor, or Gentile, under any plea whatsoever during the whole of his career; and that his poverty was so great that he did not possess even wherewithal to purchase another mattress.

"As soon as the viceroy felt his end approach, he communed with Padre S. Francisco Xavier, seeking for so doubtful a voyage, so sure a pilot; who was to him during the remainder of his illness both nurse, intercessor, and director. Having received the usual sacraments, he rendered up his soul to God on the 6th June 1548, in the forty-eighth year of his age. All the riches which he accumulated in Asia were his glorious deeds. In his desk were found a discipline, with the appearance of having been much used, and the whiskers which he had pawned. His remains were deposited for a time in the convent of S. Francisco at Goa. Some years afterwards they were brought over to Europe, and were received with reverent and pious applause. He was conveyed upon the shoulders of four of his grandsons to the convent

of S. Domingos of Lisbon, where for many days most sumptuous obsequies were made. From thence they were again translated to the convent of S. Domingos at Bem Fica where (as has been mentioned) his grandson the inquisitor general Don Francisco de Castro built him a suitable chapel and sepulchre, which in every respect equals a royal one, and is second to none in magnificence."

CHAPTER VII.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS OF LISBON.

CHURCH OF S. ROQUE — CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF S. ANTONIO — VERACIOUS LEGENDS OF THAT SAINT — HIS PRODIGIOUS REPUTATION AT THIS DAY—CURIOUS TREATMENT WHICH THE SAINT SOMETIMES RECEIVES — CONVENT OF N. SA. DA GRAÇA — BLASPHEMOUS LEGENDS ATTACHED TO IT—PROCESSION OF THE PAÇOS DA GRAÇA — PENITENTS WHO ACCOMPANY IT — ENTERTAINMENTS USUAL AFTER ITS PASSAGE—COPOS D'AGUA—PROCESSION OF THE CORPO DE DEOS — ITS MAGNIFICENCE — FIGURE AND EQUIPAGE OF S. GEORGE — THE SAINT A BRIGADIER IN THE PORTUGUESE SERVICE—PROCESSION OF S. ANTONIO—NUMEROUS IMAGES OF SAINTS WHICH ATTEND IT — S. FRANCISCO DE PAULA AND HIS STIGMATA — ANOTHER GOODLY LEGEND OF S. ANTONIO — PROCESSION OF S. BENTO — REMARKABLE FOR THE PANTOMIMIC EXHIBITION OF THE STORY OF ABRAHAM AND ISAAC — PROCISSAÔ DO DESACATO—TERÇO, OR EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN IN THE STREETS — FINE VOCAL MUSIC — PROCESSION OF OUR LADY OF PAINS — BURLESQUE RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS:—THAT OF THE OBSEQUIES OF BACALHAO (OR SALT FISH) AFTER LENT, AND ANOTHER OF THE ARTISANS AT MICHAELMAS—CURIOUS SPIRIT SHEWN IN THESE MUMMERIES.

CHAPTER VII.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS OF LISBON.

In all Lisbon, the church which is most visited by strangers is that of S. Roque, less from any peculiar attraction in its general structure, than from the beautiful workmanship of one of the altar pieces, which is in mosaic, representing the saint to whom the edifice is dedicated. Unless this piece of exceeding ingenuity and taste be closely examined, it would be difficult to imagine it to be any thing but a superb painting in oils.

The artist was an obscure self-taught individual of the most modest and unassuming nature, who in any other country would have been dragged into notice in spite of his reluctance; but who in Portugal was fully indulged in his taste for obscurity. He possessed a secret of preparing and dying certain kinds of wood for the purpose of mosaic work, which no one could prevail upon him to reveal. He shewed me at his house near Boa Morte several smaller pictures of exquisite

workmanship. He stated his intention of imparting his manner of working to his son ere he died; but like many who procrastinate, he was called away too suddenly to admit of gratifying his wish, and the world is likely to continue in ignorance of a very desirable acquisition to the arts.

In the cathedral church of S. Antonio, called S. Antonio da Seé, you are shewn the same identical crow which, many hundred years ago, conducted a vessel into the port of Lisbon after the loss of its rudder in a storm. This wonderful crow was from that time added to the city arms; or rather the arms were from that occasion formed of a vessel in full sail, with a crow on the end of the bowsprit, and another on the stern. These birds were deputed by S. Antonio, to the aid of the distressed mariners, who had invoked his name. The devil, it is well known, had a particular fancy for tempting this saint; and used to set about it in all kinds of ways. Upon one occasion, having followed S. Antonio up into the belfry, the saint to rid himself of such company, began to descend the stone flight of steps; but the devil still continuing to pursue him, he turned suddenly round, and describing with his thumb the sign of the cross upon the marble wall, his Satanic majesty evaporated in a trice. As if to commemorate the

event, the saint's thumb made a deep impression in the marble, and the truth of the story cannot be doubted, for the very texture of the thumb skin is still discernible.

But of the feats of so celebrated a saint as S. Antonio of Padua, this was far from being the most considerable, as will appear from the following legend which I take at hazard out of many hundreds.—S. Antonio was born in Lisbon; but having been educated at Padua, he was always known by the latter name. Whilst at Padua, it happened that his father was arrested at Lisbon, and accused of the murder of a certain individual, an acquaintance of his. Presumptive evidence was so much against him, that the court of justice after a short deliberation (he being a poor man, and therefore unable to break through the cobwebs of the law, as great flies do in every country,) condemned him to suffer death as guilty of the crime laid to his charge. But S. Antonio, knowing as all saints know, every thing that passes in every corner of the globe, and ill brooking his father's exaltation ad patibulum, made a sudden spring (he had been taught gymnastics at Padua) which brought him in one minute and seven seconds into the presence of the astonished justices. Here, after lecturing them a little on

their unjust precipitation, he summoned into their presence the soul of the murdered man and ordered him to name his murderer; when, what words shall express their dismay and surprise at his pointing to one of the sages upon the judges' bench. A smell of sulphur began to pervade the hall of justice; the air was darkened with a thick mysterious cloud; the rolling of thunder was heard augmenting by degrees until, acquiring an awful loudness, it burst with tremendous violence over the petrified assembly; and, finally, when the air cleared away, not a vestige was to be seen either of S. Antonio, his father, or the guilty judge. It was said and believed that the devil had sunk with his prey through the wide yawning ground; and that by means of another gymnastic spring the saint resumed his studies at Padua, from whence his absence had been so short that his preceptor had scarcely remarked it.

Envy and detraction are but feeble opponents to real merit, and this was S. Anthony's case; for his reputation blazed forth in Portugal to such a degree—after he was dead—that, to this day, a clay image of him is seen in every spirit tavern and in every grocer's shop in Portugal: in the former, owing to his well known attachment to good liquor; and in the latter, because the mode

of preserving figs and almonds is attributed to his inventive genius. The festival of S. Antonio is kept in pretty much the same manner as that of S. John, by the burning of many bonfires on the eve and the letting off of great quantities of fire-works; but the former saint has this difference in his favor, that the boys in every street erect little altars to him and pester to death every creature who goes by, for money to be employed, they say, in defraying the expences of the wax tapers burnt at his shrine.

Although S. Macario is recognized as the Portuguese Hymen, and known by the name of S. Macario casamenteiro (marriage maker), it very frequently occurs that young women in particular prefer S. Antonio in these matters. He is therefore consulted, and if things wear a prosperous aspect, his image is honored with a quantity of tapers; but if the contrary be the case, he becomes liable to the grossest possible indignities, and I have even known him plunged into places where his situation must have been any thing but pleasant. It is not with lovesick maidens alone that S. Antonio has often to repent of his too extensive reputation; for mariners, who have prayed to him in vain for propitious breezes, at

length lose patience and flog his effigy lashed to a mast.

The convent of N. Sª. da Graça near the castle of S. George is that which is most frequented during the Lent festivals, for two reasons: first, because the ceremonies are there more splendidly performed, and the altars more richly adorned than any where else; and secondly, because the Portuguese believe this convent to possess the most sacred of all treasures.

In explaining the particulars of this belief, I scarcely know how to avoid shocking the good feeling and piety of the true Christian; but the following story is necessary to expose one of the most audacious impostures of the Romish church, and to elucidate the extent of Portuguese superstition and credulity. The convent of the Graça of which I have just spoken, and that of S. Roque, have been for a series of years at issue on the following subject.

It happened, one stormy night, that a beggar knocked at the gate of the convent of S. Roque and craved the hospitality of its inmates, both for food and lodging. The first was afforded him, but the latter was refused; so that being obliged to seek a lodging elsewhere, he directed his steps

to the convent of N. S. da Graça, where the friars received him without the least hesitation and gave him a cell for the night. The following morning, as the beggar did not make his appearance, some of the friars went to the cell to inquire after him; when, instead of a beggar, they found a figure as large as life of our Saviour carrying the cross to Mount Calvary and bending under its weight:—the figure, in short, which is in universal veneration among the Portuguese, as "O Senhor dos Paços da Graça" (Our Lord of the passage to Grace). Now it being firmly believed that this figure is our Lord himself in flesh and blood, and that he thus gave himself to the friars of Graça to reward their hospitality, those of S. Roque claim a right to it also, on the ground of the beggar having first knocked at their door, and having received food at their hands.

This then is the cause of the litigation; and as it does not seem soon likely to end, it has been settled that, in the meanwhile, the Senhor dos paços shall pay one annual visit to the monastery of S. Roque during Lent, and return on that day week to the convent of Graça. Many are the marvellous stories which all who go to see the figure are told by the holy man who shews it. He relates, amongst other things, that an unbe-

lieving Jewess, after hearing much said on the subject, had determined to convince her informants to demonstration by her teeth of their credulous folly. Assuming, therefore, the garb of a Christian woman, she knelt before the figure, and approaching her lips as if to kiss its foot, she inflicted on it a tremendous bite. But the blood immediately spirted forth into her eyes and blinded her; and this prodigy had such an effect upon her mind, that she forthwith embraced the Christian religion. The print of the teeth, and the blood which they drew, are still visible on the foot of the figure, the wound refusing to heal in order to furnish a proof to others inclined to disbelief.

The annual visits to S. Roque abovementioned are made on the last Friday but one during Lent; and the return home is on Good Friday. On both these occasions, the principal persons in the state walk on either side of the statue as pall bearers. When the king is in the capital, he is the chief bearer. During his absence I have seen all the members of the regency, the secretary of state, the master general of the ordnance &c., in the places of honor. But what in this procession is most worthy the attention of protestant strangers, is the groupe of persons who dressed in horse clothes crawl on their hands and knees

PROCESSION OF THE SENOR DOS PASSOS DA GRAÇA.

under the image through mud and mire, all the distance betwixt these two convents.

This is the highest effort of penitence and voluntary humiliation; and it is generally performed by those peccant spirits, in the fidalgo world, who are anxious to wipe away past sins, that they may acquire the privilege of renewing them afresh. I have seen a marchioness and a countess performing this tour de promenade on their bare bones, and flogging or pretending to flog themselves with the disciplines tied round their waist at every pause which the statue made during its progress.

A detachment of infantry and a military band close the procession; the windows of the streets through which it passes are crowded on these occasions with company: and it is no small annual expence to a tenant of one of these houses. For so great is the eagerness of both sexes to witness the procession of the Senhor dos Passos, that they invite themselves to their friends' houses, some weeks before hand; and it is evident that after the sight is over, some refreshments must be set before the company.

These consist of what the Portuguese call copo d'agua, which, literally translated, signifies only a glass of water; but which in reality is composed of trays pyramidically piled up with the richest

kinds of sweetmeats. Amongst these are distinguished the trouxas d'ovos, made chiefly of the yolks of eggs and white sugar. I am ignorant of the other ingredients, but this I know, that nothing can be more delicious than these copos d'agua taken altogether. To wash down the sweetmeats, the most choice liqueurs are served round: they are chiefly such as France and Italy afford, so that an entertainment of this kind for a couple of dozen of persons cannot well cost less than from fifteen to twenty pounds.

The procession of the Senhor dos Passos is only remarkable for the image of our Saviour abovementioned, and for the penance performed under it. But the processions of the Corpo de Deos (the Corpus Christi) and of S. Antonio are infinitely more showy.

The former, which happens usually about midsummer, causes a great sensation for two months at least previous to the appointed day. Windows are hired before hand at an extravagant price, and persons of respectability residing in the Roçio or in Gold or Silver street cannot shew a greater mark of attention and favor to their friends, than by inviting them to a place in their balconies. All the latter, as well as the windows of all the streets through which the procession is to pass,

are hung with crimson tapestry and gold fringe, giving to the houses the most splendid appearance. The streets are also deeply strewed with sand, as it is usual for his majesty and the royal princes to walk with the procession as pall bearers to our Lord's body.

The procession generally issues at about eleven o'clock in the morning from the church near the Inquisition in the Roçio. First of all are seen some very rich banners of different convents, followed by all the monks belonging to each of them; then comes the figure of S. George, on a real horse from the royal stables, led by the king's servants in full royal livery, and very much resembling the knave of clubs. The saint's dress is very like that in which Francis I. of France is usually represented; and his velvet hat, adorned with white ostrich feathers, is studded all over with diamonds of a prodigious value. These are the property of the duke de Cadaval *, who lends them for the occasion, and who I believe does not find that they multiply in number for having passed through the fingers of the monks.

Behind the saint comes his page, also richly dressed, and mounted on one of the royal stud;

* Of a branch of the Montmorency family.

and he is followed again by the armour bearer of the belliquous saint, dressed in complete armour of a more than common size; so that to perform this character the priests are obliged to employ the sturdiest gallego they can find. Then follow all the knights of the different orders, dressed in their robes, and walking in double file with white staves in their hands. These are succeeded by some led horses gorgeously caparisoned. Then comes a band of music, such as was in use in S. George's time, the principal instrument being a kettle drum. The dresses of the musicians, and the noise which they make, are alike ridiculous in the extreme. After these and a few more ecclesiastical personages, is carried the pretended body of our Saviour, laid out on a bier, covered over with a very rich pall, and screened by a canopy, the poles of which are borne by the most distinguished men of the state: his majesty walking by the side on the right, and the heir apparent on the left &c.

The rear, as in other processions, is brought up by a considerable detachment of troops and one or more bands of music. The whole of the Roçio square and the principal streets are lined with troops, who, as well as the people, kneel as the body passes in front of them. After making the

usual tour, the procession returns to the church from whence it set off, with the exception of Saint George, who, being a brigadier in the service goes (previous to returning to his quarters) accompanied by his page and armour bearer, to the castle for the purpose of receiving his year's pay. His arrival there is announced by the firing of a gun and letting off of a rocket. After completing his errand, he also returns to take his station in the church.

Formerly, when ladies wore their hair turned up like prodigious towers of powder and pomatum, in imitation of the Caffre beauties with their pyramids of suet and brick dust, the coiffeurs were in such request previous to the Corpus Christi procession, that many ladies, nay most ladies, were compelled to begin to submit to this long operation at an early hour on the eve, and to pass the night on a chair for fear of discomposing their unnatural adjustment. This procession being invariably in the heat of summer, much inconvenience results to every one present, as both actors and spectators are compelled to remain uncovered. The monks above all suffer a great deal from the burning rays of the sun on their shaven crowns; and these they are seen occasionally to shade with the rolls of vocal music which some of

them carry; while the knights sometimes throw the tail of their robes over their heads.

On the eve of S. Antonio's day, numberless tar barrels and fire works are burnt in every quarter of the city; augmenting the already insufferable heat of the atmosphere, as this festival likewise happens in summer. The procession of this favorite saint and especial patron of Portugal is enriched by the attendance of almost every saint in the city. Here are seen Nossas Senhoras of all sorts, sizes, colours, and dresses: every parish trying to out do its neighbour in the quantity of tinsel and tawdry finery in which they are decked out.

Here attend all the brotherhoods of all the parishes, and the monks of every convent in the city. The images, which amount to upwards of a hundred, offer a great variety as may be supposed. Some of the stands are, composed of groups; for instance, a crucifix with the Marys at the foot of it; and another with S. Francisco de Paula kneeling before it, and a red thread or twine issuing from all the wounds of our Saviour, and fixed at the other end, in corresponding parts of the saint's person, who holds his arms extended.

This, which is represented in the plate, is descriptive of what is said to have happened to that

S.t FRANCISCO IN THE PROCESSION OF S.t ANTONIO.

saint. While he was once in the midst of the most fervent devotion and praying to bear a part of Christ's pains, the heavens are described as having suddenly opened. The Saviour appeared still nailed to the cross; and by excess of sympathy the holy S. Francis felt his hands, feet, and side, pierced through with cruel wounds from blood, which spirted from those of his master.

The images of S. Antonio which appear in his procession are very numerous and varied, but most of them represent him carrying the infant Jesus seated on a book which he holds on the palm of his hand; the signification of which is this. S. Antonio is described as being a very handsome young saint, of manners so agreeable and gay, that the infant Jesus on many occasions shewed marks of particular favor towards him; and in the case here represented deigned to interfere in his studies, in a manner of which S. Antonio ever after was exceedingly proud.

The legend relates that the latter was one day poring over some very abstruse subject in a volume of theology, and after much trouble and study was about coming to a conclusive decision on the doubtful question, when suddenly the infant Jesus appeared in a cloud and seated himself down on the page, patting S. Antony's face with

his little hands. This depriving the world of a secret, which S. Antony's profound wisdom was about to unravel, is supposed to be intended as a hint to all Christians, to accord an implicit and humble belief in the mysteries of our religion, without losing and wasting time in metaphysical researches.

The procession of S. Bento happens during Lent, and it not being a very remarkable one, I should have said nothing about it, but that, in the course of its passage through the streets, a farce is performed, which distinguishes it from all others. This farce is as follows. A group of men in penitents' hoods very similar to dominos precede a stand, on which are seen three men representing Abraham, Isaac, and the Angel: a wooden ram on one side completes the group. At every pause made for the resting of the stand bearers (who are occasionally relieved) Isaac lies down on the altar; Abraham lifts up his arm to strike; and the Angel at the same moment jerks it back by means of a piece of tape, of which he holds one end while the other is tied to Abraham's wrist. This is done in such a manner, that very devout spectators can scarcely refrain from the most boisterous mirth. The Angel generally tries to give so violent a jerk as almost to upset

poor Abraham; and but that they choose for the latter character a poor goodnatured fellow, one might expect to see these angelic practical jokes answered by a good box on the ear.

The penitents who precede and those who follow the above group, flog themselves occasionally with the diciplines, but in doing so they generally contrive to hurt themselves much less than the bystanders, whom they hit now and then as if by accident with the knotted end of their rope. This they do with more impunity owing to the concealment of their faces, in their purple two-holed dominos.

Such then are the principal annual processions to be seen in Lisbon. In 1815 a procession of an unusual nature was ordered by the cardinal-patriarch; and being intended as an expiatory one for several crimes which had been committed by some sacrilegious monsters in the northern provinces, it was called a Procissaô do desacato. The patriarch, it appears, had learnt that robbers had broken into some isolated chapels in the province of Tras os montes; and that, being disappointed at finding that the holy vessels were of pewter (the silver ones had been carried away during the war) they had been exasperated to commit every kind of indignity which the most obscene imagination

could devise even to the holy chalice itself, in which was a consecrated wafer. Fearful lest the nation should be visited by some signal judgment for these atrocities, the patriarch deemed it expedient to make the above procession, which every body was expected to attend barefoot.

The cortege was certainly a very numerous one; but only one image appeared in it, and that was a Nossa Senhora whose church had been insulted, and to whom the nation thus made an "amende honorable." The patriarch's desire of appeasing heaven, went still farther: he revived the custom of the Terço, which consists of a gathering of the inhabitants of each street, at evening twilight or rather when the Ave Maria bell tolls, which is a little after sun-set. Here they sing the Terço, or hymn to the virgin, in front of an image niched in the wall of some house with a lighted lanthorn suspended in front of it. Those of the inhabitants whose houses are adjacent to these images, content themselves with coming to their windows and chiming in with the rest. In some streets the singing is really beautiful (in that of the Esperança for instance) where there assemble a number of very fine and truly musical bass voices, owing to the neighbourhood of a chafaris or fountain, at which the gallegos leave their barrels at those moments to join in the general chaunt.

There is another ceremony called the Terço which is a species of minor procession, having for its object the collecting of money for the church. A certain number of the brotherhood (Irmandade *) meet in the vestry at about eight o'clock at night and sally from thence through the streets of their parish dressed in a religious costume, and singing the hymn of Nossa Senhora das Dores:—our Lady of pains or sufferings. One man bears a standard, suspended like a square sail, on which is painted the figure of Nossa Senhora with no less than seven swords sticking in her bosom—emblems of the wounds her heart received at the treatment of her son. On each side of the standard bearer, is another man bearing a lanthorn at the end of a pole; while several others, provided with baskets and each carrying a lighted archote (torch), run from window to window to receive what may be thrown from them.

The silence which, at this hour of the night,

* Irmandade—or brotherhood—from *Irmaô*—brother. A certain number of respectable tradesmen in each parish compose this body: they transact vestry business in rotation, and accompany the Terço, as well as the host when it is carried out to the dying.

The Irmandade da Misericordia have as their particular duty the burial of the poor: they are exceedingly and most unjustly despised.

usually reigns throughout the city (particularly in winter), when disturbed by the singing of the Terço of N. S. das Dores, produces an effect lugubriously disagreeable. But to persons returning home by themselves and on foot, these processions afford a species of security; and the numerous torches which are at these times in movement in all directions, have not unfrequently defeated the meditated blow of the assassin at the moment of his emerging from his hiding place.

A ceremony not less important than those of which I have spoken, and one which is well worthy the attention of travellers, is the funeral procession of Bacalhao (salt fish) on the last day of Lent. Here a number of grotesque personages appear, as if to carry along a corpse for interment; and this semblance of a dead body personifies the Quaresma (Lent), and its emblem salt fish, the chief aliment of most classes during the forty days of self-denial. One of the cortege, ridiculously dressed, reads at the corners of the streets, the last will and testament of Senhor Bacalhao; and to give this buffoonery an appearance of gravity, a few soldiers of the police cavalry escort the procession.

But I must not omit to notice some other mock religious processions which are still more strange.

Portuguese labourers of every description begin on Lady-day to enjoy, throughout the summer, the right of indulging in the sesta or meridian nap, from one o'clock until three p. m. This being a comfort to which they attach great value, they have a feast on that day at the chapel of Nossa Senhora dos Prazeres, our lady of enjoyments; which is situated near Fonte Santa on the north-west side of the city. At Michaelmas the right of sesta ends, and they celebrate its termination by a mock funeral procession, arranged pretty much upon the same order of march which is observed when the sacrament goes to visit the sick.

In front, are three men; the centre one carrying a mortar board suspended to a pole like a banner, while the others, carry emchadas (large hoes) upright, in imitation of lanthorns. An old tin water-pot serves for the bellman's use: and the incense-bearers carry mud baskets suspended by three or four strings. In these they put a few lighted coals; and throwing something upon them to create a smoke, they swing the baskets to and fro as if they were censers. The trowels, pick axes, mallets, &c. all are made to represent something connected with church ceremonies; and the dress of this brotherhood consists of a common

sack with a hole at the bottom for the head to pass through, and one on each side for the arms.

Thus the most catholic people in the world amuse themselves in burlesquing holy things which we heretics, with all the profaneness which they attribute to us, so shrink from regarding with levity, that the very exposure of these mummeries is endured with reluctance, and dismissed with rapidity.

CHAPTER VIII.

PORTUGUESE EQUIPAGES.

LOW STATE OF THE USEFUL ARTS IN PORTUGAL—SEGÉ, OR CHAISE, ALMOST THE ONLY KIND OF CARRIAGE IN USE—ITS CLUMSY CONSTRUCTION—DIGRESSION ON FLIES—HACKNEY SEGÉ—RATE OF HIRE—INSOLENCE OF DRIVERS—EQUIPAGES OF THE NOBILITY—CARRIAGE MULES—ROYAL BREED OF THE RAÇA D'ALTER—MODE OF FODDERING ANIMALS IN PORTUGAL—CRUEL CUSTOM OF OBLIGING THEM TO SLEEP STANDING—PECULIAR DISEASE INCIDENT TO ANIMALS IN THIS CLIMATE—STABLE RETINUE OF A FIDALGO—NUMEROUS RUFFIANS HARBOURED IN NOBLE RESIDENCES—SHAMELESS IMMUNITY FROM JUSTICE—INSTANCE OF THE EFFECTS OF THIS—HOPEFUL EDUCATION OF YOUNG FIDALGOS—LAQUAIOS AND STABLE-BOYS THEIR COMPANIONS—THEIR EQUESTRIAN FEATS—COSTUME OF A PORTUGUESE NOBLE DANDY—TASTE OF THE PORTUGUESE NOBLES FOR THE FINE ARTS—ANECDOTE—NOBLE PRIVILEGE OF APOSENTADORIA—DESCRIPTION AND ENORMITY OF THE ABUSE—KING PEDRO THE CRUEL—HIS RIGOROUS IMPARTIALITY—HIS STRANGE ADMINISTRATION OF RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE—NUMEROUS HOUSEHOLD OF THE FIDALGOS—THEIR MEAN ECONOMY—THEIR PRIDE—PEDIGREE OF THE HOUSE OF DA COSTA—PORTUGUESE TITLES AND MODES OF ADDRESS.

CHAPTER VIII

PORTUGUESE EQUIPAGES

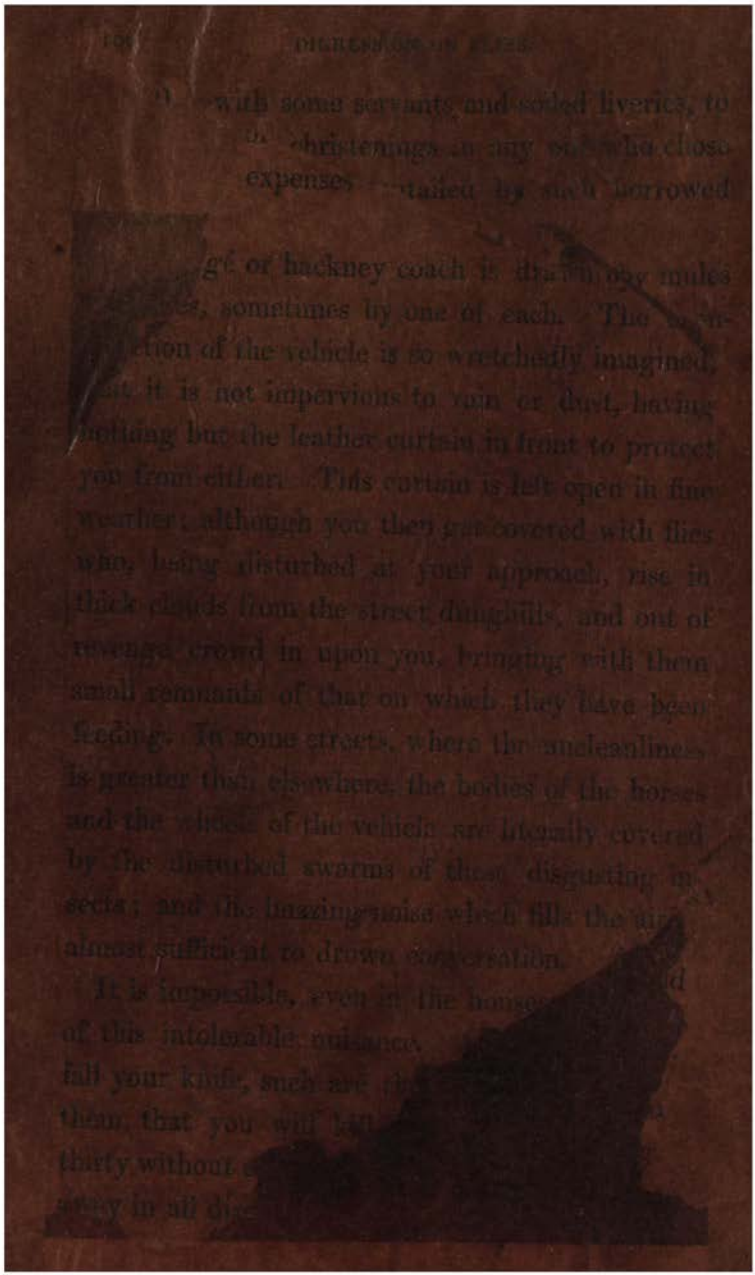


plate and thus complete your nausea. Hundreds are the expedients that have been tried to effect a riddance of them. Some place, as is done in England, plates of poison near the windows; others tie bird-limed strings across the top of the room for them to stick to at roosting hours. Bunches of cut paper are hung up in the rooms on which they attach themselves at night, and being then set fire to suddenly, myriads are destroyed at a blow.

But all these are ineffectual remedies, and no other alternative remains for a stranger than to resign himself to the evil, and quietly swallow as many of them per diem as the natives, who being accustomed to it, do not feel the inconvenience. In the street, it is of urgent necessity to keep one's mouth shut; and if speech becomes necessary, let it at least be articulated without unclosing the teeth. The mosquitos are also—but I have already made too long a digression about flies, and must therefore return to my subject.

When a segé is wanted, it is adviseable to acquaint its proprietor with your wishes the day before; otherwise you are likely to wait until eleven or twelve o'clock before you see it arrive at your door; so slow are they, when unprepared, to put their horses to. For half a day, the price is from

sixteen testoons to two milreis; but if you keep it (or if the postilion can drawl his time out) beyond one o'clock p. m. you are compelled to pay for the whole day which is from three mil, to four milreis besides three or four shillings to the driver. It is seldom or ever that any of these latter fellows are commonly civil, being in all Lisbon, the most insolent people you meet with. I heard one of them, who, on being dismissed by a Portuguese colonel, was not satisfied with his gorjetta, and observed that the colonel was obliged to stoop on entering the door on account of the length of his chaco and feather, exclaim, in the hearing of the ladies "Taô grandes as tem, q naô lhe cabem pela porta." Anglice, "His antlers are too large to get in at the door."

The only difference observable between the common segés and those of the fidalgos consists in this, that the arreios (harness) and leather curtains of the latter are perhaps a little blacker than those of the former, although either will cover with smut the hands of any one who attempts to buckle them. I say smut, because the name of blacking would be misapplied to that with which they clean or rather dirt those parts of their equipages. No Mr. Warren, with his real japan, is known in this grande cidade, a little

vinegar mixed with lamp black or chimney black being regarded as a sufficient substitute for his "liquid lustre;" although the above spurious imitation of it is dignified with the name of Graixa Ingleza (English blacking).

The mules belonging to the segés of the fidalgos are also generally speaking in better order than those of the common hackneys; but they rarely approach in excellence of breed to those which are termed of the Raça d'Alter, and are almost exclusively reserved for the use of the royal family. As far as mules can be called handsome, these certainly are pre-eminent over any in existence; and they are equalled by no other breed either in sleekness of skin, height of stature,—or dexterity and proneness to kick even at those whose sole time is devoted to the care of them. Such is the untoward nature of these shabby substitutes for the nobler horse.

In the months of February and March, it is usual in Portugal to give green forage to mules and horses: this consists of barley nearly full grown and is, as may be imagined, expensive enough particularly in cases where a small ration of grain per diem is also allowed them. It is at this season of the year, and by means of this

treatment, that they acquire a beautiful sleekness and embonpoint, both of which begin to disappear towards the end of autumn, when the sticking of the skin to the ribs would be more visible but for the rough hide with which nature provides them on the approach of winter. With the exception of the green forage months, the cattle in Portugal feed on straw, there being no hay in the country owing to the burnt up state of all pasture at so early a period as the end of April or beginning of May.

A custom here exists which is exceedingly revolting to the feelings of an Englishman, and for which, as no good reason is alleged by the natives, we must reproach the laziness of the lacquaios and culpable connivance of their masters. I mean that cruel custom of never allowing their animals to lie down when inclined to sleep or rest;—a comfort so well provided for in our stables, and, one would imagine, so indispensable for the well-being of the cattle. No beds are therefore made for them of straw or of anything else; and whether this is practised from a view to economy, or merely to save the trouble of curry-combing a soiled hide, I will not pretend to determine. But this I know that the cruel custom does exist, and that in order

to prevent their lying down to sleep, their halters are shortened to about the length of ten or twelve inches every night.

Indian corn is as frequently given to the cattle as barley; and a small kind of bean also. During the months of dry forage, it frequently happens that the roof of the animal's mouth becomes so enlarged as to project beyond the level of the teeth. In these cases it is scarified with a pen-knife or even a nail in various directions, so as to produce a copious discharge of blood; and the mouth is then washed two or three times a day, with a rag tied round a stick, dipped in a mixture of vinegar, pounded onions, and salt. Until this remedy is applied, the animal is unable to chew his food. I have invariably observed that leeches attach themselves much more readily to the mouth of animals thus affected than to others, when drinking. The fountains in Portugal abound with this useful reptile; and it would seem that this circumstance is a provision made by nature to give relief to the mouths of animals so diseased.

The retainers in the families of the Portuguese fidalgos are very numerous, sometimes amounting to fifty or sixty. Many hang about the stables, whose abode there is altogether unknown to the family; but their object in thus passing for ser-

vants or stable boys is to enjoy the protection which appertains by right to all the dependants of a fidalgo. One of the chief privileges, indeed, of a Portuguese nobleman is the inviolability of his meanest out-houses, in cases where any of these ruffians should take refuge therein to elude the grasp of justice after the commission of murder.

The numberless laquaios and ruffians seen basking in the sun at the stable doors, and in the court, out-houses &c. of a fidalgo, may be regarded as instruments of his revenge on the merest occasions. Unfortunately there are but too many sad instances on record of the truth of this; and every one who has resided for any length of time in Lisbon, particularly previous to the war, must have witnessed or heard of hundreds of atrocities of this nature. It used (not half a century ago) to be quite a favorite amusement at night for the young noblemen to sally forth at the head of a band of their cut-throat lacqueys, called by them valentoês, and to way-lay, maim, rob, or assassinate in the most cowardly manner any one who might have incurred their displeasure.

A Belgian gentleman, on coming from the opera in 1800, was pursued by a gang of these heroes; but screening himself suddenly in a part of the

arch near Isidro's eating house, they passed the place of his concealment. Failing in their attempt to catch him, they were bitterly upbraided and abused by one of the party; and he heard the others answer, "It is not our fault if he escaped; *your Excellency* must have seen that we were close upon his heels: but he has disappeared Nossa Senhora knows where."

About the time here alluded to, and in most families of fidalgos even in our times, the young heir is seen all day lounging about with these worthless wretches in the stables, tossing up coppers with them in the court-yard, playing at bisca (a game at cards) with them on the flights of steps, and learning to smoke segars in a knowing style, with a whip in the other hand, and the hat, with the true bravo air, cocked up on one side. This, instead of literary pursuits, or in fact of any calculated to improve the mind, is the beginning, and in many cases the finishing, of a fidalgo's education. One thing however (I must not forget to say) is never omitted; and that is equestrian instruction. The young nobility usually attend a riding house, if that name may be given to a place in which they are taught to sit as upright as a poker, not on a saddle but in a box, which comes up as high nearly as the abdomen in front,

and to a corresponding height behind, forming a receptacle for seat and thighs, out of which it is impossible to be thrown. Yet even when securely packed in these wooden cases, the prowest cavaliers of Portugal never dare to attempt the mighty hazard of a leap.

I have endeavoured, as well as the size of the drawing will permit, to delineate this saddle-box, which, as in universal use throughout Portugal, belongs equally to the fidalgo and the postillion. The jack boots, too, worn by the postillion in the plate are in general request; and, as filled by the embryo fidalgos, come (when standing,) half way up their thighs. These, with a high cocked hat, or moon raker, and a long straight whip, complete in their estimation the costume of a knowing gallant. Such being the leading points in the education of a young fidalgo, it will not surprise any one to be told that, with the exception of a *few* of the order who are distinguished for the highest degree of mental acquirements and employed in diplomacy at foreign courts, the great mass of them are plunged in brutal ignorance. Of their taste for, and knowledge of the delineating art, I shall just give a sample.

A foreign officer of rank, and of considerable merit as a landscape painter, had amused himself

by making a beautiful collection of views of the most picturesque parts of Cintra. Hundreds of persons of the highest rank solicited permission to see these productions, and were, with the politeness characteristic of this amiable and distinguished officer, readily admitted. This however becoming every day more troublesome, and breaking in upon his valuable time, he received them at last "en peintre" without discontinuing his occupation. On one occasion, a fidalgo of the very first water drove up to his door, and being ushered into his room all covered with stars, expressed his desire to be indulged as others had been. The officer pointed out to him a great portfolio, and begged that His Excellency would arrange the drawings according to his own taste along the chairs, regretting that the state of the piece at which he was engaged at the moment would not admit of his quitting it to assist him, without endangering the spoiling of his work. The great man betook himself to placing the landscapes in a row, against the light, and almost all of them upside down: then retreating a few paces and bringing his glass to his eye, he exclaimed with great pathos, "Que bellos mapas."—"What beautiful maps;" evidently taking the clouds for a troubled ocean, and the horizon for the sea coast.

Among the great privileges which the nobles enjoy, is that of Aposentadoria, active and passive. The former implies that, if they take a liking to the house of any individual who does not possess the right of passive Aposentadoria, they may turn him out of it sans ceremonie, and install in his place any of their mistresses, servants, or other persons whom they please. This privilege, to a certain extent, belongs also to the military, who can dislodge a citizen by alleging that the proximity of his house to the barracks renders their occupation of it necessary for the public service. The passive Aposentadoria enables the possessor to hold his house without danger of dislodgement; but the unhappy wight, who has neither the one privilege nor the other, is subject at every moment to be turned out of doors.

If a Portuguese detects his wife in the actual commission of adultery, he is permitted by law to inflict immediate death upon both the offenders, provided the male party be neither an ecclesiastic, a fidalgo, nor a dezembargador, towards either of whom *the infliction would be punishable as murder.*

How different is this administration of justice, from that of which we read as practised by the king Don Pedro; who, instead of being surnamed

"The cruel," ought to have been termed the just; for owing to the summary manner in which he punished crime, and his total disregard for the birth or quality of the offenders, cases requiring capital punishment became at last exceedingly rare:—a convincing proof that lenity is in many respects mistaken mercy.

The following facts are mentioned by a Portuguese historian, and appear so much in point to the present case, that I cannot refrain from giving them, in the author's own words. "A certain ecclesiastic transported with choler, killed a mason who had been the object of it. The king pretended ignorance of the crime, and waited quietly to observe what would be done in this case by the clergy; but that body considered that the murderer had been punished sufficiently by his suspension from the exercise of his functions during a year. The relations of the deceased were exceedingly incensed at so slight a punishment; and the king gave secret orders to the mason's son to kill the murderer of his father. He did so; and in consequence of it was condemned to death; but when the sentence was brought to the king for signature, he asked what trade the young man was of, and being answered that he was a mason, 'Then,' said the king, 'I condemn him to abstain

from working at his trade for the space of one year.'"

He afterwards punished with death all capital crimes committed by ecclesiastics; and on their petitioning him to submit their cases to their superior judge (the Grand Lama of the triple crown), he very quietly answered, that he would content himself with sending them before *their* and *his* Superior Judge, meaning God.

His majesty had a procuress burnt for giving up a young girl to admiral Lançarote Peçanha and condemned the admiral to be beheaded. And because a porter, who had been sent with a notification to a fidalgo, complained to the king that the latter had struck him and had plucked his beard; his majesty, turning round to the corregidor of the court who was present, exclaimed "Help me Louzenço Gonsalves, for a man has struck me on the face and plucked my beard;" upon which the fidalgo was taken up and beheaded. Such was in short the inflexibility and impartiality in the manner of this king's administration of justice, that, at his death, he was sorely lamented by his people, who declared that they never had before seen, and never again expected to witness, such ten years as those of the reign of Don Pedro.

To return to modern fidalgos, and their households—At the mention of such sounding numbers as fifty or sixty domestics, an uninformed person might conjecture that the expence incurred in the maintenance of so numerous a suite must be tremendous; but this is far from being the case. The major domo (mor domo) and moço da copa together with one or two aias (female attendants) eat of what comes from the fidalgo's table; which, by the bye, has rarely any thing else on it, but vacca com arros, or galinha com arros *, followed by some olives and sweetmeats: in the melon season, this fruit being always the *first* dish on the table, cut up in slices. All the rest of the retinue have a ration served out to each by the moço da copa (butler) consisting of bread, rice or feijões, (dried kidney beans) and a small measure of olive oil. Few have any pecuniary stipend, with the exception of the footmen, who having some sort of livery-jacket and pigtail, scramble up behind the carriage, and make faces at every one who looks surprised at the shabbiness of their equipment.

The Portuguese noble families have the same

* *Vacca*—beef—*arros*—rice—*galinha*—a fowl. *Galinha com arros*—a pillau, or fowl boiled in rice.

ridiculous pride in deducing their pedigree from the most remote antiquity, which in our own country laughably distinguishes the soi-disant descendants from Llewellyn. The house of da Costa is however, indisputably the most ancient, being descended in direct line from Donna *Eva* da Costa, our universal grandmother: Eve, according to Portuguese heralds, having taken the above name from the circumstance of her creation from Adam's Costa or side.

The mode of addressing the different ranks of persons in Portugal is an observance of critical nicety; for nothing is more easy to foreigners than to make mistakes, which would draw down the irreconcileable hatred of the offended dignitaries. To a simple mechanic, you may safely address a Vossa Mercé; but it were still more agreeable to him if speaking in the third person you said o Senhor (the senhor). To a homem de gravata lavada (see note, p. 14.) the treatment of Senhoria is indispensable. Vossa senhoria vai passear? Is your Lordship going to walk? But, strictly speaking, although this title is addressed to every fellow who can pay his washerwoman, it belongs from the rank of baron down to that of colonels of regiments, who nevertheless can only exact it from the individuals of their own regi-

ments, and even that by courtesy. The title of Excellency, although lavished at Oporto and in the northern provinces on every shop keeper's family, is a little more sparingly given in the metropolis, where it is addressed wholly and solely to those who have a right to it; i. e. to counts, viscounts, and from those titles upwards.

The attributes of the kings of Portugal are, although known to most people, well worth recording here, since I am speaking of titles. What can be more imposing than "Don such a one, By the grace of God king of Portugal and the Algarves, on this and on that side of the sea. In Africa, Lord of Guinea, and of the conquest, navigation, and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia and Brazil."

CHAPTER IX.

THE PORTUGUESE COURT.

COURT OF DON JOAÔ VI. AT RIO—DAYS OF THE BEIJAMAÔ OR KISSING OF HANDS—ACCOUNT OF THE CEREMONIAL—THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PORTUGAL—UNIVERSAL RECEPTION OF PETITIONS BY THE KING — GROSS ABUSE OF THIS PATERNAL CONDESCENSION—DEVOTION OF THE KING—HYPOCRISY OF HIS SUITORS — EXQUISITE MUSIC OF THE ROYAL CHAPEL — THE PATRIARCH OF LISBON—ACCOUNT OF HIS STATE AND DIGNITY —HIS PALACE AND IMMENSE REVENUES—DESCRIPTION OF HIS EQUIPAGE — MIRACLE LATELY WORKED BY THE VIRGIN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THE PATRIARCH.

COURT DAY AT RIO.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PORTUGUESE COURT.

At the court of Don John VI. on the days called Beijamaô (kiss hand), his majesty sits on his throne at the upper end of an oblong saloon; having on his left hand her majesty the queen, also seated on a throne. On her left are seen standing up in a row, according to seniority, the princes and princesses of the blood; at a little distance from the latter, and ranged along the wall at right angles with them, are placed the ladies of honor, having on their left the camaristas &c. At each extremity of the side opposite to that of the throne, is a door opening into the saloon, where the nobles are allowed to assemble previous to admission; and beyond which is another called Sala dos Tudescos. This room is appropriated for officers of the army, "homems de grayata lavada," and in short for all the rabble: for this monarch, worthy to be called the father

of his people, admits into his presence the meanest of his subjects and listens to their supplications.

The inner doors, that is, those communicating from the nobles' room to that of the throne, are each guarded by two chamberlains (camaristas) from whom every one experiences that civility of treatment, which distinguishes men of polished manners and good breeding. But at the door which opens into the " sala dos tudescos" stands a brute of a halberdier, who, if he sees amongst the foremost of the candidates for admission, any officer of the army, even crippled in the service, invariably pushes him back to make way for some corpulent friar, adding, " Stand back senhor official; enter if you please, most reverend father."

The signal being given for the opening of the royal saloon, the court band of music, in their very rich antique costume, begin to play; and the whole scene assumes an imposing appearance. The nobles file into the throne room, one after the other at a slow pace, and when at a few steps from the throne make a profound inclination, then advance, kneel, and kiss the hand of the sovereign, who extends it to all his subjects with a look truly paternal. This being done, they perform the same homage precisely towards her majesty and each of the royal family. They then

file out in the same order through the other door at the same end of the room whence they entered.

In proportion as the nobles' room becomes emptied, the tudescos are admitted into it to take their turn; and this ceremony lasts sometimes from eleven o'clock A.M. to six P.M., to the great fatigue of the princes and princesses who are standing all the time. The eldest of the former, the present emperor of Brazil, is as fine a young man as can be seen; with a handsome face, manly stature, and a commanding look, bordering perhaps a little upon severity, but which sits well on a prince. The princesses are very handsome, and of a beautiful complexion, notwithstanding their long residence in the Brazils.

Besides these days of Beijamaô, his majesty is always very accessible to any one in his realms; and dearly does he pay for his paternal condescension. I have calculated that the *average* number of frivolous, worthless, and undeserving petitioners, who pester his majesty every day of his life, is no less than one hundred and fifty; of whom two thirds, notwithstanding their profession of renouncing the pomp and vanities of the world, are friars craving situations of lucre. One of these holy men told me candidly that he had, at the moment he was speaking, no less than four

different petitions inside his habit to present, as circumstances might offer a favorable opportunity; all of them having for object to obtain the rents of some chapel in reward for pretended services to the state. It is true that, during the war, he had quitted his convent for the more unrestrained life of a soldier, and had always shewn himself foremost in revenging the griefs of his country—wherever a scene of rapine offered itself. But at the close of the war, he, saintlike, took to the more profitable avocation of confessing devout ladies and providing dying men with passports and bills of exchange for St. Peter, receiving in return the property which they must leave behind, but which had better been bequeathed to their children and widows.

Even French and Italian opera dancers appeared in the ranks of supplicants, demanding pensions for the signal service of having shaken their limbs in sight of royalty; and by a strange perverseness of things, these barefaced mountebanks were often known to succeed, when unassuming merit remained, "for want of prominence and just relief," unrewarded.

I have seen individuals soliciting the *Foro* (rank, privileges, and immunities of nobility,) grounding their pretensions on the circumstance

of his majesty having, when prince regent, some thirty years before, condescended to alight at their father's quinta (country house) and partake of refreshments:—and they succeeded; for such is the custom of the country and the right acquired, when the sovereign condescends to alight and eat at the house of a subject.

Such was the advantage taken of his majesty's unequalled goodness of heart, that the very avenues and corridors leading to the royal chapel were at all times thronged with petitioners of every description. In this place also, a scene often, nay every evening, presented itself of a nature truly ridiculous. I allude to the expedients resorted to by certain well dressed beggars (for the word petitioner is not sufficiently descriptive) who knowing that his majesty is exceedingly devout, endeavoured to insinuate themselves into his good graces by the most barefaced mummery. Remaining prostrate during the whole ceremony of mass, with their lips fixed upon the flag stones of the chapel, or extending their arms "en crucifié" and keeping their eyes fixed upon some saint during the whole service; they thus hoped to attract the king's attention, and render him propitious to their preposterous prayers.

The music of the royal chapel is exquisitely

beautiful; the choir being composed of the best castrati to be found in Italy, who during mass play and sing the most delightful and choicest pieces of music in use on the stage. The salaries of these men are so prodigiously exorbitant, that I shall not mention them lest I should be disbelieved. Besides the profits accruing to them from their employment as choristers, they amass great property by hiring themselves out to sing at evening parties.

I never attended a soireé at Rio without seeing at it one or two of these castrati. Their appearance is truly disgusting; their complexion is mealy and perfectly colourless; their hair lank, their eyes sunken, and their chin beardless. In conversation their tones are squeaking, their whole gait announces effeminacy, and their figures are remarkable for narrowness of shoulders, width of hip, and an extraordinary development of length in the femur and tibia; so much so that when sitting down their knees are nearly in a level with their chin. It is a curious fact that this great and unnatural development of the lower extremities is observable in the capon. The dress of these men when in the choir of the chapel is purple silk. I must not forget to add that most of them use an artificial complexion.

PARTY AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

A CASTRATE SINGING.

The patriarch of Lisbon is the king's first chaplain: he is a cardinal *de jure*, and takes precedence of all the bishops and archbishops in Portugal. His palace stands near Junqueira, about half way between Alcantara bridge and Belem, and resembles very much an old country chateau in France, having very steep roofs and a square tower at each angle. Between the two towers which form the front of the centre, there is a spacious balcony lined round to about the height of twelve feet with lazulejos (a species of white varnished brick) ornamented with representations of mythological subjects. Few men can be found who will accept of the situation of cardinal patriarch, owing to the restraint which it imposes; for whoever holds it is compelled to abstain from frequenting parties, or any other places of recreation. His duties are very arduous, and beyond belief laborious: for they consist in hearing mass every morning at his own chapel; and when he rides in his carriage through the Lisbon streets, it is always with the two forefingers of his right hand erect, with which he bestows his crucial benediction on the kneeling rabble. Add to all this, that he undergoes the painful necessity of pocketting a revenue of about £35,000 per annum.

The carriage of the patriarch is precisely simi-

lar to those belonging to the court, but lined with papal purple; of which colour are also his liveries. But it is in the horses which draw his carriage, that there exists so marked a distinction, that by them he may be recognized at least a mile off. The horses or mules which the country produces will, it seems, suffice to transport royalty wherever it may please to go; but to move the dignity and state of a cardinal, something more imposing is necessary. A set of horses called Urcos were therefore brought from Holland for the use of this grand lama of Lisbon. Their colour is a darkish cream, and their stature and shape are precisely those of the dray horses of London.

The patriarch who died in 1818 had been a long time unable to move about the metropolis: the consequence was that his successor found the inhabitants rather unused to the benedictory ceremony; and as he drove up to the palace of the inquisition one day, where the meeting of the governors * of the kingdom was held, the officer of the guard there stationed, proceeded with opened ranks to pay the compliment due to such rank, until the holy cardinal lifted his two fingers to

* The patriarch was one of those during the king's absence.

bestow his blessing on the soldiers. The officer then mistook this for a refusal of military honors, and dismissed his troops accordingly. This so incensed the Lama, that he caused the officer to be summoned before him, and gave him a severe reprimand for what was nothing but a mistake. A few days afterwards, on his return from the above meeting, and passing in front of the marine arsenal, the guard, to shew its devotion, turned out with surprising rapidity; and the drummer beat, it seems, three more deafening ruffles, than the Urcos had ever been used to hear in Holland. For they darted off with such ungovernable violence that the carriage was upset, the coachman thrown off his box, and killed, and but for N. S. da Penha de França, who worked a miracle upon the occasion, the patriarch would have been killed himself, instead of only receiving numberless severe contusions. He ever after officially dispensed with military compliments, salutes, and ruffles; and had a little painting of the miracle stuck up in his chapel. Perhaps the poor coachman's widow might complain, that her husband had been excluded by Nossa Senhora from his share in the miraculous preservation.

CHAPTER X.

PORTUGUESE MANNERS, FEMALE DRESS, &c.

DRESS OF THE LOWER ORDERS OF WOMEN—THEIR FINE HAIR—WANT OF CLEANLINESS—HABITS OF SECLUSION OF ALL CLASSES OF FEMALES—MODE OF CARRYING ON AMATORY CORRESPONDENCE—GOING TO MASS—COQUETTISH ADJUSTMENT OF DRESS — GRACEFUL STEP — FINE EYES OF THE PORTUGUESE WOMEN—CONDUCT OF BOTH SEXES AT MASS—AMOROUS SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE PORTUGUESE—LOVE AFFAIRS—INEFFECTUAL VIGILANCE OF PARENTS—CUSTOM OF IMMURING DAUGHTERS IN CONVENTS—CURIOUS LAW IN FAVOR OF LOVERS—A LOVE TALE—FATE OF THE PARTIES—STREET COSTUMES OF FEMALES—THE UNIVERSAL CAPOTE—ITS CONVENIENT COVERING—ANECDOTE OF THE CAPOTE—RODA, OR FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—INFANTICIDE—A STORY FROM PORTUGUESE LIFE.

CHAPTER X.

PORTUGUESE MANNERS, FEMALE DRESS, &c.

THE dress of the lower orders of females in Portugal, when in-doors, is not materially different from that of the same class of women in England; with this exception, that the Portuguese wear no caps, but merely a piece of black ribband or velvet to assist the comb in confining their immense quantity of hair, which is almost always of a jet black colour. This they usually untie about once a month, not so much for the purpose of combing it, as to destroy a part of the crowds of vermin, lest perhaps their heads should otherwise be eaten off their shoulders. Instead of pomatum, they use olive oil, in which they absolutely soak their hair; many, however, treat themselves occasionally with a little clarified hog's lard, called by them banha de Cheiro.

Nothing would be more calculated to put a Portuguese woman into a passion, than to tell her

that her hair contained the unwelcome visitors above alluded to; although at the moment you might perceive them galloping about in all directions on her forehead. Indeed, when knitting, the Portuguese women may be seen scratching their heads eternally with the long needles used in the work. Nevertheless, as if to attract attention to that particular part of their persons, they almost always ornament their hair with a pink, which is their favorite flower.

During the heat of summer, most of them wear no covering on the bosom, which is consequently exposed to view; but as this is the habit of the country, it attracts no observation. Perhaps the origin of this custom may in some measure be attributed, not merely to the heat of the climate, but to a certain consciousness of the superiority of form in this particular, which certainly distinguishes the Portuguese females. They are by nature (I speak of the Lisbon women) exceedingly indolent:—a defect which is not a little encouraged by their custom of seldom or ever stirring out of their houses, except on occasions of great moment, or on Sundays and saints' days, for the purpose of going to mass. Affairs immediately connected with their household seldom compel them to go into the street; as almost every thing

of which they stand in need is hawked about at the doors; such as fish, vegetables, fruit, &c.

Women of other countries, unaccustomed to such habits of seclusion as those which Portuguese ideas of decency compel their females to observe, would but ill brook this confinement. But with them it is a matter of taste as well as habit; their chief pleasure consisting in looking out of their windows almost all day long, to observe every thing which takes place in the streets or at their neighbours', and to converse with the latter, verbally, if sufficiently near, or by means of their hands and fingers, if beyond the reach of the voice. Conversations of many hours' length are sometimes kept up in this way; certain positions of the fingers standing for well understood syllables or words.

Thus, with the aid of expressive gestures, two inaccessible persons are enabled to communicate with all the facility of a written correspondence; and with this superior advantage, that they enjoy the pleasure of seeing each other and interchanging thoughts, without suspence or delay. Love being the pursuit which, almost to the exclusion of every other, engrosses the mind of the Portuguese people, it may readily be conceived that this digito-telegraphic intercourse is made the vehicle

of amatory declarations, which the national custom of female seclusion renders it a difficult enterprize to convey in any other manner.

When these females sally forth to church, their dress assumes quite a different appearance from their in-door costume. No people in the world are so particularly neat about the feet as they are; their stockings are always of the whiteness of snow; and their shoes, made of silk and not unfrequently ornamented with embroidery and spangles, are of very good workmanship. They wear over their dress a cloth capote, and over their heads a muslin handkerchief, both adjusted in an artful and coquettish manner.

Thus equipped, and improving the effect of their becoming costume by the graceful movement with which they deliberately pick out their way over a dirty pavement, they never fail, if nature has been in the least propitious to them, to create an interest which women of other countries would be much longer in winning. However little general beauty of features a Portuguese young woman may be able to boast, she is sure to make conquests at first sight, owing to a single attraction which she invariably possesses :—a pair of the most lovely eyes in the world, either black as the sloe, or of a clear chesnut, or of a deep hazel hue,

and ever full of expression and intelligence. Such are the soul speaking features which the Moorish bard delighted to celebrate, and was wont to compare to the eyes of the gazelle. The long dark eyelash and the finely arched eyebrow are likewise the distinguishing marks of a Portuguese face.

At church, the female part of the congregation sit and kneel on that portion of the ground which has a wooden floor elevated a few inches above the broad flag stones. Here they enter into conversation with whomever of their own sex happen to be near them, with all the affability of a long acquaintance; and this is usually continued, if they meet again in the street, by mutual smiles and inclinations of the head, without entailing the necessity of a closer acquaintance. The conversation during the mass is mostly of a satirical nature; and the objects of it, are usually the cluster of young bucks who, ranged along the centre of the church, gaze impudently on the women instead of attending to the service. Indeed very few individuals of either sex, generally speaking, are ever observed to pay strict attention to any other part of the ceremony, than that of the elevation of the host. Then, certainly, one and all without exception, incline their heads and bodies, and strike their breasts, the devout exclaiming, in a low

voice, " 'tis my fault, 'tis my fault, 'tis my very great fault."

But those youths, whom good fortune or great arrangement and foresight have placed near their mistresses, take advantage of that convenient posture and gentle murmur to whisper in their willing ears the passionate protestations of their love; for in the whole course of the week, perhaps, so favourable an opportunity might not again be found. Florian most justly observes of the Portuguese " Ils semblent nés pour l'amour: c'est la grande affaire de leur vie: les plus grands sacrifices ne coutent rien dés qu'il s'agit de cette passion."

What I have said of the habits of seclusion amongst the lower orders of the fair sex, is in a much greater degree applicable to those in higher life. Love is therefore in its origin seldom of any other kind than that which the sight of the individual has inspired, and rarely the effect of a growing habit, from free communication. The cases of the latter nature happen only amongst relations, such as cousins, uncles and nieces, aunts and nephews, &c. for none of these degrees of relationship are held in Portugal as objections to an intermarriage, provided the money exacted for a papal dispensation can be afforded by the parties.

As love at first sight is most general, it is astonishing to what excesses it will carry individuals, who have never exchanged any thing but glances. It is right, however, to observe, that the Portuguese have been in this respect, as if designedly, repaid by nature for the inconveniences which the extreme watchfulness of parents entails upon lovers, no people being so remarkably gifted with the expressive language of the eyes. No sooner does a father discover in any way that his daughter's affections are rivetted on some object, than, if he disapproves of the alliance, he puts her forthwith into a Recolhimento *. But if the lover's intentions be strictly honorable, the rank of the parties equal, and that any objection on the part of the parents appears only a matter of caprice, then there is a law which, if had recourse to in time, (that is, before the father confines the lady in a Recolhimento) is highly favorable to the lovers. The swain has only to make an application to a certain tribunal, describing how the matter stands, and declaring that his object is marriage. The officers of justice then go with due solemnity to

* Recolhimento:—a place of religious seclusion. Individuals forced into a Recolhimento, or entering voluntarily, do not, as a matter of course, take the veil. There is, however, a body of regular nuns belonging to every house of the kind.

the lady's house, and demanding her of her father (who dares not resist the law) convey her to the house of some parent or respectable friend, there to remain unmolested until the necessary arrangements shall be made for her union with her favored lover. This is what the Portuguese term "estar em depozito," to be in deposit. In this situation, the young lady may receive the visits both of her father and lover, provided it be in the presence of other persons. But visits from the parents are rare occurrences, as they most frequently, when these extremities have been resorted to, utterly discard their children: although paternal affection, here, as in every other country, produces in nine cases out of ten a final reconciliation.

In cases however where the father has taken time by the forelock, it is difficult to surmount the obstacles by which he is enabled to carry his point. And if an elopement has been perpetrated or even attempted, the law then is so much in favor of parental authority, that its rigour towards the lovers is extreme. About the year 1811 or 12, two persons of a civil department of the British army fell in love with two sisters, the daughters of a man, in whom much authority was vested, near Villa franca. As the stores, with which these persons were entrusted, were in part

magazined in a spacious ground floor of the building inhabited by the ladies, they contrived with lovers' ingenuity to make an aperture in the ceiling for their more easy communication. Unfortunately, however, the suspicions of the father were excited; and he broke upon their sweet converse one evening. One of the gentlemen was skilful enough to get clear off with the object of his affections; and sailing immediately for England he thus eluded the fate which awaited his companion. The latter had not proceeded far on his flight before he was overtaken; his lady was wrested from him, and thrown into a convent; and he himself was confined in the limoeiro, or common jail, from whence he was by particular favor transferred some time afterwards to the castle of S. George. Numberless were the intercessions made to induce the father to relent, but all were fruitless. It is said that our ambassador interceded in the young man's favor to obtain his release; but that the father, fearing it would be effected, declared that he would appeal to the general Cortes of the nation to prevent it:—so determined was he to glut his revenge to the utmost limits of the law. At the end of six or seven years, this obdurate and vindictive wretch died, and the charm being dispelled, the gentleman obtained his release.

The street equipment of females of the lower orders, called by them "Capa e lenço," is so very becoming, that in the winter season it is not unfrequently adopted by young ladies; and as the weather is seldom sufficiently cold to render fires necessary, the only expedient which they adopt for keeping themselves warm is that of wearing the capote in doors. All classes of women are therefore provided with this article of dress, whether they wear it in public or not.

Whenever a young lady is indisposed, you see her with her capote on; and they who are habitually in bad health seldom go without it. In fact this cloak is a covering for all things: with it wrapped round them they might be en chemise without its being discernable; and in spite of the Argus like precautions of vigilant parents, many a little faux pas is committed, the consequences of which are veiled from observation by the happy invention of the capote, the lady protesting, (and with reason) that she is indisposed, until the critical moment is passed.

I have in former pages endeavoured to illustrate my subject by some anecdote or other in support of my assertions. I shall therefore do the same in the present case. A lady, an acquaintance of mine, residing on a first floor, observed that a

young lady who, with her parents, inhabited the second floor of the same house, had been for several months complaining, sometimes of one ailment, sometimes of another; and was, it is needless to say, wrapped up constantly in her capote. After a certain lapse of time, she came down stairs to my friend; and throwing her arms round her neck, sobbed out a confession of her real situation, imploring her aid, as she imagined that the period long dreaded was at length arrived.

My friend embarrassed how to act, but yielding at last to compassion for the unhappy girl, sent up a request to her parents that their daughter might be allowed to remain with her for a day or two in order to assist her in some preparations of linen &c. for charitable uses, which she feared she should not otherwise be able to finish in time. This was immediately granted. A sage woman was sent for, and a carrotty headed little fellow soon made his appearance: when the mother exclaimed, "Oh how like his father! that tall red headed Irish friar my confessor."

The poor bantling was deposited at the Roda (foundling hospital) and the young lady soon after left off her capote, and resumed her dress as a "Senhora de Corpo:" an expression, by the way, which corresponds with our term of lady, and

which is equivalent in rank to that, in the other sex, of "homem de gravata lavada."

The Roda, above alluded to, is the vulgar name for an establishment called "Hospital dos Emgeitados" or Foundling Hospital. But the Roda is strictly speaking a species of turn-about, similar to those fixed in the grate of a nunnery, for receiving articles to and fro. To the foundling hospital, are brought all the fruits of illicit amours, and silently deposited in the Roda. The receptacle thus humanely provided has, in some measure, the effect of checking infanticide; although I have myself, at three several times in Portugal, seen dead infants lying on dunghills, where they had apparently been concealed and had been scratched out by dogs.

One of these instances occurring in a dead angle opposite to my own house, I had an opportunity of witnessing every thing connected with it. A parcel of children were playing on the heap of rubbish, and accidentally uncovered the body of a new born child, which had the appearance of having been very recently secreted there. Some of the neighbours remembered having, at a late hour on the preceding evening, seen a man and woman in capotes apparently busied with something which lay on the ground. The child

was allowed to remain on the same spot until the arrival of some officers of justice; and who having come to the number of three, turned over the child with their feet to ascertain if there were any marks of violence.

They then committed their observations to paper, had a hole dug on the spot by a man who accompanied them, and had the body thrown into it: no other kind of burial being permitted to a being, on whom it was not likely that any monk had ever described the emblem of salvation. For it is a firm article of belief among the Roman Catholics, that a child who dies before baptism perishes like a dog, without a soul; and even the most enlightened among these people imagine that the child who thus dies goes into Limbo, a place of their own creation.

As I became acquainted with another circumstance, of a nature similar to that which I have above related, regarding the convenience of capotes, I shall mention it before I am led into any further digressions. A Portuguese gentleman, returning one night to Lisbon from Sacavem, heard, as he was passing near a vineyard, the moans of a female in apparent suffering. He immediately proceeded to the spot, where he found a young and apparently lovely female in labour,

who implored his assistance, which he unhesitatingly afforded to the best of his power. She afterwards conjured him by every thing that was sacred to carry the new born to the Roda in the city. To this he also consented. The darkness of the night, and the care which she had taken to conceal her features in the best way possible, prevented his being able to recognize her positively.

But his curiosity however was so much excited, that he followed her at a convenient distance unperceived, and saw her enter a gentleman's quinta not far off. He concluded therefore that she was the daughter of the house; and he was not mistaken. The interest which she had excited, in him was so intense,—for his nation are not fastidious in these matters,—that for a long time he made that road his favorite ride, in order to enjoy the happiness of seeing her at her window. She had not the most distant idea that he was the person who had rendered her so essential a service; and she therefore concluded that no being was acquainted with the shame to which, as it afterwards appeared, the villainy of her confessor had exposed her.

The gentleman's addresses were therefore favourably received, and she was soon afterwards united to him. About a twelvemonth after their

marriage, she was about to present him with the first pledge of their love; and every anxious preparation was made for the event. But her caprices were so many and so great that they out-ran the tenderest solicitude; and after having in vain endeavoured to satisfy every strange fancy and whim with all the devotion which the most indulgent of husbands could evince, he was at last provoked beyond patience to exclaim that "she had been much less scrupulous when he assisted her in the vineyard." This indiscreet and unlucky sarcasm at so critical a moment had a fatal effect:—it threw her into violent convulsions under which she expired, leaving him long to lament the imprudence and rash irritation of a moment.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME PORTUGUESE CUSTOMS.

ACCOUCHEMENT OF A PORTUGUESE LADY — THE AID OF THE SAINTS SOLICITED—NUMEROUS FAMILIES—DISPOSITION OF PROPERTY — FRATERNAL AFFECTION AND FILIAL PIETY OF THE PORTUGUESE—DAILY HABITS OF GRATEFUL DEVOTION — AS TRINDADES — UNIVERSAL PRAYER AT NOON—AVE MARIAS—BLESSING ON SNEEZING — HABITS OF GALLANTRY AND POLITENESS — VIOLENT GESTICULATIONS—CHARITABLE FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE — BEGGARS — SALUTATIONS TO ACQUAINTANCES AND STRANGERS — FORMS OF ADDRESS ON LETTERS — FONDNESS OF PORTUGUESE WOMEN FOR LAPDOGS AND PARROTS—GROSSNESS OF THE PORTUGUESE IN CONVERSATION.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME PORTUGUESE CUSTOMS.

At the accouchement of Portuguese women, it is usual for the persons who are present to be telling their beads all the time; whilst some of them make promises of various offerings to the different saints, if they will grant a happy delivery to the lady. I was in the house of a friend of mine, a Portuguese field officer, who had married his young niece, by virtue of fifty moidores given to the usurer of the triple crown. His lady was at the moment of my arrival "en couche;" and my friend received me in the drawing room, which communicated with her bed room or alcove by a glass door. He was in great distress of mind, having in vain made every kind of promise to Nossa Senhora to procure a happy moment for his beloved wife.

The situation of this lady was becoming every instant more critical, and the doctor entered the

parlour shaking his head with looks foreboding danger, when an old nurse of the family came forward and said to the colonel, "Wherefore should we despond? Have we not next door to us the convent of S. Francisco de Paula? Is it not well averred that the truss of that saint is of the most precious efficacy in cases like this? Send for it, and I promise you that all will go well."

A Portuguese young gentleman who was with me did not wait to hear the end of this discourse; but set off at the first hint to the convent next door, and in a few moments returned with a friar bringing with him with due solemnity St. Francis's greasy truss, which being laid upon the bed so that the lady could see and touch it, she was soon after safely delivered. Such was the virtue in the truss, or the powers of the imagination operating as in prince Hohenlohe's easy miracles; or such were the operations of nature, which would have been the same if no truss had been procured. This success seemed to excite no sensation of surprise in my friend, or in any one else who was present, it being looked upon as a matter of course.

The Portuguese females are exceedingly prolific; and the number of children in a family is usually as great as in our clergymen's domestic circles. I knew a lady of quality (the viscountess

of R** S* *) who had, for her share, brought into the world no less than thirty-four children in perfect health. In families not noble, the division of property on the death of the parents is equal. But, with the fidalgos, the case is much the same as in our own country, where property is entailed. The eldest son, called the *morgado*, inherits the whole; and all the others are dependent on him. The nature of the Portuguese renders this less hard and more supportable than among us; for no people are so distinguished for fraternal affection as they are. Indeed, they cherish to perfection every feeling connected with consanguinity.

A war of such long duration as the last, and the consequent contact with strangers whose manners and customs are so different, has naturally been productive of considerable change in the Portuguese customs, and perhaps not much to their advantage. But in the old families who adhere pertinaciously to ancient usage, and who are denominated even by themselves "pes de boi," bullock's feet, from their slow movements even towards improvement, when sons or daughters of any age come into a room, however full of company it may be, they walk up in the first place to their father and mother, and kneeling down receive their blessing; after which they hasten to salute the com-

pany, who, far from looking upon them as foolishly old-fashioned, highly approve of this demonstration of filial piety.

The Portuguese observe many little customs, trifling in themselves, but calculated to promote a tendency to devotion, and a continual feeling of gratitude to the Supreme Being. For instance, in the morning early, just as day begins to peep, the bells toll three distinct strokes, which in the convents are a summons to matins; and labourers on their way to their occupations invariably uncover themselves at this signal (called by them "as Trindades"), make the sign of the cross upon their breasts, and then pour forth a brief but earnest prayer. At midday, the same signal is given; and people of all classes in the streets uncover themselves, make the sign of the cross, and pray. The same custom is observed also at sunset, when thanksgivings are offered up for preservation during the day: this latter knell is termed the Ave Marias. However interesting the conversation in which they may have been engaged, it is immediately suspended at this invitation to prayer.

The Portuguese have another custom, the non-observance of which, in other countries, carries almost with it an appearance of neglect and unkindness to a person who has long resided with

the Portuguese :—at least I have sometimes been foolish enough to feel it so. I mean the never-failing salute elicited by a sneeze. If you chance to sneeze in the street, whilst passing several persons deeply engaged in conversation, you will observe them all move their hats to you, accompanying this civility with "Dominus tecum." In a room full of company, if one person sneezes, all the rest make him a profound inclination, and exclaim as above; or else "Viva meu Senhor, or minha senhora;" or not unfrequently to a lady, "Floreçe minha Senhora neste peito." "Prosper fair lady in this breast;" or "Reverdece minha Senhora."

This last is very pretty in Portuguese, but its translation into English is impossible without losing its beauty; and rendered literally it is perhaps any thing but a compliment, as it would imply that the lady is old.—"Grow green again my senhora."

I happened to be one day in the college of nobles, at the time when the studies in mathematics were going on. There were, I suppose, about eighty students present, and the professor happening to sneeze, all these gentlemen rose up and bowed to him with respectful "vivas." If, however, the sneeze immediately follows a pinch of snuff, a difference is made, as no compliment is

then required; and to prevent it, the snuff taker exclaims, after his first sneeze, "Naô faça cazo, he rapé."—"Take no notice of it, it is snuff;" after which he might sneeze his nose off without being saluted.

It is also customary in Portuguese company, if a lady rises for any purpose, that all the gentlemen rise also, and do not resume their seats until she does; this is also observed towards superiors, even in the best societies. In the levée rooms of a minister, whenever a gentleman comes into it, all those who happen to be there already rise and salute him, which he returns, begging them to resume their seats; but when the rank of the person who enters is that of a general officer, it were in vain to expect others to sit down, until he sanctions their doing so by taking a seat himself. Here also if, in the heat of argument, one of the latter personages should in the course of his gesticulations make the movement of rising, the whole company, as if pulled by a string, start up likewise.

These are refinements of politeness unknown in our climate; but to balance their absence we have as proportionate a share of cleanliness and decency, qualities which in some respects are altogether unknown in Lisbon. What would an

English gentleman say if his company indulged themselves in expectorating all over his carpet; yet this is nevertheless the case in Portuguese society, as every soul who has frequented it in Lisbon must have observed with disgust. The floors, as may be imagined, bear testimony of this filthy habit.

The habit of gesticulating is also common to the Portuguese, and the most trivial subjects of conversation are always accompanied with actions of the head, body, and extremities, so that strangers on their landing in Lisbon conclude immediately that they are amongst a very passionate and quarrelsome people. The Portuguese are remarkable likewise for talking exceedingly loud, and all of them at the same time, with an eagerness beyond any thing known in other countries.

Napoleon in his Russian campaign had four or five regiments of Portuguese, who had been forced from their country by the French army. These, with the characteristic courage of Portuguese troops, were always amongst the most effective and bravest of his army; but such was their habit of vociferating loudly, that the place of their bivouac was always to be traced by the sound of their voices at many miles' distance. Of this I have been assured by some of the officers of those

corps, who declared that, from the distance of a league in circumference round the Portuguese camp, they could always find their way to it, were the weather in the least fine, by marching upon the sound of the voices, even when many thousands of soldiers of other nations were bivouacked in the neighbourhood.

The Portuguese are exceedingly charitable in a small way. In the course of the day they give to a number of beggars; the gift seldom exceeding a five reis bit, which is rather less than a half-penny. If, however, they are not inclined to give anything, their manner is exceedingly humane towards the petitioner, and calculated to reconcile him to his disappointment, as they move their hats saying, "Deos o favorece irmaôzinho." "God favour you my brother," upon which the beggar replies, "Seja pelo amor de Deos." "Be it for the love of God," and continues his way.

These beggars are sometimes insolent as well as in other countries, and ungrateful also. I remember giving a trifle to one of those who are always seen at a particular corner of the street, exhibiting some wound, sore, or deformity, and making a most lamentable appeal to the compassion of passengers. On receiving my donation he put on a very thankful look, saying, "Nossa Senhora o pagara," "Our Lady will repay you;" but

I had hardly gone two steps, when winking to his neighbour he added "not I."

In Portugal people invariably salute each other if they meet beyond the limits of the city, however unacquainted they may happen to be; and foreigners are easily recognized in the country by their non-observance of this civil custom, the omission of which is regarded as a proof of ill breeding. Ladies sitting at the windows of their quintas in the country are invariably saluted by every one who happens to pass. The peasants always accompany this civility by the benediction "Guarde Deos a vossa mercé." "God preserve you, or have you in his holy keeping."

This last phrase is also the termination of all official letters, the last word varying according to the rank of the person who is addressed; and the addition of "muitos annos" (many years) is very frequently made. The superscriptions of letters are also very much in this style; for instance, a son writing to his father, who may be a magistrate in a country town, would direct his letter thus:

AO
Illustrissimo Senhor Manoel Maria Fulano de tal
muito meo Senhor e Pai
dignissimo Juiz de Fora da villa de Borba
a quem D^{s}. Gde muitos annos
deste seu obed^{le}. filho em BORBA
subd^{to}. e venerador
Jose Maria das Bolas.

There is a set style for the beginning of a letter which is seldom or ever departed from, excepting it be in an official one. It runs thus

Ill^mo Sen^r Manoel de Souza
meo am^o. e sen^r.

Estimarei q' esta achara a V.S^a. desfrutando huâ perfeita saude em companhia da Ill^ma S^ra. D. Fufia muito m^a. S^ra. a cujas plantas obedeço. &c.

The literal translation of which is as follows

Most Ill^s Sen^r. M^l. de S.
my friend and Sen^r.

I hope that this may find your Senhoria in the enjoyment of perfect health in the company of the most Ill^s. S^ra. Donna Fufia, very much my S^ra., to whose *feet* * I protest obedience. &c.

In speaking of a deceased father, a Portuguese will always move his hat and add in a parenthesis "Que Deos haja" whom God keep. In speaking of the king, a similar mark of respect is shewn thus "**** Sua Magestade (a quem Deos guarde)". "**** His majesty (whom God preserve)" and the head is at the same time uncovered. If a Portuguese is under punishment, or in any way so circumstanced as to be compelled to make an earnest supplication, he always says, "Seja

* *(Plantas, pedestals.)*

pelas almas de seu paī e de sua mai, seja pelas cinco chagas de Christo, Senhor nosso" "Be it for the soul's sake of your father and mother, be it for the five wounds of Christ our Lord."

When the Portuguese meet in the street a person of their acquaintance whom they have not seen for some time, they invariably throw their arms round him and lift him off the ground, declaring how rejoiced they are to see him, and protesting that he has grown fat, although he be as lean as a lizard.

Portuguese females of all ranks have a decided partiality for lapdogs, monkeys, and parrots; of the latter of which great numbers are brought from the coasts of Africa and America by their traders, and their education is usually begun by the sailors during the passage. Some teach them improper language; but the most common words, and those which are heard repeated by every parrot, are "Papagaio real, para Portugal, quem passa? he el rei q' vai a caça" followed by a screech: the signification, if it has any, being "Royal parrot, for Portugal, who passes? 'tis the king who's going a hunting." In this nonsense there assuredly appears nothing either droll or witty.

The Portuguese are not very delicate in their

mode of describing any indisposition with which they may have been troubled. I recollect hearing a fat gentleman, in a room full of the best company, excuse himself to the mistress of the house for not having been able to come sooner to pay his respects, as he had been for many weeks much troubled with hemohrroids. I thought I should have dropped off my chair with inclination to laugh; but perceiving that no such effect was visible on the rest of the company, I composed myself to hear the lady's answer which was to enquire "whether they were internal or external"—and this with a naiveté which was quite amusing.

CHAPTER XII.

PORTUGUESE AMUSEMENTS.

GAMBLING—MUSIC—MODINHAS—WALTZES—LANDUMS—THE GUITAR—CHARACTER OF THE MODINHA—EXAMPLE OF ONE FROM THE FAMOUS COMPOSER VIDIGAL—ECCENTRICITY AND VIOLENCE OF VIDIGAL—BONTEMPO, THE PORTUGUESE MOZART—CHARACTER OF HIS PIECES—DANCING—THE ENGLISH COUNTRY-DANCE—QUADRILLES—MINUETS—GAME OF FORFEITS—ENIGMAS—THE CARNIVAL—ITS DULNESS—CARNIVAL FROLICS OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES—BRUTAL AND UNMEANING JESTS OF THE RABBLE—WASTE OF ORANGES—ASH-WEDNESDAY—GLOOM AND FANATICISM—BULL FIGHTS—ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE ONE—THE CHAMPION A NEGRO—HIS DEXTERITY AND COURAGE—HIS UNFORTUNATE FATE—ABSURD COMBAT BETWEEN A CORNISH TAILOR AND A BULL—BURRICADOS OR DONKEY-PARTIES.

CHAPTER XII.

PORTUGUESE AMUSEMENTS.

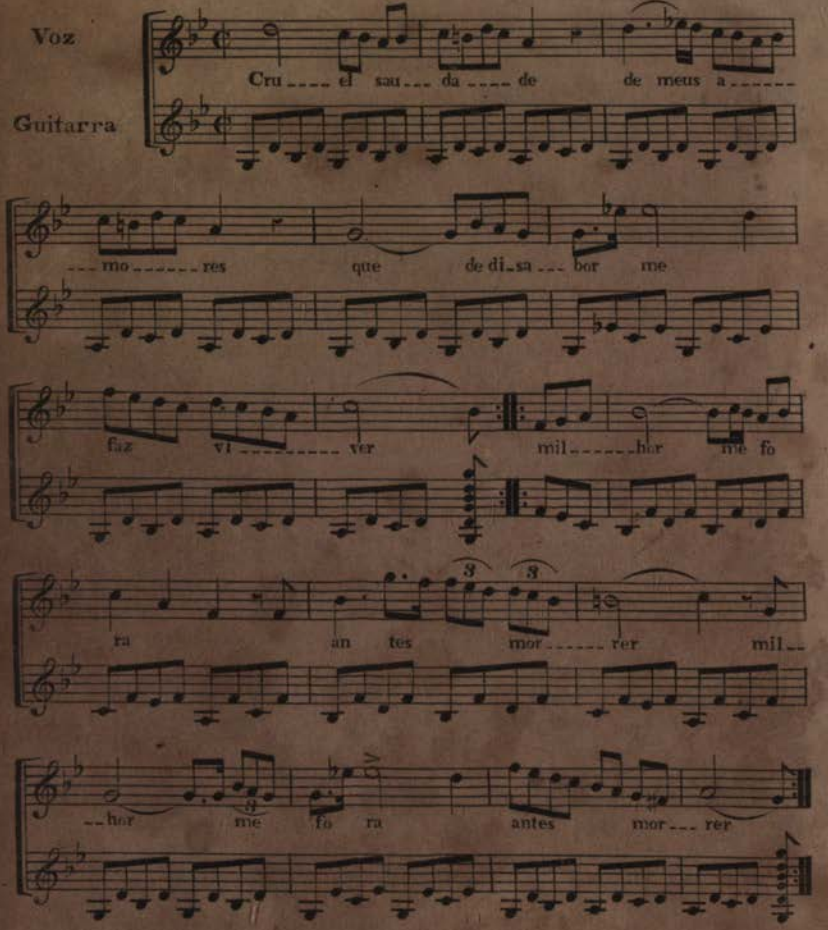
In the evening societies of the fidalgos, the chief amusement is gambling, which they carry to the highest pitch. Their games are principally Rondo and Loto, both of which are so well known that I shall merely say of them that they are played to excess amongst the fidalgos and those rich citizens, whose purse is their passport into circles where they are otherwise despised as commoners. In the soireés of the genteel classes, music and dancing are the usual amusements. The former is chiefly vocal, accompanied by the guitar, or else the piano, the harp not being much in use.

The airs sung are Italian or Portuguese; but they would do best to confine themselves to their modinhas, which are really beautiful and national,

rather than attempt to sing in a language which, with their pronunciation, becomes the most disgusting of all sounds. Nothing can be more offensive to the ear than the Portuguese pronunciation of any other tongue than their own. Even the Spanish, which in point of fact has so great a resemblance with theirs, when spoken by them loses all its majesty. There are Spanish words which no Portuguese could ever articulate rightly: the word "muchacha," a girl, for instance, they cannot pronounce otherwise than mushasha:—a downright treason towards a language, which Charles V. used to say was fit to be spoken to the gods.

The music which the Portuguese play, on their wire strung guitar, consists principally of waltzes, landums, and the accompaniments of their modinhas. The waltzes are chiefly of their own composition, and are generally very pretty, and strongly tinged with the national languishing expression. The landums are more particularly Portuguese than any other music. Their guitar seems made for this sort of music. To be well played it is necessary that there should be two instruments, one of which plays merely the motivo or theme, which is a beautiful and simple species of arpeggio

VEDEGAL'S modinha
of
"Cruel saudade"


Voz
Guitarra
Cru el sau da de de meus a
mo res que de di sa bor me
faz vi ver mil hor me fo
ra an tes mor rer mil
hor me fo ra antes mor rer

2
Subo aos montes
Desço aos vales
La me persegue
La me vai ter
Milhor me fora
Antes morrer } Bis

3
Mesmo dormindo
Por entre sonhos
Casos medonhos
Me vem trazer
Milhor me fora
Antes morrer } Bis

4
Tenho perdido
A doce esperança
De ver mudança
No' meu pad'ecer
Milhor me fora
Antes morrer } Bis

whilst the other improvisoes the most delightful airs upon it. In these, full scope is given to the most musical and richest imagination possible, and they are occasionally accompanied by the voice; in which case it is usual for the words also to be improvisoed.

This kind of music is always of an amorous, melancholy nature; to such a degree indeed, that I have seen it draw tears on many occasions from those hearers, whose hearts were at all tender, or who found in the words of the musician something analogous with their own situation. It is customary that, in an improvisoed modinha, strictly speaking, the words as well as the music should begin with a motivo, to which all the rest shall have reference. To give a better idea of my meaning, I have given a modinha of the famous Vidigal on the opposite page.

There was a time when this man could have made a considerable fortune, so great was his talent, and so much was he sought after by the best company; but unfortunately, although an excellent natural bard, his talents were confined to music exclusively, and, as if to balance his extraordinary share of this gift, he was totally destitute of that most necessary of all

qualities, common sense. To whatever company he might be asked, professionally, if the most profound silence did not prevail in the room, if any one even breathed too loudly, his harmony would become discord; and rising in a violent passion, he would quit the company, after calling them all brutes.

On one occasion, a lady who was troubled with a severe cough, and who to enjoy the pleasure of listening to his improvisoes, had been suppressing it even to her great pain, at length burst forth, when Sen^r. Vidigal, although he must have been aware of the cause, rose in a passion, and beating the guitar to atoms on the back of his chair, left the room, muttering maledictions on her interruption. Such singular behaviour naturally led to his exclusion from good company; and he was at length obliged to live by getting up concerts occasionally, which were usually very well attended.

The Portuguese piano music is chiefly that of Bontempo, the Mozart of Portugal. Although many opinions are entertained as to his compositions, his powers of execution are indisputably very great. Marcos Antonio Portugallo has composed some very fine pieces, amongst which

his sinfonias of Il ritorno di Xerxe and Il morte de Mithridate stand very high, and, when well played by a good orchestra, have a very fine effect.

In many societies, particularly in the provinces, the English country dances are still in use; although as in our own country, they are gradually discarded to make room for the more elegant and less fatiguing quadrille. Minuets are still much in use, particularly with antiquated belles and beaux, who are always anxious to shew how much more graceful were the solemn paces of their time, than the livelier motions of our days. The gavotte generally follows the minuet. In the frontier towns most of the young people learn of their Spanish neighbours the bolero, but they have as downright an incompatibility for performing it properly, as they have for speaking Spanish. The Portuguese in fact, to appear to advantage, must confine themselves to their own language, music, dances, and peculiar manners.

The game of forfeits is very common in societies of young persons (the parents being present) and this is usually preceded by solutions of enigmas &c. One of these I thought so naïf that I cannot help recording it. It was this, "Branco he, ga-

linha o poem"—anglice "White it is, the hen lays it," and this puzzled exceedingly a young gentleman (of no great vivacity to be sure) to whom it was proposed and who solved it at last by "a pair of white pantaloons."

The time of year when amusements are most frequent is that of the Intrudo or Carnival, which lasts for about a fortnight before the commencement of Lent. In the higher classes of society there is, on these occasions, much gaiety, dancing, and playing at round games; but with the exception of a few masks who chance to appear in the course of the soireé, nothing particular distinguishes it as a season of carnival. These masks are more calculated to create gloom than to excite gaiety; for they stalk awkwardly into the room without even an attempt, however wretched, to support the character which they have assumed; and if any children be present they are sure to get pulled to pieces; for children it must be observed, instead of being sent early and wholesomely to bed as in England, are on the contrary initiated into company at the most tender age, are taught to punt at bank, to play at rondo, to enter into every conversation, and to do in every respect as full grown people. The consequence is that both girls and

boys have the most *wizen* and worn out, pale, meagre, vigil-like aspects imaginable.

In the middling classes, the frolics of the carnival consist in throwing hair powder and water in each others' faces, and over their clothes; and pelting the passengers in the streets, with oranges, lemons, eggs, and many other missiles, besides throwing buckets of water on them. Ladies are not unfrequently seen hiding behind a balcony or window shutter with a huge syringe in their hands, watching the approach of a gentleman, who may be coming along the street, in order to squirt its contents into his eyes. Many, instead of using the latter projectile, provide themselves with small bottles made of India rubber, having an ivory pipe at the end, which, when the bottle is squeezed, projects the water contained in it, to a great distance.

Amongst the rabble there is no low beastly contrivance left untried in order to vex and plague each other; and this is what they consider as admirable sport. A blackguard boy will be seen with a long hollow cane in his hand, filled with hair powder, walking behind some poor peasant woman with a basket of fruit on her head, then tapping her on the shoulder with one end of the cane to make her look round, and applying his

mouth to the other, he blows its contents into her face and eyes, giving her a most sepulchral look which excites the merriment of every one but herself. Other fellows have a stuffed glove smeared over with grease and chimney black, at the end of a long stick, with which they tickle the ears of passengers who, if they happen to look round, receive from it a slap in the face.

A circumstance which happens to almost every person who dares to walk the streets on the three last days of the intrudo, is having a long cut paper tail hooked on to his dress behind, which is no sooner done than a cry of "rabo leve"—"he has a tail" is set up on all sides and will follow him every where, until he becomes aware of the cause of it.

Another common trick is to cut out of a piece of old hat the figure of an ass with very long ears, which being rubbed over with whiting and slapped upon a man's back, leaves a good and distinct asinine impression, and never fails to excite a hearty laugh at the expense of the bearer.

At S. Ubes, properly called Setubal, the quantity of oranges scattered about the streets on these occasions by being thrown at people, would suffice at least, I am convinced, to load five or six vessels of two hundred tons burthen. None but eye-

witnesses of the fact can form an idea of the waste of this delicious fruit in the brutal manner abovementioned. In all the towns of the Alemtejo the same custom is observed; and the whole of Portugal I may safely say, presents during those three days a scene revolting and disgusting to any civilized being.

On Ash Wednesday, a sudden transition takes place from excessive licence, to fanaticism as excessive and sombre. People with black dresses and penitent downcast looks, are seen prowling about from one church to another amidst the fragments of the eve's debauch, with heaps of which the streets are covered, thus exhibiting a scene of mingled folly and bigotry. But before I digress from the subject of Portuguese amusements, I must speak of one which formerly stood very prominent, and which, although in a measure disused during the war, has been of late revived since the return of his majesty from Rio de Janeiro:—I mean the Toiros or bull fights. These generally took place at the celebration of the feast of some saint in the vicinity of Lisbon. Nossa Senhora do Barreiro, on the side of the Tagus immediately opposite the city, is always honored with a spectacle of this nature on the day of her anniversary.

Two or three days beforehand, a number of

persons cross the Tagus to get the best accommodations which the village can afford, and to survey the building of the circus and other preparatory arrangements. The bull fights at this place used formerly to be very well attended, as the royal princes almost always honored them with their presence; and some have even been known to enter the lists against the bulls. Much dexterity and a fair proportion of courage were necessary qualifications for a bull-fighter of the olden time; but now a days the chief merit seems to consist in tormenting the poor animal, and giving him as little chance as possible of being able to retaliate. Their manner of plaguing him consists in throwing darts at him; and these being stuck in his flesh and provided with a store of squibs and crackers, ignited by means of a fusee which is set fire to previous to throwing the dart, the poor beast is so tortured that he is incapable of following up his enemies methodically, so that they are more easily enabled to avoid him.

A bull fight took place at the feast of N. S. de Barreiro in 1792, the denouement of which made it a subject of conversation for some time. A negro having, for the first time in his life, witnessed one a few days before, undertook to tire out the most ferocious bull previous to killing him: the

man moreover engaging during the whole combat that his sole weapon should be a poignard, to be used only at the conclusion of the fight. The proposal was universally derided; and the challenger was only allowed to try his skill, from the pleasure which the spectators promised themselves at the sight of a negro mauled to death in single combat with an enfuriated bull.

On the day appointed, the black man entered the arena, and bowed to the spectators, who returned his salute with hisses and execrations. The bull was then turned in, and the negro attracted his attention by clapping his hands and bellowing in imitation of him. Nothing farther was necessary to put the animal into a fury, and occasion him to make several charges at the negro, which were dextrously avoided, and therefore only served to augment his rage. After thus amusing the spectators for a short time, the black prepared for more serious business, and receiving the bull's charge full on his chest, twisting his arms at the same time round the horns, he turned head over heels, and in the twinkling of an eye was seated on the back of the animal, who gallopped and plunged in the most desperate manner. The public feeling, which at first had been so much against the negro, now changed suddenly in his favor;

and cries of "viva o negro" rent the air on all sides.

The bull at length becoming tired as the negro had promised, many voices were heard to cry "basta," at which he drew his poignard, and at one blow felled his antagonist to the ground and leaped off his back. Then did the Portuguese nobility, with the generosity and profusion which distinguished them *at that time*, shower money down into the arena to recompense the valour of the negro, few being observed to throw in less than a single gold piece, and many whole handfulls.

The negro remained looking at the bull, and appeared unconscious of what was passing around him. He had one hand resting on one of the horns of his fallen antagonist, when the latter, whom every one had thought dead, made a sudden and last spring, which, as it announced his own end, caused also that of the gallant negro, whose very heart was pierced through by the horn which he had just been contemplating as harmless and deprived of its power of doing mischief.

A Cornish tailor who happened to be present, fired with the glory gained by the negro, and fearless of his melancholy end, offered to treat the natives on the next day with a spectacle of a nature entirely novel. He proposed vanquishing the

bull in a manner until then unheard of, and was therefore indulged in his wish to exhibit. He entered the arena provided with a couple of plaisters of some glutinous stuff, of about a foot in diameter, and being informed that the bull was about to appear, he laid himself down on his back immediately opposite the entrance, drawing his knees up to his chin; he placed the plaisters one on each foot, with the glutinous side outwards.

In this atttiude he proposed awaiting the approach of the enemy, concluding that the latter would of course make directly at him, and that he would then be enabled to execute his project of applying the two plaisters with his feet to the bull's eyes, who, deprived of their use, would fall an easy victim to *snippish* ingenuity. It would be impossible to describe the roaring, laughing, and the cracking of jokes, which shook the whole building while this son of the scissors was "en garde" awaiting his antagonist, who at last made his appearance, and seeing so unusual a sight as that which was presented to him, seemed undecided for some moments what line of conduct to pursue. At last walking deliberately up to the tailor, he absolutely seemed to have guessed his trade, and some assert that he laughed as heartily as any of the spectators; but at length annoyed at

the audacity of the hero (who by the bye knew not now which way to turn, as the bull did not stand in front of him) he tumbled him over with his snout, and kept turning him over and over, till, being near the spikes of the arena, he pitched him in amongst the spectators. A failure such as this would have entailed great inconvenience upon the individual, had it not been productive of so much amusement; and snip got well off with a few black bumps about his body and the loss of his plaisters.

Burricados, or donkey rides, are favorite diversions with all classes of Portuguese at Lisbon, although I never could find out that they were productive of any real amusement. A party being made up, it is agreed that the ride shall either be on this or on that side of the river. In either case some provide a part of the eatables, whilst others undertake to defray the expences of sallad, bread, and wine, the latter articles being always more conveniently procured at the places proposed to be visited, than transported to them in so warm a climate. Orders are then sent to the burroman to prepare a number of these beasts, and to have them ready at such a house at a certain hour, those intended for ladies, to be provided with a cadeirinha (chair) strapped on over the

albarde or pack-saddle. The latter are usually covered with either scarlet or green cloth, and, if sat upon sideways, are a very comfortable seat, but astride they are far from being so, owing to their great breadth across, and the consequent distention of the rider's legs. Every burro proprietor has some little ragged boys, whom he employs to accompany and never lose sight of his animals.

The gentlemen of these parties generally endeavour to create a laugh at each other's expence in order to amuse the ladies; this they do by tickling the donkeys under the tail, and making them plunge and throw their riders. When parties of burrinhos are made up for this side of the river, they seldom go beyond Lumiar or Loures. The former is the usual haunt, as the beautiful gardens (quinta) of the marquis of Angeja are situated there, and permission is freely granted by that nobleman to the public to amuse themselves on his grounds. This it must be confessed to his credit, is carried to an extent somewhat different from the selfish argus-like vigilance which even scares away the *looks*, as much as the footsteps, of indiscreet intruders on private grounds in our land of liberty.

CHAPTER XIII.

PORTUGUESE FUNERALS.

PROCESSION OF THE HOST TO A DYING PERSON — JOINED BY ALL PASSENGERS—INTRUSION OF THE RABBLE INTO THE CHAMBER OF THE DYING—BENEFICENT RESULTS EXPECTED FROM THIS—BODIES LAID IN STATE — CEREMONY OF INTERMENT — FUNERAL SERVICE — CHAUNT OF THE DE PROFUNDIS—ITS IMPRESSIVE CHARACTER — INTERMENT OF THE POORER CLASSES — REVOLTING USAGE — PERNICIOUS CUSTOM OF BURYING IN CHURCHES IN SO HOT A CLIMATE — FUNERAL INVITATION—BODIES OF THE POOR EXPOSED TO COLLECT ALMS FOR THEIR FUNERAL EXPENCES — CUPIDITY OF THE PRIESTS — OFFICE OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE MISERICORDIA—CONTEMPT OF THE PORTUGUESE RABBLE FOR BURIAL BY CHARITY.

CHAPTER XIII.

PORTUGUESE FUNERALS.

When any one in Portugal is so ill that his life is considered in danger, notice is sent to the curate of the parish, who repairs immediately to the sick person with the holy sacrament which the Portuguese call Nosso Pai (our Father) owing to their conviction of the real presence of God in the consecrated wafer. Notice being likewise given to the sexton or sacristan, he rings one of the church bells in a particular manner, which being heard all over the parish, those of the brotherhood who can possibly quit their occupations, repair forthwith to the vestry room to meet the curate.

Here the latter puts on his robes of white damask, embroidered with gold, or else ornamented with gold lace and fringe, and takes in his hand the holy chalice containing a consecrated wafer; over which is thrown a silk napkin having on it a cross of gold and bound round with gold fringe.

The men of the brotherhood put on their red cloaks; and each provides himself with that which it falls to his lot to carry.

A bellman marches in front, ringing occasionally to announce the approach of the sacrament. At the head of the procession is a silver-cross bearer, supported on either side by lanthorn bearers; behind these comes the cushion and book bearer; then some of the brotherhood, carrying long wax tapers, and sometimes lanthorns, when the wind is high; next is the priest's assistant in a black gown and white lace, and a sleeveless spencer, carrying the censer, which he continues swinging backwards and forwards to prevent the coals from going out; and last of all comes the priest himself, sheltered under a canopy of white damask and gold fringe, which is borne at the end of poles by six or eight of the Irmandade in red cloaks.

As it is a mark of devotion to accompany Nosso Pai in these visitations, numbers of persons follow the procession, vociferating Aves Marias to a very agreeable tune. At the appearance of the sacrament, all carriages and horses stop; their riders dismount and kneel as the procession passes them; and excepting the noise made by the hymn-chaunting followers, a dead silence reigns throughout the street. The inhabitants of ground floors

come out of their doors, and kneel in the street; whilst the inmates of the upper stories prostrate themselves in the windows and balconies. When the sacrament goes out at night, all the inhabitants who happen to have a light in the house illuminate their windows as a mark of devotion.

When the procession arrives at the sick person's door, the canopy and lanthorns are rested against the wall, and every one goes into the room, not excepting even the rabble who, more out of curiosity than devotion, have followed the host. For such is their incontestible right; and thus are the sufferings of the dying exposed to the gaze of an uncompassionating mob. It is true that the Portuguese see this in a very different point of view from that which we take, when we attach ideas of decency to dying peaceably and quietly. They deduce very advantageous consequences from a numerous collection of persons round the sick bed; as they conclude that, however scanty the prayers of each may be, every little aids; and no one is therefore excluded.

The holy wafer being administered and in cases beyond recovery the santos olios (holy oils) being applied, the patient has then a right to finish his career without further molestation. During the whole of the time that the host is out on these

errands, the bells of the church from which it issued continue ringing until its return.

Portuguese funerals are differently conducted according to the wealth of the family of the deceased, or to the sum which they may be disposed to disburse for the interment. As soon as the breath is out of the body, if it be that of a military man, he is invariably dressed in full uniform, with sword, sash, and every trapping complete; if a civilian, he is dressed in the habit and cowl of some order of monks, with a discipline round the waist, and (sometimes) a rosary in his clasped hands, or else a little cross. If a lady, she is not unfrequently dressed in a nun's habit, or else in a white habit like a shroud, every where adorned with artificial flowers, tinsel, ribbands, gauze, and spangles.

The body thus equipped is laid out in state in a room hung round with black cloth, covered with representations of sculls, thigh bones, and tears. At the head and feet are placed church candlesticks with wax candles in them; and near the body is a little silver or pewter bowl containing holy water, which visitors sprinkle with the sign of the cross on the body by means of a little brush which is lying in the bowl for the purpose. After shewing this mark of respect, the visitors proceed

to the room where the family, seated in tearful sorrow, receive their visit of condolence. All this time the rabble of the neighbourhood are going up and down the stairs to see the body, it being customary not to prevent their doing so.

At the hour of the night appointed for the funeral, the community of monks, bespoken for the occasion, are heard as they come along the street chaunting mournfully. Each monk bears a lighted taper; and nothing can be more dismal and melancholy than the sensations which their appearance creates. They continue to mutter their cantuxaõ (funeral dirge) as they ascend the staircase; and the sound of their feet and voice announces to the afflicted relatives of the deceased that his remains are about to quit them for ever. An overwhelming gush of sorrow ensues, in which the assistants are often more inclined to join than to offer consolations that would be even impertinent at such a moment. The body is then placed in a gay coloured coffin, ornamented with angels' heads and other devices, together with innumerable white or yellow headed nails.

The Portuguese coffin is not of the same shape as ours, nor adapted to the human form by being made smaller at the head and feet than at the shoulders: it is of equal breadth in all its length,

and is provided with a lock and key, besides being lined on the inside with some gay coloured silk. It is left open on its way from the house to the church, so that people from their windows have a full view of it by the help of the torches: the monks recite some Latin prayers all the way.

Before the arrival of the body in the church, there has been previously prepared in the middle of the aisle a sort of stand covered over with a costly pall, on which the coffin is placed with huge candlesticks arranged symmetrically around it. The monks place themselves in two lines one on each side of the coffin; and the officiating priest in his most costly garments (if paid proportionably) is stationed at the feet or head of the body, according as the different parts of the service may require, with one or two censer bearers. In one part of the service he takes holy water, which is handed to him in a little silver machine with holes in it, and sprinkles it crucially as he walks round the body, bending the knee whenever he passes in front of any altar. He also takes the incense and goes through the ceremony of purifying the body with it on all sides; after which he prays, and the monks chaunt the responses.

Nothing can be more impressive than the De Profundis, chaunted by a numerous community of

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monks: their full and deep toned voices mingling with the prolonged and swelling notes of the organ, and the whole solemn cadence pealing along the vaulted roof and long drawn aisle. The concentrated blaze of light falling on the peculiar figures of the monks, and the mournful pomp of the assemblage, the place, the occasion, the ceremony, all conspire to overpower the mind with awe stricken and saddened feelings. The service being ended, the priests and monks disperse and disappear; none then remain but the friends of the deceased, who have been invited to the interment, and who during the service have each held a lighted wax torch. These mourners generally remain to witness the "earthing up" of the grave; after having given their torches to the sacristan who extinguishes them.

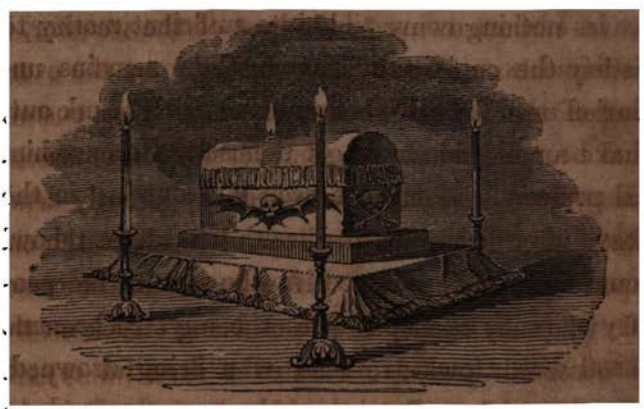
A large flag-stone under which hundreds have been buried is lifted up, and some preceding tenant is dislodged to make room for a fresh one. The old bones are removed to the bone-house. The coffin is laid along side of the grave; the sexton fills it with quick lime; and then shutting it, he gives the key to the nearest relation present, or to such of the friends of the family as may have been named to receive it.

Such is the mode of interment of persons of gentility not noble:—the only difference, in the funerals of very rich or noble persons, consists in the body being conveyed in a carriage to the church, and being escorted by many torches, besides having a greater train of monks to chaunt the De Profundis. The burial of the poor is, as may be imagined, attended with none of the above pomp: they are thrown without coffin into a grave, when a basket full of lime is cast over them; and then to accelerate their decomposition or consumption, the sexton—such is the revolting custom—maules them with a pick axe.

In Lisbon, owing to the heat of the weather, it is found necessary to inter the dead on the evening of the day on which they die. This custom has been attended with some fearful consequences, as persons who have only been apparently dead, have often been buried alive. I recollect the circumstance of an infant being buried in the cemetry of N. S. da Lapa, who on being struck on the head with a pick-axe emitted a dreadful cry; it was however too late, this blow having terminated its sufferings. A few churches have, after the manner of N. S. da Lapa's, a covered cemetry adjoining the church, thus obviating the necessity of

continually adding to the putrid miasma, with which the churches are generally filled. The greatest number of them however have no such convenience; and the general feeling amongst the Portuguese is against it. They prefer the idea of being buried in the body of the church; and to attain this object for their own remains, are willing to endure a pestilential odour all their lives.

The invitations to the funeral are of course sent round as expeditiously as possible, immediately on the person's death: they are usually of the following tenor.



"Dou Parte a V.——q' foi Deos servido levar da "vida presente O Ill^mo. Sen^r. Fulano de tal meo ma- "rido e Sen^r. q' devendo ser sepultado hoje 18 do "Corrente pelas 8 horas da noite; rogo a VS^e queira

"honrar de sua presença estes Obsequios, na Fré-
"guezia dos Martyres au Loretto.

"A O Ill^mo. Sen^r. Joaquim Jose
&c. &c. &c. ——— (Signature.)

"I beg leave to inform your Senhoria that God "has been pleased to take from the present life (my "husband, father, or brother) whose remains will "be interred in the church of—— parish of—— "at—— o'clock at night. I therefore request that "you will honor these obsequies with your pre-"sence. God preserve your Senhoria."—Date, &c.

When an individual dies of sheer poverty, and leaves nothing convertible into sufficient money to satisfy the cupidity of his priest, he remains unburied until the neighbours, being fairly stunk out, make a collection amongst themselves to have him taken away. Many are seen laid out just in the state in which they died, with an earthen bowl upon their bodies, to receive the alms of the people who may chance to pass the way. The same is observed towards those, who being drowned, happen to float on shore: they are dragged to the nearest church door, close to which there is generally a large stone slab of six feet by three, having at its head a cross also of stone inlaid in the wall. On this slab the bodies remain, until

the money thrown into the cup be sufficient to pay the priest.

At the door of every church or chapel, and in many other places about each parish, are fixed alms-boxes; and it is usually understood that the money collected in them shall not only be applied for the saying of masses for the souls of the deceased, but also for relief in cases of real and extreme distress. It is, however, I very much fear, like all other monies which happen to fall into the clutches of the Romish priests, applied to their own private ends.

I recollect a poor fellow who was a serjeant of infantry during the campaigns, but who being over anxious to get his discharge from the service, and thinking to do better as a civilian, at length obtained it; and then, like many others, was soon at a loss for employment, and plunged into the deepest distress. He had moreover a wife, sister, and mother, to support. Under these trying circumstances, one of his old officers made shift to find him employment as his amanuensis; but the army being much in arrears, and the serjeant being persuaded that his officer was but ill able to continue such assistance, he absented himself under some pretext for several days.

The officer sent at last his servant to enquire

after him, when he was found lying in the middle of a room totally destitute of furniture, and nearly exhausted from sheer want, and his wife, mother, and sister, in situations very similar, weeping over him. Assistance was immediately given; but the servant, thinking very properly that the curate of the parish might and ought to contribute in some degree to relieve these persons, addressed him on the subject. The Levite answered that it was no business of his. Notwithstanding every effort to recover the serjeant, he died of inanition. A second application was sent to the curate for the purpose of getting him buried. This the priest refused to do, until he received the money beforehand from the above mentioned officer, as payment for his trouble.

Among the poorer orders of the people, nothing is so much dreaded as the circumstance of being buried by the misericordia. This happens when the family are only able to muster up sufficient money to pay the priest, who, instead of accompanying the body, goes directly to the cemetry and awaits its arrival; and then contents himself with mumbling a few words over it as it is thrown in, without a coffin, and often in the same dress in which it died. As the misericordia men pass through the streets with the bier on their shoul-

ders, covered over with a piece of coarse black cloth, the lower orders of the people hoot and cry after it "miao, miao gatos pingados," the meaning of which it would be difficult to render in English; it will however suffice to know that the imitation of the voice of a cat implies contempt of the mode of burial; although in nine cases out of ten it is precisely that which awaits the criers themselves.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PORTUGUESE ARMY, &c.

A PORTUGUESE SOLDIER UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH —HUMANE TREATMENT OF THE CONDEMNED—ITS ABUSE BY THE FRIARS—CEREMONIAL OF EXECUTIONS—SCENE OF THE KIND SKETCHED ON THE GROUND — PORTUGUESE MILITIA—SOLDIERLIKE APPEARANCE OF THESE CORPS—MILITARY PUNISHMENTS — THE PRANXADA, OR BLOWS WITH THE FLAT OF THE SABRE—MILITARY SURGEONS—THEIR FORMER DEGRADATION — LOW STATE OF THE SURGICAL AND MEDICAL ARTS IN PORTUGAL—LAWS REGULATING THE PROFESSION—INSTANCE OF CHIRURGICAL IGNORANCE — EXCELLENT CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PORTUGUESE SOLDIER — RARENESS OF CRIME —VIGOUR OF THE MILITARY POWER IN AID OF THE CIVIL —INERTNESS OF THE CIVIL POWER—AGGRAVATED BY THE RELUCTANCE OF THE PEOPLE TO GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST CRIMINALS—ABSURD LAW OF THE LATE QUEEN FORBIDDING THE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT OF WOMEN— FLAGRANT INSTANCE OF ITS PERNICIOUS EFFECTS—CORRUPT ADMINISTRATION OF THE LAWS—EXAMPLES OF THIS—RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD IN PORTUGAL—THE MOST ANCIENT, THAT OF AVIZ —ORDER OF S. JAGO DA ESPADA—ITS DEBASEMENT—IN-

STANCE OF THIS—ORDER OF CHRIST—ALL THESE ORDERS EXCLUSIVELY FOR CATHOLICS — INSTITUTION OF THE ORDER OF THE TOWER AND SWORD FOR PROTESTANTS— ANCIENT ORDER OF AZA—EAGERNESS OF THE PORTUGUESE FOR CHIVALRIC DECORATIONS — THEIR ABUSE — DEGRADED STATE OF THE PORTUGUESE ARMY BEFORE THE REFORMS INTRODUCED BY BRITISH INFLUENCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PORTUGUESE ARMY, &c.

When a Portuguese soldier is to suffer death by the sentence of a court-martial, he is, immediately after the confirmation of that sentence, conducted to the nearest oratorio or chapel, for the purpose of there passing three days in the company of a friar, whose duty it is to shrive him of his sins, and "smooth his path from earth to heaven." He is however permitted during this period to glut himself, if such be his taste, with the choicest viands; and with these the captain of his company is in duty bound to supply him.

A custom so much in contradiction with the object proposed by seclusion in a place intended for meditation, must have originated in the gluttony of the priest; and it is usually at his suggestion that the unhappy culprit makes requisitions in which his own appetite has no share. The truth of this is evident from the emaciated state in

which the prisoners are invariably found when brought out for execution, and from the contrast there offered between their attenuated forms, and the bloated rotundity of their fanatical and ignorant consolers.

At the expiration of the time thus allotted to the criminal for religious preparation, the troops (if in a fortified town) are usually paraded in the ditch; and at the hour appointed by the governor, the brotherhood of the misericordia, accompanied by a certain number of friars, proceed to the prison door to receive the culprit. The procession then moves forward to the ditch in the following order. A detachment of the troops on duty; the banner of mercy with its usual supporters; a crowd of friars, canons or quartanarios da seé; the bier used for the interment of the poor; and then a large crucifix turned backwards and consequently facing the sufferer (padeçente) who follows it closely, gazing upon it and imploring its mercy, holding also a small crucifix in his joined hands, and supported by his ghostly comforter or perhaps by two priests. The rear is closed by another detachment of troops, who are followed by all the rabble chaunting an inharmonious "misérére."

The accompanying plate, which was sketched

on the ground, represents the execution of a deserter from the artillery, in the ditch of Elvas; and the disposition of the different groups being copied with the greatest attention to truth, the reader will thus see sufficiently what happens after the arrival of the procession in the ditch. The ordinary on this occasion was a decent looking young man (a rare occurrence) who performed his part in a manner highly creditable to his feelings and calculated to spare the sufferer many moments of suspense. For he very adroitly gave the signal, evidently before it was expected, and thus abbreviated the poor fellow's agony.

The troops, which are seen drawn up parallel with the works, are the militia of Alcaçer do sal, who were doing garrison duty at Elvas; and the firing party was likewise furnished by the same corps. They were a very fine body of men, particularly their first grenadier company, and of an appearance highly military, notwithstanding the circumstance of their being incompletely clothed at that time, as may be seen by the squad ordered for the firing duty, every man of whom was sketched as correctly as possible during the exhortations &c. of the priest.

When the execution was over, the priestly part of the procession marched off, chaunting the De

Profundis; whilst the body was allowed to lie in the posture in which it fell until the whole of the troops had marched past it in open order and in slow time, to enable every man to have a good view of the consequences of desertion, the band playing a solemn and pathetic air. But as soon as the troops had filed through the postern, they took the route to their different casemates to the air of some popular and lively quick-step. The corpse was put into the bier, and then transported by the brotherhood of mercy to the place of interment.

Before I dismiss this subject of military punishments, I must observe that the practice of flogging with the cat o'nine-tails is not in use in the Portuguese army. That which stands in lieu of it is the Pranxada or blow with the flat of the sword; and this is considered less degrading than the application of any instrument of punishment, not military, to the back of a soldier. Forty of these blows is the maximum allowed to be inflicted at a time, according to the Regulamento of the Conde La Lippe, which has ever since his time continued in vigour. Inconsiderable as this may appear, compared with the high sounding hundreds of lashes in use in our army, it is infinitely more severe; and when the sentence is carried to

its utmost extent, few are observed to recover entirely from its effects.

During the infliction of corporeal punishment, a surgeon is in attendance, as is the custom in our army. This class of men, before the organization of the Portuguese army according to the British system, were exceedingly despised, and did not rank as officers. They were, it is true, in most cases taken from the occupation of barbers, who (at that time) united the practice of phlebotomy, the application of leeches, and tooth-drawing, with the goodly arts of shaving and hair-cutting. They were, whilst in their shops, dignified with the title of "Senhor Doutor;" but when removed into regiments they were not so much respected, and there still exists in the Regulamento of the Conde La Lippe, a paragraph which enacts that "captains of companies shall not oblige the surgeon to cut each man's hair oftener than once a month, nor to shave him oftener than once a week."

The present race of Esculapians are so tender on the subject of these duties of their predecessors, that no fee will induce any one of them to perform the office of "sacca molas," or tooth drawer, which is held by them in the most sovereign contempt. Bleeding having also belonged to the barber department, is but unwillingly performed

even at the present moment, when their elevation to respectability by a powerful and wise hand might have been expected to have abolished such prejudices.

Those who in civil life exercise the office of surgeons, and whose studies have been confined to Lisbon alone, are mostly excessively ignorant. Amongst the physicians more knowledge is to be found, as they have mostly studied in France; nevertheless an English professional man is invariably preferred to them even by the natives. The physicians are termed Medicos, and their fees are generally great, the Portuguese being proverbial for their liberality. There is a law which, for the protection of the surgeon and patient, makes the fee of the former three testoons per visit. This is the greatest payment which litigation can procure; but of course no one gives so little, the lowest fee to a surgeon being two crusados novos. Women of the town cannot be compelled by law to pay more than two testoons. I am not aware of any law respecting the fees of physicians.

An instance of ignorance in a Portuguese operator, which I witnessed, struck me so forcibly that I must relate it. The patient's case was a severe and extensive fracture of the skull, a part of which was fairly beaten in. The youngest stu-

dent in any other country would have had recourse to the trepan; but this man contented himself with cramming the hole full of tow, and saying "Naô he nada, naô he nada."—"It is nothing, it is nothing."

During the late war, courts martial were seldom or ever convened, but for the trial of deserters: insubordination or cowardice being altogether unheard of amongst soldiers, in whom a high feeling of honor and the coolest bravery seem to be innate qualities. To these characteristics the Portuguese soldier joins the most unequalled sobriety, fortitude under the severest privations, and a strong attachment to his officers.

The cases of desertion, to which I have above alluded, were invariably of recruits or rather conscripts, who deserted from the drill-squad within the first month after compulsory enlistment, and in whose rustic hearts the attachment to rural occupations pleaded more forcibly than the baguette of the drill serjeant. Older soldiers seldom or never left their corps; and the same national feeling prevented a single instance being on record of a Portuguese soldier passing over to the enemy. Even the number of recruits who, from extreme youth, clownish ignorance, and attachment to their pastoral or agricultural pursuits, were convicted of

the above crime, was comparatively very inconsiderable, when it is remembered that these were periods at which Portugal brought upwards of one hundred thousand men into the field, including her militia.

The promptitude with which the military laws were carried into execution during the war, was strongly contrasted with the want of vigour exhibited by the civil power on every occasion, wherein decided and wholesome measures would have been attended with the most beneficial effects. Every assistance was afforded by the former to the latter authority to enable it to cleanse the country of those swarms of assassins, who infested not only her forests and high roads, but even the streets of the metropolis:—but without effect.

This glaring defect in the enforcement of the best possible code of laws, may in a measure be traced to the miserable and inadequate stipend allotted to those to whom their execution was entrusted. Being compelled to keep up a style of respectability, for which all legitimate means were absolutely withheld from them, they were naturally exposed to the temptations of bribery. Join to this, the difficulty in Portugal of procuring evidence sufficient for conviction, even of the most public and most atrocious crimes: while the fear

of revenge operates on one hand, and on the other the full persuasion that any testimony, however false, is meritoriously given, if it have the design of saving a poor sinner from a painful and degrading end.

This feeling in the lower orders is carried to such a pitch, that the natural exclamation of a Portuguese on seeing one man stab another in the street (or prick him as they simply term it) is "poor fellow, he has had the misfortune to kill a man." Every effort is made to screen the assassin from justice; whilst the dead or wounded man, far from exciting pity or receiving assistance, will be shunned carefully as a dangerous object; it being one of the laws in these cases to consider as the murderer, and to confine as such, the first person who has been known to touch a dead body.

A law made by the late queen-mother, forbidding the execution of females, did not a little contribute to swell the annals of crime. An instance of this, and of the corruption of those to whom the subject ought naturally to look up for the protection of life and property, will be found in the following case which took place at Elvas in 1816, during my residence in that city. A gunner of the artillery, on his return home at night from labour, was seized upon by his wife and two dragoons of

the 3d regiment, her paramours, (whom she had concealed in the house), lashed to the table, and bled to death in the throat like a pig, after which he was thrown upon the dunghill of a house farther down the street. His two children, who were witnesses of the murder of their father, were threatened with similar treatment if they dared betray the secret. The soldiers retired to their barracks; but on the opening of the town gates next morning, they deserted into Spain, a thing so easy to effect, that the most horrid crimes are on both sides of the frontier as frequent as the commonest occurrences of life.

The woman was seized and interrogated; but, as may be supposed, denied any knowledge of the fact. The children however, revealed the story with all its details; and from their age their testimony was fully admissable. Their diabolical mother was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; but her beauty pleaded so much in her behalf, that, after being kept by the C—d—r for some months, he finally gave her in marriage to the gaoler.

I went to the spot where the murder was committed; and much pains were taken by the bystanders to persuade me, against the evidence of my own senses, that the blood which upon the

first incision had spurted up against the opposite wall, had trickled into the similitude of a "Senhor crucificado."

Another instance of flagrant corruption in the protectors of the law, was exhibited at Lisbon in 1816. A gallego was observed at early dawn to place a heavy box upon one of the quays (Caes da Forca) with the evident intention of precipitating it into the water; but on perceiving that he was seen by some soldiers, who had risen early as well as himself, he abandoned his charge and ran away. The soldiers, imagining the box to contain contraband goods, eagerly opened it, and found, instead of what they expected, a very pretty girl of about seventeen years of age with a rope round her neck, with which she had evidently been strangled. Her legs were sawed off at the hips, and half sawn through the knees, for the greater facility of packing; and she was entirely naked but wrapped up in a clean sheet.

I saw her remains myself, and could not help admiring the beauty of her features, even changed as they were by the cruel manner of her death; and I well remember that her jet black hair curled naturally all over her head. A sham search was instituted after her diabolical murderers; but which, like every thing else of the kind, came to

nothing. But it was every where confidently asserted that the authors of the crime were well known—their names even were whispered—and that a bag of fifty moidores had been quite sufficient to choke up the fountain of justice.

Many soldiers have assured me that the duty upon which they went with most reluctance was that of assisting the civil power. It happened almost invariably that they succeeded in securing the objects of their search; who, being soon bought off by their associates, became the most inveterate enemies of their captors, and sought every means of satiating their revenge upon them. A villain of this description infested for a long time the road between Elvas and Badajos, committing every kind of atrocity, and retiring for repose to the ruins of a dismantled windmill.

The last crime which he committed was the murder of a poor widow of a farmer, who lived in a sequestered cottage, and whose grey mare this hero coveted in order to carry on his profession on a more extensive scale. Some relation of the woman complained to the corregidor, and pointed out the hiding place of the ruffian. The colonel of a regiment of cavalry in garrison at Elvas was requested to furnish a detachment for the purpose of securing him, which was executed in a manner

PORTUGUESE DRAGOONS.

highly creditable to the serjeant commanding the little party.

The ruffian was seized whilst sleeping in the ruin; his head resting on a pig-skin full of wine, his carbine by his side, as well as his good knife, and a bag of dollars; and the grey mare was tied up in a corner of the same enclosure. The party bound his hands behind him and drove him before them to the garrison, notwithstanding his tempting offers to induce them to permit his escape; and with the scrupulous exactness which so strongly characterizes the Portuguese soldier, they deposited every farthing of the money thus found into the hands of the authorities. The fellow was however soon after liberated; and the dragoon who related this fact to me, having belonged to the party, was in daily apprehension of reaping the reward of his zeal and integrity from the revenge of the ruffian.

The ecclesiastics who surrounded the source of temporal power in Portugal, directed the stream at their will and pleasure, to the sacrifice of justice and of every barrier which had been erected for the protection of life and property. In 1800 a dissolute young man, residing in the Rua dos Capellistas, murdered (under circumstances of the greatest brutality) the author of his being, who

had refused to furnish him with the means of gratifying his taste for debauchery. A friend of mine, of the regiment of Vieira Telles, was ordered to attend the execution with his company; but on his way to the spot, a messenger met him announcing the prince's pardon of the offender. It appeared that a person interested in preserving the life of the parricide had found the means of buying (no difficult matter) the intervention of the court confessor, who persuaded the sovereign that he ought to forgive, if he hoped himself for pardon hereafter.

As I had originally destined this chapter to military subjects, a few words relative to the orders of knighthood in Portugal may not be altogether irrelevant; particularly as every person who has mixed in Portuguese company must have met with hundreds of individuals, so studded over with crachats and crosses, as to present the appearance of ambulatory jewellers exhibiting their stock in trade. To know the origin of these badges of distinction may not, therefore, be altogether without interest.

The oldest military and religious order now in existence in Portugal is that of Aviz, which derives its name from a town in the province of Alemtejo, and was instituted by king Alfonso

Henriques in 1147, on his beating the Moors at Evora in that year. The decoration of the knights is a cross fleurs-de-lis vert; and that of the commanders is the same in the centre of a star or crachat. The grand crosses wear besides the star, a cross upon an enlarged scale, pendant from a broad green wavy ribbon round the neck.

This order was embodied with that of Calatrava in Spain in 1213; but has subsequently become independent of it. Officers who have served twenty years without blemish are eligible for knighthood; but the higher degrees are bestowed on generals and other great men. This of all the old orders has best preserved its respectability, there being no instance of its degradation. S. Benedict is the patron; and when spoken of it is called the order of S. Bento de Aviz. None but Catholics can become members.

The next in rank and in seniority is the order of Saint Jago da Espada. Dennis I. of Portugal instituted it, and endowed it with privileges, which have since almost totally disappeared. The institution of this order was owing to the king's attributing to S. Jago's especial protection a signal victory which he had obtained over the Moors in 1310. Their ensign is a cross of similar shape to that of Aviz, but of purple colour, hanging by a

ribbon also purple. The investiture of this order became of late years so general and promiscuous, that at length no person of respectability thought himself honored by having it conferred on him.

I cannot give a better idea of its degradation than by observing that, on a particular festival being celebrated at the new convent church at Lisbon, I saw a sentry pushing back the crowd; and upon enquiring why the rabble were excluded, was informed that his orders were (in consequence of the numerous attendance of persons of rank who were expected to fill the whole church) to impede the entry of raggamuffins, men in capotes, and knights of S. Jago. Most of the negro officers of the Brazilian army are decorated with the cross of S. Jago; and it is not unusual to see a bearer of it accost you in the streets of Lisbon soliciting charity with hat in hand.

The third is the order of Christ, which was also instituted by Dennis I. in 1317, to engage the nobility to assist him with the whole of their means against his Moslem enemies. Numberless are the commanderies and revenues annexed to this order; but it is nevertheless in great debasement at present, and during the war a few mil reas given or lent to the crown sufficed to procure admission to its knighthood.

In consequence of the impossibility of conferring on Protestants the honors of knighthood in orders so eminently catholic as the above, and the vows of which, on profession, are so opposite to the doctrines of the protestant church, the sovereign of Portugal deemed it expedient to institute a military order without the obligation of any oaths opposed to the reformed faith. Accordingly he created that of the Tower and Sword. The colour of this order is blue; on one side of the cross is the likeness of the sovereign; and on the reverse is a sword passed through a wreath of laurel and surmounted by a golden tower. The motto is "valor e lealdade." This order has for the present been granted to persons of rank only, with the exception of a very few individuals the weight of whose purse has obtained it for them; and it is likely to preserve its respectability, if the precautions taken to secure that end, are acted up to.

Since the peace, and about the year 1819, another order of knighthood was instituted in honor of Our Lady of Conception, whose name it bears; but, although so recently created, it is already unworthy of notice, owing to the indiscriminate manner in which it has been conferred.

There was formerly another chivalric institu-

tion in Portugal, called the order of Aza (the wing), created by Don Alfonso Henriques. But as no revenues were annexed to it, it very soon died a natural death. The king instituted it, from having seen a winged arm in the heavens whilst fighting the Moors at Santarem. The creation took place at Alcobaça, where the king remained a month after his victory. The decoration was a golden cross, surmounted with a purple wing. The patron saint was S. Michael, as the king declared that he had recognised the wing and arm as belonging to that angel. The prelate of the order was (as long as it lasted) the prior of Alcobaça; and the principal duty of the members was the guarding the king's person in battle.

Decorations and badges of distinction have also been granted to military men of all ranks in the army; and so great is the thirst for these honors, that there have been instances of men alleging that they had fought in no less than *fifty-four* general actions during the last war, in order to obtain them!

I shall terminate my observations upon the Portuguese military, by translating from the national history a page or two, which present a correct idea of the state of organization of the army but a few years ago. Hence some idea may be formed

of the difficulties which must have been overcome to bring this army to a degree of perfection such as it at present enjoys, and which has made it superior to most, and equal to any body, of the continental troops.

"* * * But as a long peace succeeded the bustle of war, and the resources of the state were exhausted, the military spirit degenerated to such a degree, that the young nobility disdained serving in the army. For this reason, no officers could be found in it, but those whose ignorance and insubordination tended to create abuses and the total subversion of discipline: in short, the disorder went so far, that regiments were officered from amongst the lacqueys of illustrious families. It was no extraordinary sight to observe an officer of cavalry driving a chaise, or a footman with the rank of captain of infantry, whilst the colonel proprietor was snoring in his little cradle, &c. * *

"To correct these abuses it was found necessary to call in the aid and experience of a German general, the Count of La Lippe, to whom unlimited powers were given during the last war with Spain.

"A curious incident, worthy perhaps of notice, is recorded as having happened on his arrival.—The Count La Lippe on going to dine one day with the Conde dos Arcos, a Portuguese general,

observed a servant of the house, in the uniform of an officer, about to wait at table, and recognizing him to be a captain of the Alcantara regiment of cavalry, of which the Conde dos Arcos was colonel, he rose immediately from his seat and compelled the servant to place himself at table between him and the master of the house, who thus saw his pride humbled.

"After this the Count La Lippe, wishing no doubt to inspire in his officers a proper military feeling, encouraged duelling, declaring openly that he would despise and cashier any officer who, under pretence of religion or of the regulations, should refuse to give or receive satisfaction when offence had been offered. This anecdote is more extraordinary than the former one, and perhaps unique of its kind; and the manner of thinking of this general, was worthy of the age of Louis XIII."

CHAPTER XV.

PORTUGUESE ARCHITECTURE, FURNITURE, GARDENS, &c.

CLUMSY CONSTRUCTION OF PORTUGUESE HOUSES—THEIR FORM—GARDENS—INGENIOUS MODES OF WATERING THEM—ORNAMENTAL ARCHITECTURE—FRESCOS—PALACE OF THE MARQUIS OF LOULÉ—ITS DESTRUCTION—PORTUGUESE FURNITURE—FANTASTIC TILING—STREET SAINTS.

CHAPTER XV.

PORTUGUESE ARCHITECTURE, FURNITURE, GARDENS, &c.

To persons accustomed to English architecture, the private houses in Portugal have a singularly clumsy appearance. The reason of this is easily accounted for. When a Portuguese builds a house, it is usually on his own freehold ground; and as he intends that it shall be of use beyond his own term of existence, he gives to the whole of the edifice a solidity calculated to make it durable, and looks upon beauty and lightness as very secondary considerations. Since the earthquake of 1755, people who undertake to build, are restricted by law to a particular principle of construction. The whole house is run up in wooden frame-work and this is clothed with masonry afterwards, so that an earthquake may make it rock considerably, but the concussion must be great indeed and of some duration to bring it down.

In the houses of persons who keep their carriage, the ground-floor is chiefly taken up by the entrance or porch (very badly paved like the streets), the stables, and lacqueys' rooms. The gardens, if any, are communicated with directly through the porch, or descended into from spacious balconies on a level with the first floor, by flights of stone steps. The parapets of these balconies are usually ornamented with vases of marble or of porcelain, containing the most beautiful species of creepers or other flowers.

The gardens are too symmetrically laid out to be pretty, and there are usually many busts and statues in different parts of them. When a garden is large enough to entitle it to the name of Quinta, it is usually provided with a Nora for the convenience of watering it during the summer months when little or no rain falls. These Noras are deep wells, with a very simple machinery, by means of which the water is brought up in earthen pots, fastened to thick bristly ropes, and emptying their contents into a wooden trough in proportion as they arrive at the top. The wheels are kept in motion by an ox or a burro, who is yoked to a lever, and keeps walking continually round the parapet of the well until the garden is sufficiently watered.

Gardens of this description are mostly taken care of by Genoese or Maltese, who are exceedingly dextrous in conducting the water in all directions through their vegetables, &c. with the emchada or large hoe. It does not speak much in favor of Lisbonian industry, that these foreigners should be allowed to monopolize so interesting a branch of employment. The Nora whilst at work makes a jarring creaking noise, precisely like that of a bullock cart; and this is not a matter of accident, for the natives are fond of the noise, and dislike those vehicles which do not produce it.

In the Portuguese houses the balconies, the walls of the staircases, and those of the apartments, to the height of three feet, are wainscotted with small square bricks of common earthenware, glazed white, and painted all over in blue, either with arabesques, stag hunts, boar hunts, bird catchers with nets, or fishing scenes. These things are, however, beginning to be omitted in the construction of modern houses, as well as the old painted tapestry, which still ornaments the chambers of many ancient mansions. For these are substituted paintings in fresco, which certainly are a great improvement, not only on the score of beauty, but likewise in cleanliness, as they are not calculated

(as is the case with tapestry) to harbour bugs; which, by the bye, swarm to such a degree in almost every house in Lisbon that, if the window shutters are slammed violently, a shower of them is seen to detach themselves from every creak and corner in the ceiling, window shutters, and sashes.

Some of the palaces of the nobility are beautifully painted in fresco. That of the marquis of Loulé at the Graça stood pre-eminent in this respect; and the execution of it must certainly have been directed by an artist of consummate taste. Amongst the arabesques with which one of the saloons was ornamented, were introduced very highly finished portraits of all the most celebrated warriors and statesmen that Portugal ever produced. I had the mortification of seeing this beautiful palace burnt to the ground in 1817, owing to the negligence of some lacquey. It seemed as if this blow was the only one wanting to complete the affliction of its amiable proprietress, the lady Eugenia de Loulé, on whose mind the sentence pronounced upon her husband (who had followed the French army) had long been preying.

The furniture of the fidalgos' palaces is usually rich but very clumsy. In many houses belonging

to ancient commoners, are to be seen quantities of rich vases of real china and other articles from that country, particularly large mirrors, with curious Chinese scenes painted on the lower parts of them.

The furniture coming into more general use at present is of a much lighter nature. Chairs, for instance, instead of being cushioned or backed of painted leather, fastened on to the frame with huge round nails, are now bottomed with split bamboo in wicker work, the frame being made of the wood of the enormous boxes in which sugar is brought home from America. The backs are usually ornamented with some little device, as a bird, a sportsman, a flower or a landscape. The backs, legs, &c. have stripes of gilt and black, alternately, from whence these chairs derive their names of doiradinhas. A few old family portraits or some badly painted saints, crucifixes, relics in frames, and tinsel work, are the only decorations seen hanging from the walls of an apartment.

Fire-places there are none, so that, when the weather is unusually cold, the only means of procuring warmth is by sitting over a brazeiro (from Braza a lighted coal), a brass pan full of lighted coals or ashes from the bakers' ovens. This, to-

gether with the eternal capote, is found sufficient to resist the most rigorous cold, of which the delightful climate of Portugal is susceptible.

The roofs of all the houses in Portugal are tiled, and care is taken to paint in bright scarlet the under part of those which project, and to give a fantastical shape to the projecting angular tile. This bright colour contrasted with the whiteness of the walls, has a very agreeable effect, if we overlook the injury which the latter may be expected to produce on the eyes; although it does not appear to affect those of the Portuguese, who have the finest in the world. Some part of the exterior of almost every house is ornamented with representations of saints painted in blue, on white lazulejos, some of which are even honored with a lanthorn hanging before them.

The saint most commonly seen on the walls is saint Marçal, who is supposed to possess considerable influence over conflagrations. He is always represented in the dress of a bishop with a mitre on his head, holding up his right hand and pointing upwards with his two first fingers; while in the back ground are to be seen some houses on fire, a contradictory kind of emblem of his efficacy. The other favorite street saints are Santa Barbara,

with a tower on her head by way of night cap, and another in her hand; and S. Sebastian, tied to the trunk of a tree, and made use of as a target to teach young infidels "how to shoot" arrows. The flight into Egypt is also a very common street picture; and as for souls in purgatory, they are to be seen at the corner of every street and lane.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEGROES OF LISBON.

SKETCH OF A GROUP OF NEGROES BEGGING ALMS FOR THE FEAST OF THE BLACK VIRGIN OF ATALAYA—BELIEF THAT THE VIRGIN WAS BLACK — AND S. ANTONIO ALSO—THAT SAINT A CAPTAIN IN THE REGIMENT OF LAGOS — APPLICATION OF THE CLERGY FOR THE SAINT'S PROMOTION — LANDUN OR NEGRO DANCE—EXTRAVAGANT PASSION OF THE PORTUGUESE FOR THIS DANCE—DESCRIPTION OF IT, AS PERFORMED AMONG THE HIGHER ORDERS — FESTIVAL OF N. S. D' ATALAYA — NEGRO SERMON—ANECDOTE OF NEGRO FRIARS AT RIO DE JANEIRO.

BEGGING FOR THE FESTIVAL OF N.S.D'ATALAYA.

CHAPTER XVI.

NEGROES OF LISBON.

THE Lisbon negroes keep all their church festivals with the greatest possible rigour, and with as much burlesque mummery as those whose imitators they are.

The plate before us represents a deputation of the brotherhood of Nossa Senhora d' Atalaya, in the act of raising the wind for the feast of that saint. One of the troop carries an image of the infant Jesus, seated on a chair and ornamented with tinsel and ribbons. This he tenders to the by-passers, who almost invariably kiss its feet, having first taken off their hats, and then drop a copper donation into the bag. The image is often handed all over every house in the streets through which the troop passes: most individuals, particularly the females, being anxious to shew their pious devotion for the sacred original, in thus caressing his infantine similitude.

The reader will observe that the child is of the same colour as he who carries it about to cater for its mother's feast:—this is easily accounted for. The same feeling, which induces Europeans to attach ideas of superiority and advantage to those of their own colour, operates with negroes in favor of theirs; so that not only cannot they persuade themselves that the Deity would condescend to assume any earthly form but that of a negro, but they also fully believe that the devil is of our colour, and they represent him accordingly.

The lower orders of Portuguese have pretty much a similar feeling regarding the birth place of our Lord. They would be ready to tear any individual to pieces who should tell them that Jesus wore the earthly semblance of a Jew; or that Bethlehem was not somewhere or other in Portugal. So gross and universal, but a short time since, was the ignorance of all classes that I am not quite clear whether, in the days of the Inquisition, that tribunal would not have pursued with its utmost rigour any one who had dared to attribute Jewish extraction to the Saviour of mankind.

The virgin, in the character of our Lady of Atalaya, is painted also black, but for this the negroes imagine an excuse in the book of Canti-

cles *; and they are not singular in this portraiture, since many French Catholics agree with them, and believe that the Virgin was by birth an Ethiopian. But I cannot account for their attributing that colour to the Bacchus of the papal church:—that bon vivant and patron of jolly fellows, saint Antonio de Lisboa; who besides being a thorough bred Portuguese, is still moreover borne upon the staff of the national army, however incredible the absurdity may appear, as a captain in the 2nd or Lagos regiment of infantry. The thirst for accumulation of riches, which so strongly characterises every department of the Roman catholic church, induced the clergy of Lagos to petition government not long since to promote S. Antonio to the rank of field officer, in order that the revenue of his chapel might be augmented by this increase of pay. But the government had too many live sinners to support to have any thing to spare for dead saints; and notwithstanding the important services alleged to have been rendered to the state by the 2nd regiment under the patronage and heavenly influence of S. Antonio, the petition was rejected.

* Nigra sum sed formosa, filia Jerusalem &c. See in the Vulgate. Cant. Canticorum Cap. I. v. 5.

To proceed with our plate, the big drum and fiddle attract the attention of the house's inmates, who hasten to the verandas and windows to regale themselves with a sight of the lascivious and even frantic Landun, danced by a negro and negress, whose very gestures and looks would to more delicate people serve only to create the utmost sensations of disgust; but the Portuguese are themselves so fond of this dance, under certain decent modifications, that they never fail to contemplate it with pleasure, even when carried to extremes by its original inventors.

As this dance was originally a negro one, I trust I may not be considered as guilty of a very culpable digression if, before returning to the subject of the plate, I take the opportunity of saying a few words about it.

The Landun was formerly danced in the best societies of Lisbon by persons of both sexes; but now it is seldom performed in the higher circles, except by two females, one of whom represents a male partner. It consists of graceful cadences, the steps being generally the same throughout, and the chief beauty of the whole depending less upon the movements of the feet, than on the graceful elegance and expressive attitudes of the arms and body.

The parties placing themselves at opposite ends of a room, and the gentleman holding a white handkerchief, they advance towards each other with measured steps and wooing mien, and the lady appears disposed to sympathise with her admirer. But at the moment when he imagines her favorable to his suit, she turns away from him with a smile of contempt and astonishment at his presumption; he likewise turns away, but with far other feelings; the handkerchief now finds its way to his eyes; and with disappointment in every feature, he measures back his steps, looking occasionally behind him as if to excite compassion.

His reiterated solicitations make her at length relax in her severity and appear pleased at his attentions; which he no sooner perceives than he treats her with disdain. She in her turn becomes the suppliant, and receives from him the same handkerchief, a token of grief, which she uses with the most fascinating gracefulness. This pantomimic representation of a love-scene ends in the lady's throwing the handkerchief over the neck of her partner, as an emblem of her conquest and their mutual reconciliation and union. When this is well danced, it never fails to elicit the most thundering applauses. What I have just endeavoured to describe is the landun of the better

orders; but when danced by the canaille it is far from being either graceful or decent.

The common people in Portugal are so fond of the landun, that even at an advanced age they experience a strong sensation of delight on hearing the measure played on the guitar. I shall never forget having once seen a mummy-like old woman of eighty years of age rise from the floor which she was scrubbing, on hearing a barber strike up the tune, and begin to accompany the air with contortions, to which age had left no other character than unmingled disgust.

I have been assured that both negroes and Portuguese have been known to dance themselves into a state of phrenzy and even into convulsions. I have myself often seen a negro, for want of some one to dance with, lay a stick upon the ground, and substituting it in his imagination for a real partner, dance himself out of breath. We cease however to be astonished that the sons of Africa should be so fond of this exercise, when we are assured by a creditable traveller that, from the moment the sun has set, the whole of that vast continent is one scene of dancing.

In the national theatre of Rua dos Condes the landun is frequently introduced in after-pieces; and on these occasions the house is always best

filled, so great and powerful is the attraction. It is usually danced by a lacquey and a soubrette, who, although they confine themselves to very few gestures, and their whole performance does not perhaps last more than two or three minutes, have, nevertheless, so much the art of conveying significance in the merest looks and movements, that the performance is applauded with vociferous "vivas" and "bravos."

But to return to my subject: when the day's contributions have been deemed sufficient, the dingy collectors very naturally apply the well known text of "being worthy of their hire," and adjourn to the nearest tavern to carouse at the expense of the credulous. The man who carries the image leads the van, and extending it before him at arm's length, as he enters the tavern door, never fails to exclaim "Quem vai a diante paga." Anglice, "he who enters first pays the piper."

The festival of Nossa Senhora d' Atalaya is kept at her chapel near the village of Aldea Gallega, on the southern banks of the Tagus, immediately opposite the city of Lisbon; and on that day hundreds of blacks are seen crossing the Tagus in catraios (shore boats). The beginning of the day is spent in hearing mass, which is followed by a sermon. But no sooner are these ceremonials

over, than a scene of debauchery follows, which would make even the ancient votaries of Bacchus blush.

The sermon here alluded to is preached by a negro priest, the only one I believe who resides in Lisbon, the Brazils being the chief residence and domains of the black ecclesiastics. Negroes thus admitted into holy orders receive an education, still more superficial, if possible, than their white fellow labourers; and the blunders which they commit, when they attempt to expound the Scriptures from their pulpits, are worthy of those committed by the Barbadoes black methodist divines.

It must not however be inferred that these saints "of the retreating forehead and depressed vertex" are a jot less ingenious than the European friars in the profitable knack of applying scriptural texts to their advantage: this the following anecdote will prove. In the refectory of a black community at Rio de Janeiro, the same abuse existed as in those of European friaries: the superior and the elder brethren of the house applying to their own use the choicest viands and most delicate morsels, and leaving the hungry novices at the nether end of the table, to break or keep their fast upon the mere scraps and bones of the repast.

On one of these occasions a junior brother (with

whom I was afterwards personally acquainted) received as his portion a hollow bone without a vestige of any thing on it. This he immediately applied to his lips, and as if converting it into a wind instrument, raised a hideous yell through it. The superior, highly scandalized at such conduct, insisted upon knowing the reason of it, "Holy father," answered the novice, "I have read in the Revelations that at the sound of the trumpet the flesh will be reunited to the bone; and I have been trying to verify the prophecy upon this bone to save myself from starvation."

CHAPTER XVII.

NEGROES OF THE BRAZILS, &c.

IMPORTATION OF NEGROES INTO THE BRAZILS—THEIR MISERABLE CONDITION — SLAVE SHOP AT RIO DE JANEIRO — A MERCHANT FROM THE MINAS BARGAINING FOR NEGROES—ANECDOTE—CRUEL MANNER OF MARKING SLAVES—RUNAWAY NEGROES—GOOD FORTUNE OF NEGROES RETAINED FOR DOMESTIC SERVICE AT RIO—POLICY OF THE BRAZILIAN GOVERNMENT IN PROMOTING NEGROES TO DIGNITIES—RELIGIOUS HOUSES OF NEGROES—HETEROGENEOUS MIXTURE OF BLOOD IN THE BRAZILS — WOMEN OF COLOUR—THEIR VINDICTIVE QUALITIES—NEGRO ASSASSINS—CRUELTY OF NEGROES TO INFERIORS OF THEIR OWN COLOUR—FRIGHTFUL DISEASES OF THE BRAZILS—HUMANITY OF PORTUGUESE FAMILIES TO THEIR NEGROES—CONDITION OF NEGROES VERY DIFFERENT IN PORTUGAL—NAMELESS OFFICES IMPOSED ON THEM—CURIOUS AND PLEASING INSTANCE OF THE INTERCHANGE OF KINDNESS BETWEEN A PORTUGUESE AND A NEGRO WOMAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEGROES OF THE BRAZILS, &c.

It is interesting to take a review of the vicissitudes in the lives of those negroes, to whose lot it has fallen to be slaves in the Brazilian settlements. On their arrival, they are disembarked with a rag of cotton round their waist, a scarlet cap on their heads, and their skin so thickly studded with itchy eruptions, as to resemble more nearly the hide of a rhinoceros than a human cutis. They are immediately driven in flocks from the slave vessel to the slave fair, which is held in a particular street set apart for that purpose exclusively. Here they are huddled up together without distinction of sex, in rooms or rather stables on the ground floor, until purchased either by the inhabitants, or else by men who come from Minas for the express purpose.

I was in one of these stables, when a slave merchant from the latter place came in and enquired

what sort of stuff was on sale. The shopman, anxious to transact business immediately, took a sack of arrow-root (farinha de pao) and placing about a dozen little handfuls of it here and there on the ground, made signal to the slaves to come and eat, just as we see done by a servant to call together the fowls in a poultry yard. The slaves made a rush at the little heaps, and squatting down on their haunches, just like monkeys, began to eat with avidity.

The Minas merchant then singled out a young girl of about twelve years of age, and having turned and twisted her limbs in every direction to ascertain if she was sound, asked the price of her, which being told him, he declared it was too much. The owner on his part swore it was exceedingly moderate, pointing out the eligibility of her age and other inducements, just as we see brought forward in the sale of a young cow. The poor girl was all this time in suspense; and those who think that modesty is not inherent in these unfortunate beings as well as in our happier females, are much mistaken. I observed her more than once adjusting her scanty dress with the utmost confusion in her looks, at the brutal and unfeeling manner in which her useful qualities were set forth by her interested owner.

SLAVE SHOP AT RIO. A MINAS MERCHANT BARGAINING

Rapacity and intense interestedness are not the attributes of professed slave merchants exclusively: they are unfortunately to be met with in a sphere of life, where one would least expect to see them. The execution of a negro for murder, was about to take place at Rio de Janeiro, and slave masters ordered the attendance of their negroes, that by witnessing the punishment of their countryman, they might be deterred from committing the same crime. An English acquaintance of mine, who had but three days before purchased, of an ex-governor of Mozambique, a negro whom he had brought with him from that place, sent him likewise to the scene of execution that he might profit by the warning.

When the execution was over, the master questioned his slave on the subject, in hopes of finding that a due impression had been made; but to his astonishment the negro's attention seemed to have been rivetted on the awkward manner in which the executioner had done his duty, adding that he would have done it much better himself. "How?" said the master, "were you ever a hangman?"—"Yes, Senhor, I was hangman at Mozambique, but governor —— being ordered home, sent word to the gaol desiring that I and all the prisoners should appear before him. We

no sooner arrived on board than he set sail, and has sold us all since his disembarkation here." It luckily happened that this trust-worthy ex-governor had not yet set off for Europe, so that my acquaintance recovered his money, by threatening to reveal the truth to government, if the bargain were not immediately cancelled, he having agreed for a good slave, and not a hangman.

The people at the slave market, who own these depots, are obliged to be exceedingly careful in ordering the diet of the slaves immediately after their landing. Fruit of any kind, unless taken with exceeding moderation, has been found almost invariably fatal, after a long voyage and salt provisions. The slaves are therefore only allowed the use of it gradually, and are chiefly fed with dry arrow-root, without other beverage than water: care being also taken not to cure their cutaneous eruption too suddenly, as the disease is apt (to use their own term) to turn inwards and become exceedingly dangerous.

The manner of marking the slaves when purchased, so as to be able to identify them if necessary, is effected by long and deep incisions on the cheeks, forehead, shoulders, breast or back, and sometimes in all the above places; which operation must necessarily be attended with much pain,

for I have seen few of these slits that had not the appearance of having penetrated the skin through and through. The consequence is that, in healing they never are completely closed but present the appearance of so many mouths.

The fate of the negroes who are sent to the mines (Minas-geraes) I am little acquainted with; but I believe that those who are sold for servants in the city have a far more fortunate lot. In the beginning of their captivity, they frequently desert, particularly the grown up men, who find it irksome to learn a new language and acquire habits of domesticity and servitude. In these cases the owners apply to an individual called the Capitaô (captain) who is perfectly acquainted with the topography of the neighbouring country, and consequently with those places which are most likely to be their haunts.

Whilst in these forests the runaways support life easily, owing to the prodigious quantity of bananas, cocoa-nuts &c. found in them; but the capitaô seldom fails to bring them back sooner or later, when they are taken to the city gaol to receive a number of lashes proportioned to their time of absence. If their fault has any circumstances of aggravation connected with it, they are

chained for a certain time to other delinquents; and with an iron collar, furnished with spikes round their necks, they are compelled to labour at the public works.

Those negroes, however, who are easily reconciled to their loss of liberty, and become useful and faithful servants, recover not unfrequently their freedom either by purchasing it (if they have been taught a trade) with their leisure-hour earnings, or by virtue of the testament of their masters. There are churches and religious houses in Rio de Janeiro, the whole of whose dignitaries are chosen from amongst the progeny of these affranchised negroes; and the policy of the Portuguese government has gone so far in making it the interest of a portion of the black community to keep the immense numbers of their countrymen in order, by shewing them that the road to preferment is not exclusively open to white men alone, that, in the Brazilian troops, black and white officers are seen serving indiscriminately together. Many of the former are very high in rank; and I have seen some field officers amongst them decorated with no less than three different orders, those of Christ, S. Bento de Avis, and S. Jago da Espada. After this statement, I believe that it

will no longer be disputed which has the greatest advantages, the negro sent to our colonies, or he who is sold to the Portuguese.

It is true that the negroes thus exalted are designedly never chosen from amongst those who evince any spirit or any talent: the motive being purely political, and having for its end to gild the pill which the others are forced to swallow. The consequences resulting from this species of policy are such as we carefully guard against in our colonies. So great has been the intermixture of blacks and whites that scarcely an individual is to be seen (amongst those who are born in the Portuguese settlements) who has not woolly hair and something of the mulatto cast in his countenance.

These men of mongrel breed seem moreover to have united in their persons, whatever there might be of ugliness in either parent, to the utter exclusion of every good feature; and the baboon like regiments which have been formed of them by the new emperor of the Brazils, Don Pedro I. present such an exhibition of excessive ugliness that, were their valour any way proportioned to it, they might soon conquer the whole world.

The women of colour in the Rio de Janeiro are remarkable for their jealous and vindictive temper; and death alone is capable of glutting their

revenge for the infidelity of those with whom they have cohabited. Murders are therefore exceedingly frequent; and although, in the absence of an active periodical press, few of these occurrences are made public, I have known even thirty to have been committed in the space of a month: most of them from motives of jealousy, and at the instigation of mulatto women.

For the office of assassin, the very lowest order of negroes are hired; and these wretches undersell the Lisbon gallegos completely; a glass of cachaça (a species of rum) being with many a sufficient incentive. Their manner of setting to work is worthy of remark. They need no stiletto, ferro de gaiola (bird cage awl), or any other weapon. In lieu of all these, they use only the head; and with it they butt like bulls at the chest of their victim. I saw a field officer who had been murdered in this manner, and thrown over the wall into his own garden, where his family found him in the morning: the upper part of the body was flattened, as if the implement of death had been a mallet.

I had an opportunity of observing the dexterity with which negroes effect the work of murder, whilst standing talking to a friend near the residence of the pope's nuncio. A carriage was drawn

up at the door of the house, and the coachman and lacquey were lounging against the stone posts on either side of the door. A negro slave going along the street passed betwixt the house and the carriage. So good an opportunity of mortifying a poor half naked negro was too good to let slip, and the coachman gave him a very severe cut with his whip over the bare shoulders, which raised a welt as thick as my finger. The poor creature writhed with pain, upon which the blow was repeated; and the footman then seized the whip, and amused himself in a similar manner.

I could not help expressing my astonishment at the negro's remaining there under such evident suffering, instead of attempting to escape, and but for the fear of Popish vengeance, if I had dared take the part of a negro against domestics of the grand Lama's representative, I should certainly have interfered. Blacky had however his reasons for thus appearing passive; he was watching his moment, and having found it, a flash of lightning is not more prompt than were his movements. With his head crouched low, he butted at the coachman's stomach, who having the wall immediately behind him was settled in the twinkling of an eye; then turning suddenly at the lacquey the negro gave him with the sole of his foot a kick in

the stomach with such force and dexterity that he stretched him lifeless. Leaving both his victims, he then took to his heels with the swiftness of a deer, to our no small satisfaction at seeing such gratuitous and unprovoked brutality receive its due reward.

Instances of oppression of this kind are sometimes to be seen; but not so frequently as those from negroes whose condition has been bettered, towards their more needy countrymen. For it is strange but true, that the cruelty which they display towards their fellows, when vested with the smallest degree of power, stands unrivalled. The epithets which they bestow on each other when irritated are worthy of remark, the most common being that which we should least of all expect to hear from their lips, that of "nasty black negro." It is also impossible to describe the contempt they manifest towards their newly imported countrymen, a feeling which appears to be grounded upon their own superiority.

At every step we take in the Brazils, we meet with objects exhibiting the dreadful consequences of neglecting the proper treatment, which the diseases incident to the climate absolutely require on their first appearance. In some negroes, the feet are seen either shockingly mutilated, or else en-

tirely reduced to mere stumps by the ravages of the *Chigoes*, the extraction of which, if not timely performed, entails on the sufferer the loss of a limb. All ranks of persons are liable to this evil, owing to the diminutive size of the insect, and the facility of its introduction into the skin. The negroes are in general the most expert hands at extirpating them, and the present king of Portugal was compelled on his arrival in his Brazilian capital to have recourse to one of his black subjects for the performance of this office on his own royal toes.

Other objects still more revolting if possible, but arising from other causes, are as frequently offered to our offended sight: I mean, neglected cases of hydrocele. Even professional men, who have not visited those regions, will perhaps find it difficult to believe what nevertheless I can assure them of having been an eye-witness to:—a negro in whom the developement had become so monstrous, that it rested on the ground whilst he was standing upright, doing the only office which was ever exacted of him, that of sweeping out the stable. I need not add that his under garments were of necessity similar to those of the other sex.

Portuguese of respectability are remarkable for their humanity and kindness to their slaves. They

even carry their feelings so far, as to allow their servants to join in the conversation of the company upon whom they are waiting at table, and to permit them numberless other indulgences. The black offspring of these slaves become almost invariably the toys and playthings of the female part of the family, who dress them handsomely, and delight in having them near their persons in saloons full of company. I have seen a little black girl caressed by every person in the room, and then seat herself for the rest of the evening on her mistress's foot-stool.

What I have said of the dignities to which the blacks are susceptible of arriving in the church and army, regards exclusively the Brazils. In Portugal, where such political precautions are unnecessary, the negroes are invariably the very dregs of society; and their occupations are such as a Portuguese would spurn at. To omit more disgusting instances, if a horse, dog, or any other animal happens to die in the Lisbon streets, its carcase would remain in the same spot until nature had completed its work of decomposition, if the alternative were its removal by a Portuguese. This office therefore falls to the lot of a negro, whose reward is the animal's hide. The occupation of whitewashing the interior and exterior of

houses is also theirs; an employment which is as much held in contempt by the natives as the removal of carrion.

The houses in Lisbon, with the exception of the very small number occupied by English people, are entirely destitute of certain conveniencies which are alike indispensable for decency, cleanliness, and comfort. Hence they are compelled to convert some small room or cupboard into a temporary magazine, provided with a long brown earthen jar about thirty inches high, which is used as a receptacle for perhaps a whole week's contributions. When this cornu-copiæ is brim full, its contents are soused into the street upon the head of some unfortunate passenger (after ten o'clock at night) to the cry of "agoa vai," (Edin: garde loo) which, instead of serving as a warning, is, in its effects, no better than the report of a gun, which follows the shot instead of preceding it.

The few inhabitants who object to this horrible mode of getting rid of such accumulations, as they are likely to remain for months under their windows in the streets until the heavy rains sweep them away, have recourse to a black woman, who carries the jar away on her head; and as she walks down the street towards the shores of the *golden* Tagus, a column of balsamic effluvia curling upwards

from its unstopped orifice, regales the olfactories of the window-decking beauties. The weight is not often inconsiderable, and the distance these women have to carry their burden is sometimes great. It therefore frequently happens that they are compelled to rest themselves, which they must do without unburthening, for who would assist them in replacing the brown jar on their heads? They usually sit down for the purpose of taking rest on the stone steps of some door way, conferring upon the inmates of the house (if the windows be open) all the benefits above mentioned.

Numberless are the menial offices which, owing to the intolerable pride of the natives, devolve upon the negroes and gallegos. A common Portuguese journeyman is, in his trade, termed an officer (official sapateiro, official carpinteiro, &c.) and if by any means obliged to carry a small parcel in his hand through the streets, will take every precaution to hide it in his capote, so derogatory would it be to his dignity to do the office of a gallego, negro, or (as these are sometimes termed) besta de cargas.

The distinction made between an officer, cobler, tinker, mason, &c. and an officer in the army, is by calling the latter "official de banda," or an officer of the sash: hence the great respect asso-

ciated with this part of the uniform, and the great umbrage given to the Portuguese military at its being worn by non-commissioned officers in our army.

I must not conclude my references to negroes and the relation in which they stand with their Portuguese masters, without recording an anecdote equally creditable to both the parties who are the subjects of it.

Sebastiaô José de Carvalho, Conde de Oeiras, marquez de Pombal, was justly esteemed the greatest minister that Portugal could ever boast of. He flourished, as is well known, in the reign of Joseph I. and the country has ever since felt the benefit of his wisdom in the numberless improvements which he effected. He was the encourager of every useful invention, and the Portuguese invariably regret his not being still in existence, when they see ingenuity or merit neglected. But like all great men he had his foible, which is said to have been vindictiveness. A certain Desembargador (a magistrate, as before mentioned, of the supreme courts invested with the privileges of nobility) called Seabra, who was highly distinguished for his virtues, but whose politics differed from those of the minister, incurred by some means his displeasure, and was by his order kid-

napped, conveyed to the coast of Africa, and from thence to the place of banishment for the worst of criminals, called by the Portuguese Pedras Negras. This place, being a few leagues in the interior, and peopled with savages, the object of sending criminals to it was, that they might be destroyed by the natives; and this was often done as an evasive commutation of the sentence of death. Abandoned by his conductors, the unfortunate Seabra wandered about for the space of two days, until overcome with fatigue, hunger, heat, and the acuteness of his grief, he dropt senseless at the door of a negro's hut, towards which he had directed his steps.

The master of the hut was absent at the moment, but his wife compassionating the miserable condition and emaciated looks of the poor old man, dragged him into her habitation, and was endeavouring to restore him to his senses when her husband arrived. At the sight of a white man, he was about to transfix him to the ground with an arrow, when his wife's interposition arrested his fury. She effected still more, she compelled her husband to assist her in recovering her patient:—a proof that petticoat governments may exist where no petticoats are worn.

Seabra, on coming to himself, found that he

was attacked with a burning fever, and gave himself up for lost, concluding that recovery in such a climate was next to impossible. His host however determined on curing him after the manner of their country, and digging a sort of grave in the ground, buried him in it up to the neck. In this inhumation he remained three days and nights, swallowing the simple medicines administered by his sable physicians, and was very soon completely cured.

How strange are the vicissitudes of this life! to what a variety of fortunes is a man often yet destined who has thought his career terminated, and how rapid is the fall of many who perched on the pinnacle of earthly honors think themselves secure from reverses. It was at about this period that the marquez of Pombal's power began to decline. The intrigues of his enemies soon after effected his removal from court; and the family of the dezembargador Seabra, hoping that there might be a chance of their relation's continuing to exist, obtained a repeal of his sentence, and dispatched in quest of him the same persons who had been his conductors into banishment.

Words cannot depict this poor fellow's joy at the prospect of being restored to his family, but he could not reconcile to himself the idea of never

again seeing his worthy and kind hostess, and therefore used every kind of entreaty to engage her to accompany him to Lisbon. She at last assented, although no entreaties could induce her spouse to be of the party.

On his arrival at Lisbon, Seabra was received into favor at court, and continued so to the end of his life. His adventures in Africa were long the subject of conversation, as was likewise the marked kindness he ever manifested towards his benefactress; who, from the moment of his restoration to his family, never sat any where but at the head of his table, even when persons of the highest distinction were present. His gratitude was even manifested in his will, he having left her a very handsome provision.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SALOIOS, OR PORTUGUESE PEASANTRY.

GOING TO THE LISBON MARKETS—DELICIOUS FRUITS OF THE COUNTRY — OTHER ARTICLES OF RURAL PRODUCE — CHEESE — CREAM — POULTRY — GAME—MARKET PEASANTRY, OBLIGED TO TRAVEL BY NIGHT — HABIT THUS ACQUIRED OF TELLING THE HOURS BY THE HEAVENS—MODE OF HAWKING RURAL PRODUCE ABOUT THE LISBON STREETS — SALOIOS RETURNING FROM MARKET —USUAL FOOD OF THE PEASANTRY — EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF THIS ATHLETIC RACE—SUPERIORITY OF THEIR CHARACTER TO THAT OF ALL OTHER CLASSES IN LISBON —SALOIAS OR FEMALE PEASANTS — PERSONAL APPEARANCE—CUSTOM OF EMPLOYING THEM AS NURSES—THEIR TROUBLESOME CHARACTER—SUBSEQUENT RIGHT OF FREE QUARTERS — THEIR SUPERSTITION AND LOVE OF THE MARVELLOUS — MISCHIEVOUS EFFECTS UPON CHILDREN —COSTUME OF THE SALOIAS—EQUIPAGE OF THEIR MARKET BURROS (DONKEYS)—PASTORAL SIMPLICITY OF THE PORTUGUESE PEASANTRY — GENEROSITY OF HEART — PATRIOTISM OF THE LAVRADORES OR FARMERS IN THE LAST WAR—PRIMÆVAL RUDENESS OF PORTUGUESE AGRICULTURE—TREADING OUT THE CORN—WINE-MAKING—

COURSE OF THE PROCESS—BULLOCK CARS—THEIR RUDE CONSTRUCTION—ABOMINABLE GROANING AND SQUEAKING OF THE AXLE-TREES—PARTIALITY OF THE PEASANTS FOR THE SOUND—MUSIC OF THE PEASANTRY—DOLEFUL LOVE DITTIES—REPARTEE OF A SALOIA.

A Saloia Retailing Fruit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SALOIOS, OR PORTUGUESE PEASANTRY.

At an early hour of the morning, every avenue to the city of Lisbon is thronged with the peasantry, called *Saloios,* of whom this drawing is descriptive; their *burros* (donkeys) or mules groaning under the weight of the delicious fruits with which they are laden. These consist of water melons, melons, oranges, lemons, (sweet and sour,) figs of the most delicious kind, and in short all that the best of climates and richest of soils are capable of producing.

Besides fruits, those who come from Cintra or its neighbourhood bring a kind of little white cheeses, known by the name of *queijadas,* and made from the milk of goats. Another species, much more agreeable to the taste, are those called *requeijoẽs;* they are larger than the former, and are neither salt nor sour, but of a flavour more resembling that of cream. Some few Saloios

bring to their favorite customers small saucers full of cream, which for its delicious flavour stands unrivalled even by that of Devonshire and Cornwall. Poultry and game of every kind, in great abundance, form likewise a part of their cargo; but the former is usually very tough and extravagantly dear.

. The peasantry who reside many leagues off are obliged to set out from their homes on the eve, and travel until midnight; when they are compelled for the sake of their loaded animals, to rest a little. In winter, they take shelter upon these occasions in some *estalagem;* but in the fine season they unload their beasts under the starry canopy, and tie them with good length of rope to a tree, so that they may graze whilst they themselves enjoy a nap.

These people, from the habit of midnight travelling under the clear and silent heaven, become in some measure like the wandering Arabs, observant of the constellations, and learn to count the waning hours by their position. Of the truth of this I once witnessed an example: having one night left Lisbon to go to Cintra, I missed my route by keeping too far to the eastward, and was fairly on the way to Mafra, when I observed a group of Saloios stretched on the ground near the

road side. These people informed me of my mistake adding that, as for cutting across the country as I proposed doing in the dark towards Cintra, it was out of the question, owing to the extreme ruggedness of the mountains. I therefore took their advice, and tying my horse to a furze bush, laid myself down amongst them to await the dawn. After some time, on my asking one of them what hour he conceived it might be, he rubbed his eyes, and surveying the heavens for a moment said, "We are within an hour of the *Trindades* (Matins) for I see that the flock is far advanced, so is the wolf; the crook is already perceptible, and the shepherd will soon appear;" upon which he aroused his companions, the loads were replaced on the animals' backs, and they all moved on again towards the 'Grande Cidade.'

The roads being exceedingly unsafe, the Saloios are obliged to travel in numerous bodies. On their arrival in the metropolis, many of them who are satisfied with smaller profits and more expeditious sales, take their stock to the fruit market, called Praça da Figueira, adjacent to the Roçio or Inquisition Square, where by disposing of it in the gross to the retailers, they are enabled to return home at a much earlier hour than they could after retailing it themselves.

This is mostly done by those who reside at great distances; but the Saloios of the villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Lisbon, from the moment of their arrival, begin to hawk about the streets whatever they bring and continue doing so until a late hour in the evening. On the return home, the same precaution is observed of going in bodies; but so great is their exhaustion in most cases that, with the exception of those who go on foot, the rest are usually sound asleep upon their *albardas* (packsaddles) abandoning to their animals and waking "piètons" the care of conducting them.

The objects with which they return provided to their houses, consist chiefly and I may say invariably of a small quantity of *Bacalhaó* (a kind of salted ling) and some salted Sardinhas. These, with the aid of a few olives, garlic, onions, bread made of Indian corn, and on rare occasions a little wine, compose their bill of fare all the year round. Veal is out of the question, it being a contraband article even in the capital, and beef or rather old cow, is so rarely to be had, or so much above the reach of their small means, that if they can afford to eat a little on Christmas day or on Easter Sunday, they account themselves supremely blest.

The Saloios are a very fine race of men, active

GOING HOME FROM THE LISBON MARKET.

athletic, and generally speaking, well made. Their complexion, although dark, is advantageously mixed with a good share of brickdust colour; their eyes are very fine; their hair falls in ringlets upon their brawny shoulders; their dress is becoming, and their whole appearance highly picturesque and rustic. They look more to advantage with their hats on, owing to the custom of cropping close the hair on the crown and forehead. The whole aspect of a Portuguese peasant is manly in the highest degree; and his dress at once graceful and appropriate to his condition in life, is always characteristic, and never varied by that awkward mixture with the costume of other classes, which gives to our labouring people so unpicturesque and heterogeneous an appearance.

The Portuguese peasant is remarkable for using with surprising address the weapon called *cajado*. It is a long pole or cudgel, measuring about seven or eight feet, having a heavy knob or leaden charge at one end. The most dextrous handlers of the cajado are termed *campinos* or *valentoês*; and it is not unfrequent to hear of one or two of these heroes emptying a fair of the whole of its company, and even felling to the ground the police cavalry, a detachment of which attends every fair to preserve order.

The charge of indolence and slothfulness has been indiscriminately laid against the whole of the people of Portugal, by persons who have precipitately drawn their conclusions from the samples of the lower orders seen in Lisbon; but any one of common judgement ought to be aware, that the meagre and bloated inhabitants of a capital can never offer a just criterion whereby to form an accurate idea of the physical or moral peculiarities of any nation. What opinion might we form of that man's sense, who, landing in London from abroad should conclude, without looking any farther, that all Englishmen resembled the cockney specimens before his eyes?

The Portuguese peasantry may justly repel the charge of indolence, for their distinguishing characteristics are industry, patience under privation, intrepidity, and courage. They only stand in need of a government calculated to call forth in a greater degree their natural good qualities. I would not advocate as warmly, or in fact at all, some other classes of Portuguese: I mean the priests, and magistrates, for whatever measure of corruption in every respect this world can contain, is to be found to superfluity in those orders.

The Saloias, or peasant women, are generally

of a stature rather taller than the female inhabitants of the towns; their complexions are like those of the men, of a healthy dark colour, but not sallow or swarthy. They have exceedingly fine eyes, full of expression. When young, many of them are extremely pretty, and in general they have very agreeable faces; but their beauty is of short duration. The crow's foot makes its first impression at the early age of twenty; their persons afterwards become flaccid, and their faces and hands grow tough and wrinkled; so that at the age of thirty they begin to assume the likeness of living mummies. These women nevertheless often live to a very advanced age.

People of respectability who reside in Lisbon, and particularly the English, prefer these Saloias to any other women to fill the office of wet-nurse, from their well known healthfulness and their proverbial attachment to the children, whom they have suckled. The same inconvenience, however, is experienced in employing these females for the above office, which exists regarding any others; for although they live miserably under their own roofs, they are intolerably difficult to please in their diet, when in the house of a gentleman. No sooner, also, do they perceive that their presence has from any circumstance become indispensable,

than they bring forward a thousand pretexts for leaving you, in order that their stay may be purchased by rich presents.

But when their functions are over, and the child weaned, they affect to feel such intense attachment for your offspring that it is next to impossible to rid yourselves of them; and this can only be effected for a time, as they make it a point to come unceremoniously to your house once a year, take up their quarters in your kitchen, and shew their affection for your children by eating you out of house and home.

I knew an English lady who, having reared nine children in Lisbon, had employed as many nurses; and I have sometimes seen her kitchen and dining room thronged with these women and their several progeny, together with their cousins and relatives to the twentieth degree, whom they had introduced to be treated at her expence. They mostly bring with them presents of little cheeses, strings of dried apples, some melons, a roasting pig, or any other produce of their country; and this establishes a kind of right to your hospitality which it is awkward not to acknowledge.

The love of the marvellous which these Portuguese nurses possess in the most extravagant de-

gree, and the practice which they have of entertaining young children with stories of feiteçeiras, (witches,) ghosts and hobgoblins, robbers, &c. all of which they believe to be true, is one of the greatest possible objections to employing them. Moreover they dabble in religious matters from motives of conscience; and being unable to reconcile to themselves the idea that their foster child is a little heretic, they please themselves with the illusion of its conversion by attaching to its little neck, rosaries, crosses, veronicas (brass medals with saints heads on them), or figas. Thus ornamented they are better able to resist the malign influence of both feiteçeiras and the devil.

The dress of the Saloias is quite unique in its kind; and pretty women will in that as in every other costume continue to look pretty; but to those who have no pretensions to beauty, or whose prime of life is past, it is any thing but becoming. On their heads is worn a muslin handkerchief folded corner-wise, and tied or pinned under the chin, in the same manner as that worn in towns. This is surmounted by a velvet peaked cap of the shape and size represented in the plate; resembling a Prussian grenadier's cap in miniature. The jacket which they wear is of woollen,

and the favorite and most general colour scarlet; their petticoats are made of coarse woollen, manufactured in Portugal; and their boots are precisely similar to men's jack boots, only that they have very high heels to them of the same shape as those worn by ladies a century ago.

The harness of their burros has also its peculiarity: the head piece being made of a very coarse imitation of that which we use to hold by in the interior of our vehicles, the brighter the colours the better; and to this a mere rope is affixed, which stands in lieu of all the unnecessary paraphernalia of bit, snaffle, bridle, &c. In front of the albarda or packsaddle, and covering the animal's breast, is a band of the above broad stuff with fringe pendent from it, and a similar quantity is fixed to each side of the albarda in rear, which passing under the ass's tail completes his trappings. Over the albarda is thrown the alfores, or panniers, which are destined to contain the cargo: these are made of strong matting.

The farther removed from the city and its sophistications, the more does the real character of the Portuguese peasantry appear in its proper light; and certainly there are no people who realize more nearly than themselves the descriptions

which poets have so often imagined of rural virtue and pastoral simplicity. If a stranger appears amongst them, they make him, quite unsolicited, a tender of every thing he may stand in need of for his refreshment. There does the sportsman pursue his prey through vineyards full of delicious grapes, and melon fields covered with that fruit, without other barriers to protect them than mutual confidence.——No boards with appalling inscriptions of steel traps and spring guns annoy the sight and disgrace the national character of generosity, by holding out to you in terrorem the prospect of immediate death if you climb over a hedge to pick up your game.

It is with no such apprehensive selfishness that the Portuguese countryman guards his property. I never coasted along a melon field in my life, but the proprietor, if within sight, although unknown to me, would come forward and solicit my making choice of the ripest and best fruit, without the least feeling of interestedness:—nay, he would have felt indignant if a remuneration had even been proffered.

Nothing could be more noble than the conduct of the lavradores (farmers) during the war: without a prospect of indemnification they contributed

with all their means to facilitate and assist the transport and other commissariat branches of the service. I have seen some, who had only a pair of oxen left, give them up to the exigencies of the war without a murmur.

In a country where the useful arts have experienced little or no improvement for many centuries, it is not surprising to see every thing connected with agriculture in a state of primæval rudeness. The plough and harrow here made use of are of the most uncouth kind, and worked with bullocks, no other animal being capable of moving such clumsy apparatus. This is not the fault of the peasantry, but that of the government and higher orders of society, who neglect the most interesting part of their duty, and pass over unnoticed the different degrees of improvement which they cannot help seeing effected in every other country but their own. But instead of adopting any of those useful inventions, to which, if they could see clearly, their own interest would prompt them, they shrug up their shoulders, and content themselves with saying, "our forefathers got on very well, and why should we wish to do better?"

The old patriarchal custom of "treading out

the corn" with oxen in order to shell it, is still in use in Portugal; and each animal has a woman walking immediately in his rear, following with outstretched hands to receive that which, if it reached the ground, might defile and conglomerate whole heaps of grain.

In the making of wine neither presses by means of steam (a thing unknown in Portugal) nor machinery of any kind are used. Our delicate females, who sip with such winning grace the juice of the Douro grape, are to know that in the very liquid which they receive through their lips, human feet, the trotters of the rude peasantry, have soaked; for no other machinery is here used in the process of wine making.

The carts made use of in Portugal for every kind of purpose are heavy and clumsy beyond conception. The wheels are immoveable on the axletree; the diameter of the former, which are solid, is usually but three feet; and their greatest thickness is towards the centre, the circumference of the wheel being comparatively narrow and bound round with iron, which is fixed on with huge nails. The axletree is of wood, and from ten to twelve inches thick; and this and its wheels move together with an abominable squeaking and

groaning under the clumsy body of the cart, which is shipped (not fixed) on it.

As an apology for the hideous noise just mentioned, the peasants allege that without it the oxen would not draw so well or perhaps at all. This may indeed be true, for it is possible to accustom animals even to greater absurdities. The car-man places himself in front of the bullocks' heads, touches or pricks them with his agulhaõ (goad), and, speaking to them at the same time, thus puts them in motion. The equipment would not be complete, if the beasts' heads were unadorned with figas and veronicas; and the cart itself, to keep off spells, invariably displays on some part of it that well known specific, a horse shoe. This same emblem of a good kick seems to have operated as a bug-bear on the supernatural personages of every country in Europe.

When going along the road, the Portuguese male peasants are invariably heard singing. Love is generally the burthen of their doleful ditties, for such they indeed are, and of a most intolerably drawling kind. The women also tune up their trebles to no better effect than their spouses; nothing being so monotonous as their airs, or so discordant as the execution of them. The women

are however by no means wanting in wit or repartee: for on a friend of mine seeing a saloia going along on a burro, followed by a string of those animals, and addressing her with "Adeos mai dos burros," "adieu, mother of asses;" she answered immediately, "Adeos, meo filho," with the utmost coolness and composure.

CHAPTER XIX.

PORTUGUESE VILLAGES, PRODUCTIONS OF THE COUNTRY, &c.

PECULIAR APPEARANCE OF A PORTUGUESE HAMLET —RURAL ARCHITECTURE—VILLAGE CHURCHES—GROTESQUE IMAGES ON THEIR ALTARS—N. S. DA CONÇEIÇAÔ—AN OBJECT OF UNIVERSAL WORSHIP IN PORTUGAL—THE VIRGIN, A GREAT WORKER OF MIRACLES—TWO CURIOUS SAMPLES OF THESE—VENERATION OF THE PORTUGUESE VILLAGERS FOR THE STORK—THEIR VIRTUES NOT ATTRIBUTABLE TO THEIR PASTORS—INFAMOUS PROFLIGACY OF THE PARISH PRIESTHOOD—INSTANCES OF THIS—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY NORTH OF THE TAGUS—AND OF THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES—THE OAK—THE CORK TREE—THE OLIVE—VARIOUS FRUITS—THE PORTUGUESE FAMOUS FOR THEIR DELICIOUS SWEETMEATS—CHILACAYOTA—BOLO PODRE—AGUARDENTE, THE ONLY SPIRITUOUS LIQUOR DRUNK IN PORTUGAL—LEMONADE—CAPILLAIRE—ATTEMPT TO INTRODUCE BEER.

CHAPTER XIX.

PORTUGUESE VILLAGES, PRODUCTIONS OF THE COUNTRY, &c.

PORTUGUESE hamlets and villages have a very peculiar appearance. The houses are covered with red tiles as in the city; no such a thing as thatch being known in the country. The walls of these dwellings are of amazing thickness, and seem calculated to last for ever. The beams which form the frame-work of the roof are of proportionate solidity, and appear intended to survive many a generation.

Very few houses in the villages have more than the ground-floor; and if one of two stories is seen, it may safely be conjectured to be the habitation of the curate. The churches are very neatly kept in their interior; although the images on the altars are in general such miserable specimens of wooden sculpture, and so ridiculous are their unmeaning faces, that the ignorant bumpkin himself, if not

accustomed to see them from his infancy, would be unable to refrain from laughing at them, instead of feeling the veneration which they excite. So easy it is to pervert man's judgment, if you only begin the work in his infancy.

These apologies for saints have nevertheless their share of gilding, or rather the remains of it; for all those which I have seen in the country churches were very old, several without noses, and others wanting an arm or a leg. These little deficiencies were however not known to affect their power of working miracles.

The manner in which the menino Jesus (infant Jesus) is dressed, would appear offensive to foreigners, if it were not at the same time too preposterously ridiculous to alarm the most sensitive piety. He wears a bob wig well powdered, with a queue of adequate length, and bow of ribbons; and the rest of his equipment is precisely similar to the men's court dresses of the last century, with satin knee-breeches, silk clock-stockings, knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, studded with mock diamonds. A silver or else tin glory is fastened on at the back of the wig; and to complete the whole, he wears the *insignia of a knight of the order of Christ* at his button hole.

His mother is also invariably seen dressed in a

corresponding costume, with an enormous head-dress well powdered; fine ear-rings, necklaces, chains and crosses, hoop petticoats with flounces and furbelows, clock stockings, and high-heeled embroidered satin shoes. The surrounding attributes differ according to the peculiar character under which she is adored. For instance, N. S. da Conçeiçaô is represented standing upon a crescent, under which is seen writhing an enormous serpent. This it was which in some measure, induced modern sceptics to ascribe to this lady an astronomical origin, as being emblematical of the descent of the serpent Pytho on one side of the horizon, on the appearance of Virgo and the child Horus on the other.

N. S. da Conçeiçaô is an object of almost universal worship in Portugal: to her are addressed the prayers of women in labour or in any other circumstances of difficulty and danger; and to her are made on those occasions all kinds of promises of reward, in order to render her propitious, such as pounds of wax candles, bottles of oil, &c. The miracles which she works are certainly very great; but being thus well paid for her trouble, the obligation is greatly cancelled.

N. S. da Penha de França has also unbounded celebrity: besides waxen legs, arms, eyes, breasts,

and buttocks, with which her altars are fringed round, the walls of her sanctuary are decorated all over with little pictures in oils (in a style worthy of the subject) illustrative of some of the myriads of miracles and cures performed by her.

Things are conceived to be miraculous in proportion to the difficulty of achieving them: to give therefore a good idea of the generality of these, I will cite a couple which most attracted my observation. On a piece of board, of about six inches by eight, was represented a man falling from a four-pair of stairs window, and N. S. in a cloud, looking straight before her like a doll; while underneath were written these words. "Milagre q' fez N. S. da P$_a$ de F^{ca} &c." "Miracle performed by our Lady of P. F. on Manoel &c., who falling from a four-pair of stairs window only broke one of his legs, when he might very easily have fractured both."

Placed near this painting was another of similar dimensions, and apparently serving as a fellow to it. It exhibited a lady lying in bed, and N. S. in a cloud up in a corner of the room, looking, as in the former, any where but at the patient. The inscription imported as follows. "Milagre q' fez &c." "Miracle performed by N. S. de P. F. on Donna Fufia de tal who, being confined to her bed

of a fever, took some medicine with great faith in the above lady and was cured."

These it will be allowed are not very miraculous miracles, any more than that which is always her accompanying mark of distinction; I mean the man who in her portraits is invariably seen represented as sound asleep at her feet with a lagarto or enormous lizard close to his ear, from the mortal bite of which she is said, by her presence, to have saved him. Now it is well known to every one in the least acquainted with the natural history of Portugal and Spain, that the reptile, so common in the southern climates of those countries, called guana by the Spaniards and lagarto by the Portuguese, is the most inoffensive of all creatures. It is perfectly innoxious, and very easy to tame and to instruct in many odd tricks. I have done so with many, and can therefore vouch for the truth of the assertion.

In many parts of Portugal, as in Holland, the stork takes up his abode on the church towers in the villages, and is held in great veneration as God's own bird. Great offence would be given to the villagers by the destruction of any of these useful and inoffensive creatures. It is impossible to account for the feeling of superstitious awe

which attaches to this bird in particular, otherwise than by the ideas associated with the spot on which he decidedly prefers to construct his abode. Hundreds of generations have been bred in the same nest on some of these steeples to the complete effacement of the walls whose surfaces are thickly incrusted with their excrement; nay on the top of some an artificial steeple has been produced by the accumulation of it, offering, at a distance, much the appearance of the real one.

I have already implied that the Portuguese peasants are some of the best creatures breathing: they in fact unite in their characters every thing which constitutes a virtuous people. The men are laborious and brave, and the women are chaste. For these good qualities they are solely indebted to Providence, and not in the least to their clergy, most of whom employ their leisure in devising means of debauching their female parishioners. Such are the advantages of the vow of celibacy. I could cite instances which I have witnessed from one end of Portugal to the other, and likewise in Spain and France, in support of this assertion, but will confine myself to a few. In a certain city in Portugal, I was lodged for several weeks in the house of a Franciscan friar, whose

PROVINCE OF BEIJA.

INHABITANTS OF FOZ DE ARDUCE.

d'après nature

convent had been temporarily converted into an hospital. This man lived in incestuous commerce with his own sister.

In the aldea (village) of S. B., I slept one night in the house of the curate. Previous to retiring to rest we had a glass of wine together, when he proposed to my companions and myself the choice of all the females in his parish, offering his immediate services to procure them. At about midnight I was awakened by a noise of footsteps in my room, and perceived by the light of the moon the two nephews (not to call them the illegitimate sons) of this holy man busily engaged over my canteen, in emptying the contents of my brandy bottles into an earthen jar for the pastor.

On my return through the same aldea about two months afterwards, I found written (with chalk upon the curate's door) by a friend and countryman of mine who had preceded me by two days, "Dear —— dont billet yourself here, for the rascal has stolen our silver spoons *."

* The effrontery of the Portuguese clergy proceeds from their consciousness of impunity. A lavrador near Lisbon observing that the curate of his parish was indefatigable in his endeavours to debauch his wife or daughter (I am not sure which) accosted this holy man, who, under the pretence of going a shooting, was hovering about the house, threatening that unless he desisted from his purpose, steps would be taken

The country to the northward of the Tagus is exceedingly mountainous and rugged; and the pine abounds in most parts, furnishing the inhabitants with a delicious fruit (pinhoês) which they sell in Lisbon in strings like rosaries, having at their extremities small crosses made of the same kernels. Here the olive tree is not so common, nor its fruit so fine as in the southern provinces. The country south of the Tagus is, with the exception of that part of it nearest the river, chiefly covered with oak and cork trees; and the underwood for many leagues together is composed of the gum cestus. It is with this shrub that the bakers at Estremos and throughout the Alemtejo heat their ovens; and the smell of it, which every where prevails, is truly delightful; although to some strangers it is at first very overpowering.

There are two kinds of acorn produced by the oak with which the latter province abounds; and both serve as food for numerous herds of swine,

to compel him to do so. "I'll take good care to prevent that," was the answer of the priest, accompanied by a discharge of his fowling piece into the farmer's brains. The holy murderer was, it is true, confined for his offence in the castle of S. George, but that was the whole extent of his punishment. But in relating instances of depravity in this class of men, which have come under my own observation, I might proceed for ever.

which, for the sweetness of their flesh, and the peculiar taste given to it by this description of food, are esteemed the best in Portugal. The sweet species of acorn are very pleasant to the taste; and it is not unfrequent to see them form a part of the dessert at provincial tables.

The cork tree is of various essential uses to the natives. At certain periods they separate the bark in cylindrical pieces from the trunk, and thus obtain a vessel which joined at top and bottom by small wooden pegs, serves two purposes: for bee hives, and receptacles for those olives which are prepared for the table. A cortiço (cork vessel) full of olives is sold in the Alemtejo for about a pound sterling:—that is when the fruit is of the best kind; and it may not be out of place to remark that the olives are so fine and large in the vicinity of Elvas, that they are almost invariably made to pass for those of Seville, not only in Lisbon, but in other countries.

I never saw apples of so large a size, or of such excellent flavour, as those of Montemor o Novo in the Alemtejo. This town is remarkable for the immense quantities of apples and quinces which abound in the whole of its neighbourhood; and of these fruit trees the hedges are formed. The

species of the former called "bem postas" are of deserved celebrity.

A few leagues from Evora in a northwest direction is a small village called Alcacovas de Rosas from the quantities of beautiful moss roses growing wild about its hedges in every direction. They are as numerous as the black berries in our own hedge-rows.

The plums, which grow at Guimaraens in the north of Portugal and are preserved by the nuns in round flat boxes ornamented with paper curiously cut, are justly esteemed superior to the dried fruit of any country. The Portuguese are famous for their sweetmeats of every description; quince marmalade, candied pears, and above all that delicious sweet called by them chilacayota; which I believe is made principally of the abobra, a long white kind of pumpkin or gourd.

Besides these exquisite sweetmeats, they make particularly in the Alemtejo, a cake called by them "bolo podre," the principal ingredients of which are the flour of maize or Indian corn, oil and honey. It is really delicious; and I never met with an Englishman who did not find it so, until told that oil was a principal ingredient, and then it would have been unnational not to call it detest-

able. I have witnessed the same prejudice with respect to dishes prepared with garlic.

The figs in the Algarve * form a chief part of the commerce of that province, or kingdom as it is termed. Besides those which are exported in ceiras (round baskets), great quantities are mixed up with sweet almonds, and made into the shape of rabbits, birds, &c. to be brought upon table at dessert. This mixture is of a very delicious flavour.

Great quantities of marinated atum (a fish caught in the bay of Cadiz) is prepared and exported in small barrels by the Algarvians :—it is too oleaginous and rich to eat much of.

The spirituous liquor most generally fabricated and consumed by the natives of Portugal is aguardente d'Erva doce, or brandy of aniseed. Of this the people drink great quantities, and strangers very soon arrive at liking it, although it may not at first appear inviting to the palate. The use of any light beverage such as beer or cider is unknown. If a Portuguese enters a "loja de Bebidas" to quench his thirst, he asks for a lemonade or a glass of capillaire, the former of which they have a particular knack of well pre-

* In Moorish, Algarbia, which signifies fertile country.

paring, which is I believe attributable to their sweetening it with capillaire instead of sugar.

Many individuals have however tried, and with some degree of success, the speculation of opening cellars for the sale of bottled-beer in some of the principal streets of the metropolis, where foreigners, particularly Germans, are constantly seen playing at draughts, chess, or backgammon, smoking segars and drinking beer. This manner of spending a leisure moment became quite the fashion in Lisbon immediately after the war; but it is difficult to bend the palate to a fashion, however willing we may be to do so for mode sake; and I have frequently observed a group of young Lisbon bloods sit down with great courage to bottled beer and segars and strive with all their might to swallow their potations without exhibiting by their faces how repugnant it was to their tastes. Such are the painful sacrifices of folly to fashion!

CHAPTER XX.

POLITICAL CONSPIRACY AT LISBON IN 1817.

SECRECY OF STATE TRIALS IN PORTUGAL—DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY OF 1817—ITS PARTICULARS NEVER PROMULGATED—SECRET TRIAL OF THE OFFENDERS—PREPARATION FOR THEIR EXECUTION—DIFFICULTY OF PROCURING A HANGMAN—IMPUNITY OF A WRETCH CONVICTED OF TWELVE MURDERS—HIS STORY—A HANGMAN BROUGHT FROM OPORTO—MORNING OF THE EXECUTION—DRESS OF THE CONDEMNED—PROCESSION TO THE GALLOWS—WRETCHED APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS—PARTICULARS OF THEIR SENTENCE—GOOD FEELING OF THE PORTUGUESE PEOPLE—GENERAL REPUGNANCE TO WITNESS THE EXECUTION—SKETCH OF THE WHOLE SCENE—PINTO, ONE OF THE CONDEMNED—HIS AGONY OF DESPAIR—REVOLTING MODE OF EXECUTION—CABRAL, ANOTHER CONSPIRATOR; HIS TERROR OF DEATH—TARDINESS OF THE EXECUTIONS—EXHAUSTION OF THE LAST SUFFERERS—APPREHENSION OF A RISING OF THE PEOPLE—TUMULT—PROCESS OF BURNING THE BODIES OF THE CONDEMNED.

EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS. PLATE 1ST

slovenly manner of dispensing justice in Portugal that they had forgotten to hang him; and he had thus remained, as I have above said, thirteen years. He would have still been unnoticed, but that in rioting with a fellow prisoner he happened to stick his knife into his comrade's heart; and this reminded the justices of what they had before forgotten. The place of executioner was offered him now, as an only alternative by which he might hope to prolong his days; but this he spurned at, saying that when he had thought it worth having, it was refused him, and that now that he had been so long in prison, he preferred (if equally agreeable to them) being hanged.

He was accordingly gratified in his wishes, more out of spleen at his refusal, than as a fair reward for his misdeeds. This man's *first* murder was committed under the following circumstances. He was wandering about in the woods between Aldea Gallego and Montemor o novo; when observing a substantial looking lavrador coming along the road on his mule, he threw himself down on the ground and began to moan in the most piteous manner, pretending to have been taken seriously ill from hunger and want. The good lavrador had compassion on the impostor and offered to take him to his own house, which was not many

miles distant: and with his assistance the villain was at last seated behind him on his mule. This was the fellow's object and they had not proceeded far, before he stabbed his benefactor through the heart and rode off with his money and mule. He was however soon taken up and thrown into jail, but his uncle coming forward with a little of that which prevails more or less in every country and in every case, the fellow was released.

As he was well aware of the cause of his release, an idea occurred to him that had never entered his head before, which was, that his uncle must be possessed of money, since he came down with it so readily to save a nephew whom he had scarcely ever seen. His resolution was soon taken; and on his uncle's birth day, under pretence of paying him the customary congratulations, and at the same time to express how grateful were his feelings for the late signal service rendered him, he went to his house in the country. Whilst embracing the good man, he observed that, with the exception of a child, there was no one else in the house. He therefore stabbed his uncle through the back, and robbed the house quite leisurely, having first secured the doors. When such men as these are fourteen or fifteen years trying to get hanged, when twelve murders are hardly sufficient

ble spectre-like looking beings as these men. Their beards had grown to a prodigious length; owing to their having been refused the use of razors during their imprisonment. Their dress being excessively scanty, their heads and feet bare, the day exceedingly cold, and their feelings not calculated to revive them much, all these circumstances tended to augment the sadness of their appearance.

The five biers above mentioned were for the purpose of carrying away for private interment the bodies of those whose sentence did not extend to being burnt. Of the twelve sentenced only eleven were executed here; the twelfth being incarcerated in Fort S. Julian, was executed in the morning early of the same day on the ground opposite to that fort, his body was burnt, and his ashes being thrown into the Tagus, the executioners then returned under escort to Lisbon, and joining the cortége at the door of the Limoeiro, marched with it to the Campo de S. Anna.

The sentence of those six for whom biers were not brought, was, that after being hanged they should be decapitated, burnt, and their ashes thrown into the river. A pile of pitch barrels, underwood, and other combustibles had therefore

been erected during the same night, within a few paces of the gallows.

In any other country the prospect of a scene like this would have attracted crowds of people; and places and windows would have been let at extravagant prices; but to the honor of the Portuguese nation, a feeling diametrically opposite was evinced on all sides. From the moment that the hammers of the artificers were heard erecting during the night the necessary preparations for the dismal scene of the following day, every family residing in the Campo de S. Anna betook itself to retire into the country in order to avoid witnessing it. I was on the ground at an early hour, and did not leave it until a very late one, and can therefore affirm that of all the houses in the Campo de S. Anna there was not one single instance of a window being otherwise than closely shut up, both sashes and shutters. The few persons who appeared on the ground were entirely of the canaille, as I did not observe a well dressed individual amongst them. Even the greater part of these were women of the lowest orders.

The troops formed a square enclosing a considerable space; they were as follows; the 16th regiment of infantry, called by the Portuguese Vieira Telles from the name of its old commanding of-

ficer; several companies of police infantry; a squadron of police cavalry; and a squadron of the Alcantara regiment of cavalry.

Immediate round the gallows stood the sufferers, their monks, the brotherhood of mercy, and the officers of justice. One of the latter, who was provided with a list, called out the name of the individual whose turn it was to suffer, upon which the executioner and his assistant who were standing at the foot of the ladder came forward to assist the unwilling culprit to mount it. Here it became evident that they had all entertained hopes of pardon up till the last moment; and when these suddenly vanished, they exhibited an agony of despair which it would be vain to describe. Pinto, an ensign of the 16th foot (then on the ground) was the first who ascended: it is impossible to form a just idea of this man's countenance when ordered by the executioner to end his devotions, and on seeing the monk prepare to descend the ladder. The same rope with which each individual came provided served to hang him. When seated at a convenient height near the top of the ladder, the rope was loosened from their waists; one end of it formed into a noose round the neck, and the other fastened to the gallows. Whilst the hangman was doing this, his assistant was tying

the offender's feet together, (his hands were tied on leaving the prison) and the confessor, holding a crucifix before his eyes, urged him to leave none of his sins unrevealed. When all was ready, the executioner made sign to the monk to have done; then drawing the hood over the culprit's face, he placed his left foot between his wrists as in a stirrup, and giving a signal to the assistant below to detach the man's feet from the ladder, both sufferer and hangman swung off together, the latter riding on the neck of the former. By this means death is much more expeditious than in our mode of hanging, however revolting the manner of it may appear to nations unused to it.

One individual in particular, named Cabral, evinced the greatest terror at death. When his prayers were over, and the executioner became impatient, this poor young wretch begged in the most piteous language to be allowed to say only one more act of contrition, which being granted, he begged for another and another; then prayed for leave to breathe one minute more; and when at last the hangman drew down his cap and prepared to swing off with him, such was the convulsive agony of the sufferer, that notwithstanding his emaciated state, and the pondrous weight of the hangman, he fairly lifted the latter up, and

bursting the ligature of his bands, and seizing the noose which began to tighten round his neck, it was with difficulty they could detach his fingers from it.

Some of the prisoners were so weak and exhausted, that it was found necessary to procure chairs for them. Each execution took about half an hour, so that it may well be imagined that the last must have been pretty well exhausted with cold, hunger, fatigue, and horror. The monks appeared to me to do their duty on this occasion with much credit to themselves, and with more appearance of real feeling than I could have expected to see in men of their abandoned lives. All that I heard them say appeared to be very much to the purpose; and when after their entreaties, the dying sinners made avowals of the heinousness of their projected crimes, the former urged them to speak out in order that the world might hear them confess the justice of their sentence. Each of them in his turn acknowledged that the object of the conspiracy was not only the subversion of the existing order of things; but that it was also directed to other views which, if they had succeeded, must have been productive of the greatest possible confusion. They begged pardon of their sovereign, and of every individual in the state, and

those who left families implored the compassion of their countrymen towards the helpless and forlorn condition of their wives and children.

As the government did not appear to be altogether without its apprehensions as to the tranquillity of the people during the execution of the law on the above persons, the Campo de S. Anna was chosen in preference to any other spot, owing to it being fully commanded by the castle of S. George, on the opposite hill which completely sees into it. The officers commanding the troops were also exceedingly vigilant, and this feeling of distrust of the people seems to have prevailed amongst the troops, for at about half-past nine at night a murmur was heard in rear of the 16th foot, from some cause which was never properly explained; and as it continued to encrease and to be attended with some movement and bustle, the troops without waiting for instructions faced to the right about and charged the rabble.

The confusion which this produced is inconceivable: every one being then suddenly convinced that there was a rising amongst the people, the officers of justice took to their heels, the monks followed their example, the banner of Nossa Senhora da misericordia was thrown away by its bearer; the lanthorns were knocked to pieces and

the patibulum abandoned by every one excepting the hangman, his assistant, and a poor wretch sitting at the top of the ladder with the moon shining full in his face, in which I could perceive a glimmering of hope that the confusion might be productive of an alteration in his destiny.

I may be asked how I could have made this observation, seeing that there everywhere reigned such consternation: to this I will answer, that although I had at the first impulse done as I saw others do, that is, take to my heels, I no sooner heard the voice of the brigadier calling out "mad fellows, nothing is the matter, that" I lost no time in returning my post, not to let a single opportunity slip of availing my observations. By degrees tranquillity was restored, the fragments of the lady's habiliments were picked up, some of the [illegible] justices resumed their places, and the [illegible]ch at the top of the ladder was turned

[illegible]was now ten o'clock at night, and the foot of [illegible]llows was one complete heap of dead bodies. [illegible] who were allowed burial were removed in [illegible]rs, that is, the five first that came to hand, for I did not observe that any choice was made, and it then became necessary to get the other six up on the platform of boards placed over the pile

of combustibles. This operation was not an easy one, for both the executioners had been working since the morning without taking any refreshment, and were consequently very much exhausted and weakened.

The night began to darken, the clouds occasionally intercepting the light of the moon. It therefore was necessary to procure torches which were given to some galley slaves to hold, who were chained by the leg two by two. It was also attempted to get them to drag the bodies up to the pile, but the attempt was not only fruitless but productive of still greater inconvenience, these ant-throat holding rascals considered it a proposal of their tendering an affront to the hanged body so derogatory to their dignity and honor, that all with one accord threw down their torches in the most violent rage, swearing they should now consider themselves dishonored if they even contributed to light up such a fire. To compel them was out of the question, for they swore it was not their duty; that they were galley slaves but not hangmen or hangmen's assistants; and without waiting for further orders they walked off the ground with the feeble escort that guarded them, consisting of a few old veterans.

Bread and wine were therefore procured for the

hangman and his assistant, who, having gathered a little more strength, succeeded at last in dragging the six bodies by the heels up the little ladder and placing them in a row on the platform. This done, they unsheathed their long knives and performed the operation of amputating the heads with astonishing dexterity. Nothing now remained to be done but the burning of the bodies. The pile being set fire to on all sides, soon blazed up with much violence.

At first I observed nothing particular about the bodies; but, no sooner were the strings consumed which tied the hands together, than both arms sprung up and remained stretched out; the fingers dropping off one by one. The same thing happened to the lower extremities. These effects of fire upon dead carcases were construed by some of the ignorant bystanders into superhuman proofs of the innocence of men, whom they had just before heard making a full confession of rebellious stratagems. Some exclaimed "See how he extends his arm to attest his innocence in the sight of heaven!"

The pile being entirely consumed, some cinders were gathered out of mere form and scattered by the hangman in the Tagus; after which he was reconducted to his dungeon previous to his return

to Oporto:—for it must be understood that the hangmen in Portugal are always in close confinement for life, although in other respects they are well off, being paid and fed, besides having certain perquisites on occasions where their ministry is required.

The sketch, from which these two drawings were made, was taken on the spot. The second is precisely similar to the first with the sole difference of the lapse of time of two or three minutes. The same culprit who in the first is sitting on the ladder is in the second already turned off; and a similar progress of time will be observed in all the other personages. The process of hanging here described is that which is in use all over Portugal when offenders are sentenced to death.

THE END.

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